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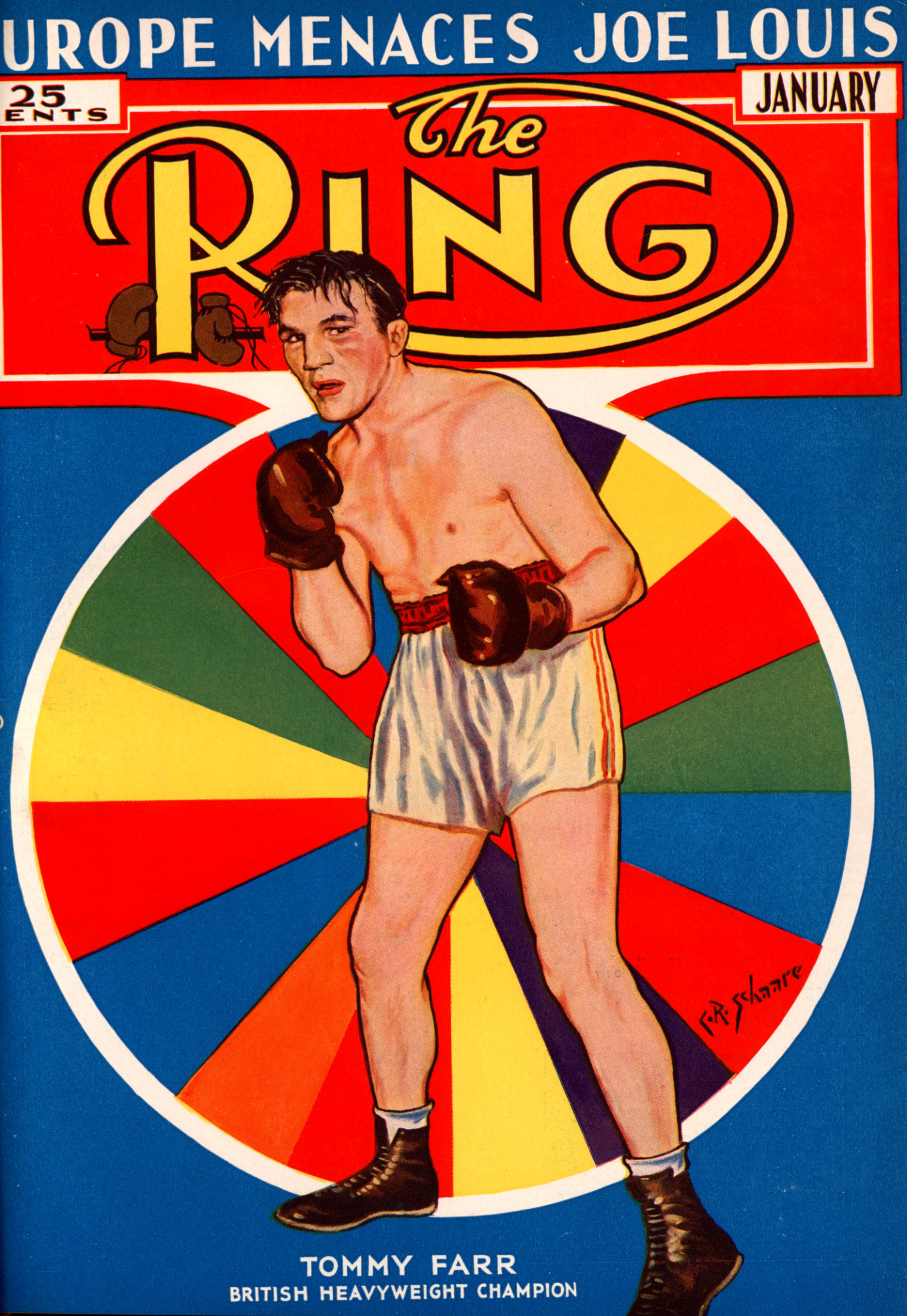

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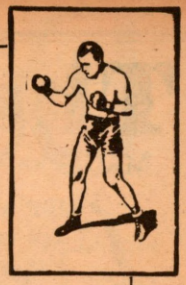

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In Our Next Issue

The Ring Magazine's annual ranking of the boxers of the world will be published in the February issue. As you doubtless know, this is the only complete and authoritative rating of all the men who make boxing their profession. It takes in the boxers of the United States Great Britain and its possessions, of Europe, of South Africa, of every country in which the sport is conducted on an organized basis.

A world board of selection is behind this annual effort of The Ring Magazine and the rankings are awaited with the keenest expectation by everybody interested in boxing. This feature alone will make the February issue of The Ring well worth while. Of course, this will be illustrated in the usual manner — and then some.

More than 400 boxers from every part of the world will be listed in the ratings. In addition, the special correspondents of The Ring will rate the boxers of the state which they represent.

Two important heavyweight bouts will be staged after this issue goes to press—the Pastor-Mann and the Schmeling-Thomas bouts. The reports of those contests, with many interesting ringside pictures, will be in the February issue.

Hype Igoe, world famous boxing scribe, Daniel M. Daniel, Nat Fleischer, George T. Pardy, Bill Doherty, Eddie Borden and Bob Edgren will have their usual contributions.

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EUROPE MENACES

Negro Title Holder Finds Schmeling and Farr Antagonists, and Then Others Are Developing, Too

LIFE is a series of cycles. The fashions in women's hats and clothes which were all the go when Victoria became queen of England come back. The fads which were quite the thing when grandpa was a lad return to become fads again. And so it is in sports.

The time was when nobody could imagine a heavyweight threat from Europe. There was a little flurry when little Charley Mitchell held big John L. Sullivan to a draw in thirty-nine rounds at Chantilly, France. It looked as if "the other side" could develop a masterful fighter to overcome the Boston Strong Boy.

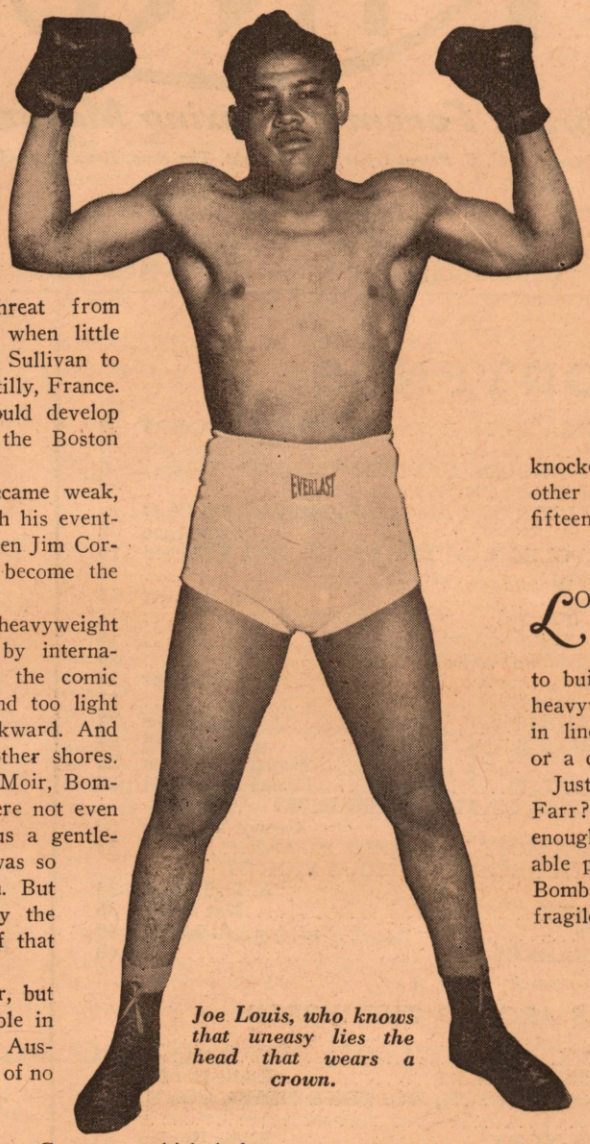
But this threat fizzled out. It became weak, indeed, as Sullivan caried on through his eventful reign as champion, and it died when Jim Corbett knocked out the Bostonian to become the world's titleholder.

From Corbett's days on, European heavyweight contenders—called contenders only by international courtesy—were somewhat on the comic side. They were either too fancy and too light hitting, or too cumbersome and awkward. And this went for all the heavies from other shores.

The English big fellows—Hague, Moir, Bombardier Wells, Beckett, Scott—all were not even half serious threats. Holland sent us a gentleman by the name of Plaacke, who was so big he rivalled Og, king of Bashan. But little McCoy murdered him as only the Kid could when he tackled a job of that type.

France sent us Georges Carpentier, but he was something less than formidable in the short fight with Jack Dempsey. Australia gave us Lang. And a few others of no great note.

* * *



Joe Louis, who knows that uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

THEN came a strange happening. Germany, which before the World War had no use for boxing—the Germany which had set up the inelastic, initiative-lacking, stodgy Turn exercises as its idea of the world standard in athletics—suddenly realized that it had gone after strange and unworthy gods in sport.

Germany went in for the fight game and before anybody really knew who he was, or what had happened, Max Schmeling was a contender. Then a champion of the world.

As matters turned out, Max could not hold the title as he was knocked out by Max Baer.

Then, as the years rolled along, and a black boy by the name of Joe Louis developed in this country, to achieve the heavyweight championship of the world, England at last was able to produce a man who could stand up with the titleholder to the limit. It sent over Tommy Farr, the Welshman who had risen from the coal mines to hobnobbing with gentility at Brighton.

And now those who follow the fight game in the United States find themselves confronted with a strange situation.

For the first time in the history of the heavyweight championship of the world, we discover serious, real threats from Europe. Not a single threat which developed Schmeling into the champion, but the double menace that comes from Max and Farr.

There is no doubt about its being a menace, either. We find the title in the hands of Louis, a Negro. We discover that he is threatened on the one hand by a German who already holds a knockout decision over him, and on the other by a Briton who succeeded in going fifteen rounds with him this past Summer.

* * *

LOUIS and Schmeling already have been matched by Mike Jacobs for a fight next June. Farr has been told to build up his general understanding of heavyweight fisticuffs so that he may be in line for another go with the Negro, or a challenge to Schmeling.

Just how serious a menace can we rate Farr? He is big enough. He is strong enough. He can take it. He has no vulnerable point that we know of—nothing like Bombardier Wells' glass jaw or Phil Scott's fragile chin or Beckett's slow moving brain.

Farr has a certain amount of cleverness. But in order to achieve recognition as an accomplished heavyweight he must build up his punch. The Welshman has fallen heir to that ancient curse of English heavyweights—the light blow.

The world has come around to recognize the fact that in order to gain the heavyweight title a man must be able to hit.

Ability to hit in a clever way is all the more valuable if that punch, once delivered, has the power to end the fight.

For a big man who seems to hit from a set position, Farr delivers an unusually light blow.

He can get in plenty of punches. But he places himself at a tremendous disadvantage when he cannot match the force of his opponent. That was shown quite definitely in those fifteen rounds which Farr fought against Louis.

Louis, on the other hand, can hit. But he lacks two vital things—ability to make quick diagnosis of a change in his foe's tactics, and meet this change with initiative; ability to counteract a good right-handed punch.

It is a question whether Farr ever will be a hard hitter. It is a question whether Louis ever will get the two qualities which now do not exist in his makeup, barring his being listed as a great fighter.

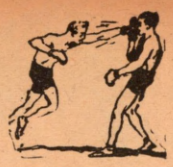
* * *

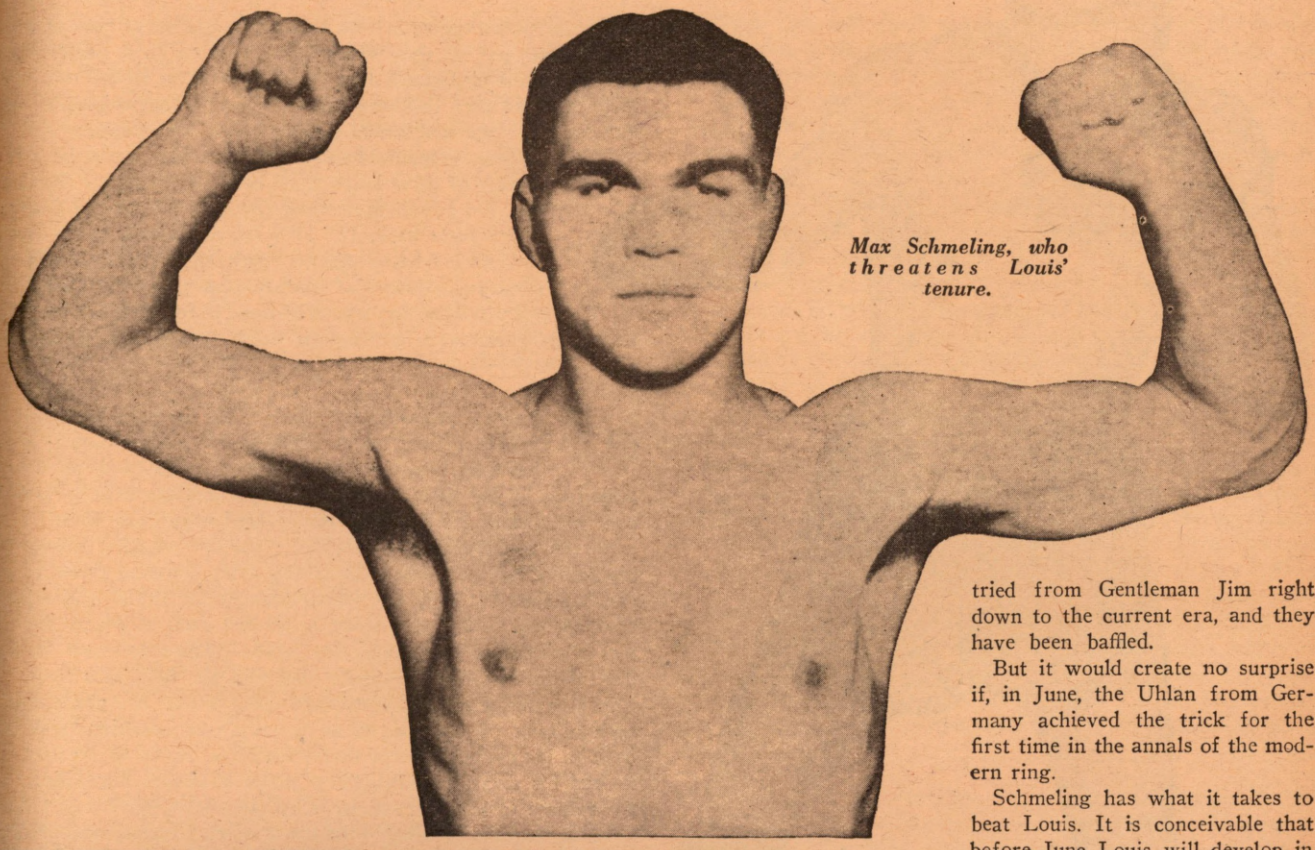
LOUIS is a mechanical device. He cannot think for himself fast enough. He is upset by something unusual, something about which he had not been warned by Joe Blackburn, his teacher.

This would indicate a lack of convolutions in his brain, and you don't get those even in a lifetime.

LOUIS

By
DANIEL M. DANIEL





Max Schmeling, who threatens Louis' tenure.

Tommy Farr, British contender, who needs more punch.

That seems to bring us back to Schmeling. Ring history will tell you that never in the history of the world's heavyweight championship, which goes back no farther than Jeffries, has a beaten titleholder ever regained the honors.

Corbett could not do it. Dempsey could not do it. They have tried from Gentleman Jim right down to the current era, and they have been baffled.

But it would create no surprise if, in June, the Uhlan from Germany achieved the trick for the first time in the annals of the modern ring.

Schmeling has what it takes to beat Louis. It is conceivable that before June Louis will develop in fistic stature. He was a greater fighter against Braddock than he had been in any previous encounter. But the Farr affair gave the Negro a setback. It emphasized the Brown Bomber's failings against emergencies.

Schmeling will bring into the ring determination, skill, hitting ability, the requisite right-handed drive, and mental capacity.

* * *

THE one factor which is building up against the German is Time. He is getting old. Schmeling was born in 1905. In June he will be close to his thirty-third birthday.

When a man gets to be thirty-three he starts to discern little changes physically. His speed is hurt. His stamina is hurt. His reactions are a bit dulled. This is particularly true in the ring.

Thus we find that Father Time is a very important figure in the situation which is shaping up, with the United States menaced by Europe.

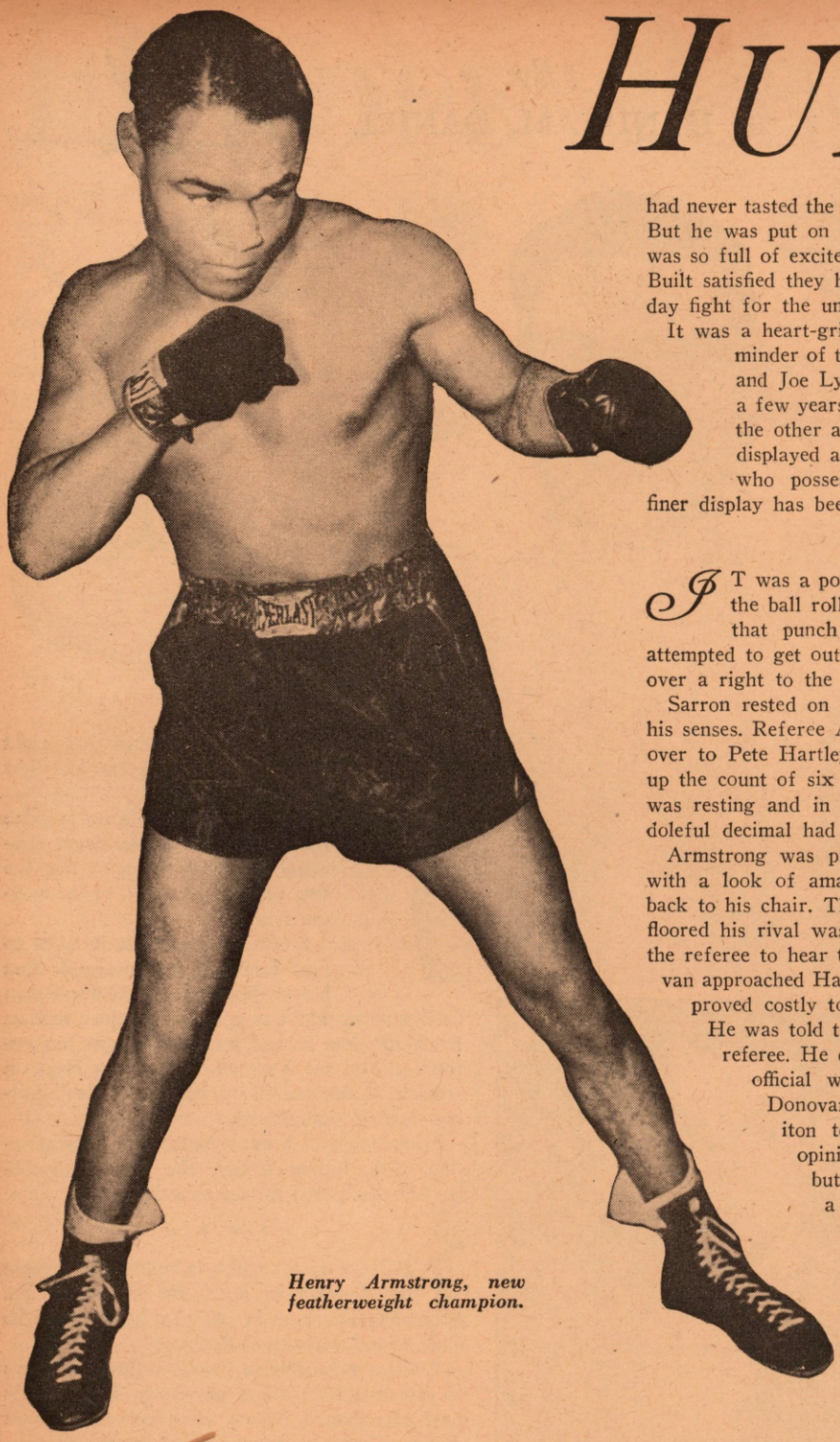
Thus far in our alignment of the fighting quality among the heavyweights we have considered only Louis, Schmeling and Farr.

The ring has had a peculiar habit. While men concentrate on figures before them, Time is hard at work in the background developing men who, before long, dash into the forefront and push the spotlight monopolists out of the picture.

There are many promising heavyweights in the process of development. Germany is building up Arno Kolblein. South Africa is working with Maurice Strickland. Germany also has Walter Neusel, who some time ago beat Strickland.

In the United States, we are *(Continued on page 46)*

HUMAN



Henry Armstrong, new featherweight champion.

"THE HUMAN BUZZ-SAW" — that's what they called Henry Armstrong after he had slashed his way to victory over Petey Sarron in 2:36 of the sixth round to win the world featherweight championship in Madison Square Garden. And a buzz-saw he certainly was! A human dynamo, a fighter of perpetual motion—a replica of Terry McGovern if ever there was one—that's what the old-timers who flocked to the Garden for Mike Jacobs' opening show, said of the new titleholder, and their praise for the little Negro was well deserved.

When Terry McGovern was in his prime, it was his whirlwind attack, his everlasting aggressiveness, his tearing-in, two-fisted body slashing that caused the fans to dub him "The Brooklyn Terror," and in Henry Armstrong the fight game has the nearest approach to Terry we've seen in years. For twelve years Sarron had been engaged in meeting all comers in the featherweight and lightweight division, yet during all that stretch he had never tasted the resin dust because he had never been floored. But he was put on the canvas by Armstrong in a contest that was so full of excitement that the fans left the House that Tex Built satisfied they had seen the two best featherweights of the day fight for the undisputed possession of the crown.

It was a heart-gripping battle, one so savage as to be a reminder of those hectic mills between little Jack Sharkey and Joe Lynch that raised the roof off the old Garden a few years back. The little fellows, one a son of Ham, the other a hairy-chested youth of Syrian descendants, displayed a brand of courage that only ring gladiators who possess a true fighting heart ever show. No finer display has been seen in the Garden ring in many moons.

* * *

IT was a powerful left hook to the stomach that started the ball rolling for Armstrong. He caught Sarron with that punch square in the breadbasket and as Petey attempted to get out of harm's reach of another Henry hooked over a right to the jaw and the championship was won.

Sarron rested on his knees, hurt, but in complete control of his senses. Referee Arthur Donovan, after counting three, raced over to Pete Hartley, the official knockdown timer, and taking up the count of six from him, he rushed back to where Sarron was resting and in quicker time than it takes to write it, the doleful decimal had been tolled off and the fight was over.

Armstrong was proclaimed new king while his predecessor, with a look of amazement as he eyed the situation, was led back to his chair. The din that rocked the arena as Armstrong floored his rival was such as to make it almost impossible for the referee to hear the official count and because of that Donovan approached Hartley. That move of the referee, undoubtedly proved costly to Sarron. He had never before been down. He was told to take the full rest period and to watch the referee. He did that, but for five of the ten seconds, the official was not at the fallen warrior's side. Had Donovan remained with Sarron and been in a positon to follow the timer's count, Petey, in my opinion, would have been able to get to his feet but that only would have delayed the knockout a few minutes, at most.

Hence, Donovan's failure to stick by his man didn't affect the final outcome any, but I bring it up as a guide for future action of referees. Their place is at the side of the fighter who is down, the man, who, through motion of the hands and lips, should at all times know how many more seconds he has within which to get up. In Sarron's case, as he explained it to me, and as I already knew from watching the fight, he thought that when Donovan finally got to him, he was beginning the count whereas Donovan was tolling off seven. But at most, it made little difference because Sarron was through—Armstrong's powerful blows had weakened him so that he couldn't possibly have continued for another round.

* * *

NEITHER fighter showed the slightest regard for the other's punching powers. Each delivered wallops that landed with effectiveness, first one, then the other giving and taking. Just before the knockdown, Sarron was near the ropes where he absorbed fourteen solid blows in succession without being able to return one. He stood there motionless, with arms covering his head while Armstrong rained punch after punch to mid-section. And then when Sarron finally was able to come out of his position and started to throw a right for Armstrong's jaw, "Suicidal" Henry unloosed his right and it was all over.

BUZZ-SAW

By NAT FLEISCHER

The furious action, in which Sarron led for three rounds, thrilled the crowd. The speed was terrific. Sarron soon learned that he had set such a fast pace that his legs just wouldn't and couldn't stand the strain. Now and then, under the heavy bombardment, a barrage that never let up, Petey's legs would buckle up and he would appear on the verge of collapse, only to come out of it a few seconds later with a counter that stood the fans on their ears. That was the procedure in every one of the six rounds.

Neither fighter paid any heed to the finer points of the game. They apparently don't know how. They are fighters of the sizzling type who merely rushed at each other, both arms swinging and each session was one continuous round of exchanges. Sarron connected with many telling punches, but they didn't stop Henry from coming in.

* * *

THE first two rounds found Sarron doing most of the punishing. He crashed his right with consistency to Henry's chin and took both rounds. He beat Armstrong to the punch several times and once even got the Negro off balance. Armstrong came back and the fight was loaded with action.

But hectic as were the first two sessions, the remaining four were even more thrilling. Three times Sarron swung off balance to touch the canvas and each time he leaped to his feet and sailed in just to prove that it was a slip and that he had not been floored. The third round found Armstrong coming along in winning style, but one of his punches went low and the referee penalized him.

The fourth round saw Armstrong at his best. He fought viciously and battered Petey to the Queen's taste. But Sarron wouldn't give ground. In the last sixty seconds, he had the fans on their feet shouting advice as he unleashed a barrage that was loaded with dynamite. Henry won that session but he knew that he had been through three minutes of stirring fighting.

Then came the fifth in which Armstrong prepared the way for the end of the fray. The Negro came rushing out of his corner and landed a right to the chin. He set off at a fast pace and backing Sarron towards the ropes, also had him out of the ring with a body attack. Armstrong took complete command, although at times he received almost as much as he delivered.

The sixth found the Negro again cutting loose with a heavy bombardment that came so fast, it had Petey bewildered. With both hands flaying Sarron's body, the gathering sensed the end. Petey's legs were weakening. A heavy right took the wind out of him. He covered up and then came punch after punch—fourteen in a row, according to my count—before Sarron uncovered and tried to mix it again. An exchange proved more favorable to the challenger. His right crashed against the chin and Sarron slumped to the canvas, and from a sitting position, in which the knees offered the support, he was counted out.

* * *

PRIOR to that fight Sarron was lightly regarded in New York. They called him a "clown." They said of him that he was only a pretender to the title, but after his appearance against Armstrong nothing but praise was showered on him. He had made good with a vengeance. He displayed the kind of fighting the fans will pay to see and now is as much in demand in the States as he was abroad where he fought for more than a year.

Admirers of the dusky little new champion, who were worried about his ability to make weight, learned in the Sarron fight that Henry is a legitimate featherweight who can get down to 126 and not feel weak. He scaled only 124 to 126 for his adversary.

The paid attendance of 11,847, with a gate of $34,823, was amazing considering that featherweights have been the promoters' bugaboo in New York for many years.

THE new champion's climb to fistic heights was not an easy one. A tireless lad of abnormal strength for his weight and inches, Armstrong takes his place among the great little fighters of modern times. One of a family of thirteen children, he was left motherless at the age of five and he has helped to contribute toward the support of the family since he was eight, first by selling papers and later through odd jobs.

He is a graduate of Washington High School of St. Louis, where he became very much interested in the study of hygiene and for a time he thought that he would take up medicine but financial difficulties prevented that. For a time after he graduated from school he worked with a railroad gang, swinging a sledge-hammer and he attributes his strength and hitting power, as does Harry Balsamo, to that work. Twenty-four of his last twenty-five opponents have landed on the canvas, to be counted out or have had themselves saved from further punishment through the intervention of the referee.

When Armstrong found the going too tough, he quit swinging a sledge to set up the pins in a bowling alley and from there he entered his present profession. Under the able supervision of his brother, Harry, now his chief trainer, Armstrong took up boxing as an amateur in a St. Louis gymnasium and in 1929 he was ready for his first fights. But he found himself handicapped because at the time, mixed bouts were prohibited in St. Louis, so Henry came East and tried his luck in Pittsburgh, where he engaged in three simon pure contests, and won each, but found that medals couldn't pay his board, so he and his brother quit the Smoky City, and getting back home they decided to go to the Pacific Coast.

* * *

THAT was back in 1931. They got to California via the freight trains, made the acquaintance of Eagle Thomas, an old-time welterweight, who befriended them for a few days and he introduced them to Leroy Haynes, then only a preliminary fighter. It was Leroy's generosity that enabled Armstrong to obtain training quarters where he made such a hit by his tireless style that he obtained a manager who shortly after sold him to Wirt Ross for $250.

He was signed for a fight with Baby Arizmendi in Mexico City, and after a battle in which blood was spilled and each received a lacing, the bout was called a draw. That was all each received. The promoter skipped with the money and Henry, flatter than a pancake, found himself stranded, without enough to buy himself a square meal. But luck was with him for he landed two fights in which he beat the featherweight and lightweight champion of Mexico and obtained sufficient money to enable him and his mentor to get back to Sacramento, California, where he engaged in several bouts prior to getting a return engagement with Arizmendi.

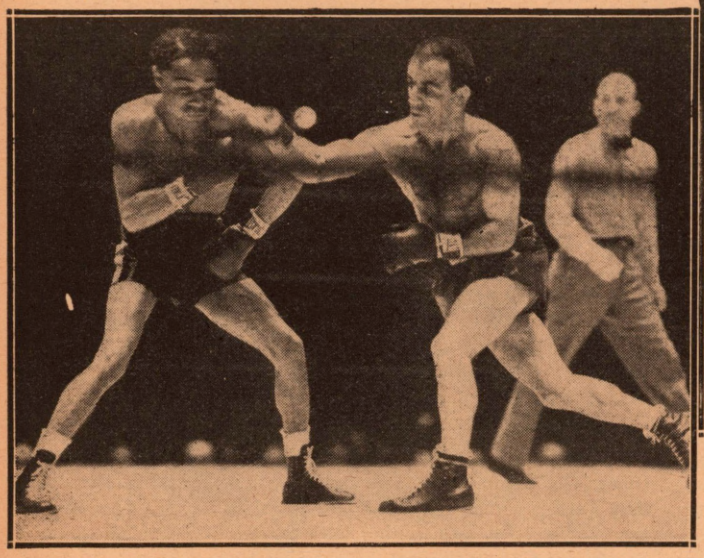
Among those at the ringside that day at Wrigley Field was Al Jolson, who was so impressed with Henry's showing that he called in Eddie Mead, his friend, former manager of Champion Joe Lynch, and gave him $10,000 to buy Armstrong's contract from Ross. Thus Henry became the property of one of America's greatest theatrical figures. He now is jointly owned by Jolson and Mead and Al never misses a fight in which Henry is on the program.

The amount that Al Jolson spent for Armstrong has been repaid but Al still retains his interest in the titleholder who takes great pride in telling the world that he owes his rise to Jolson and Mead.

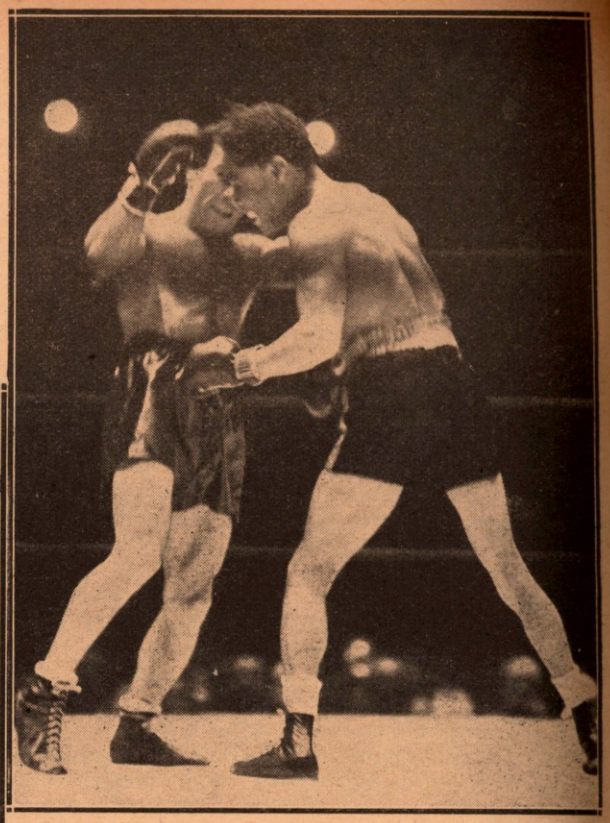
Since going under their management, Henry lost only one fight, that to Tony Chavez on a foul, but in a return engagement the new feather king knocked out Chavez in ten rounds. Only four of the thirty opponents he has fought since he joined the new partners have lasted the limit.

Armstrong is 23 years old, is married to a preacher's daughter and is very intelligent.

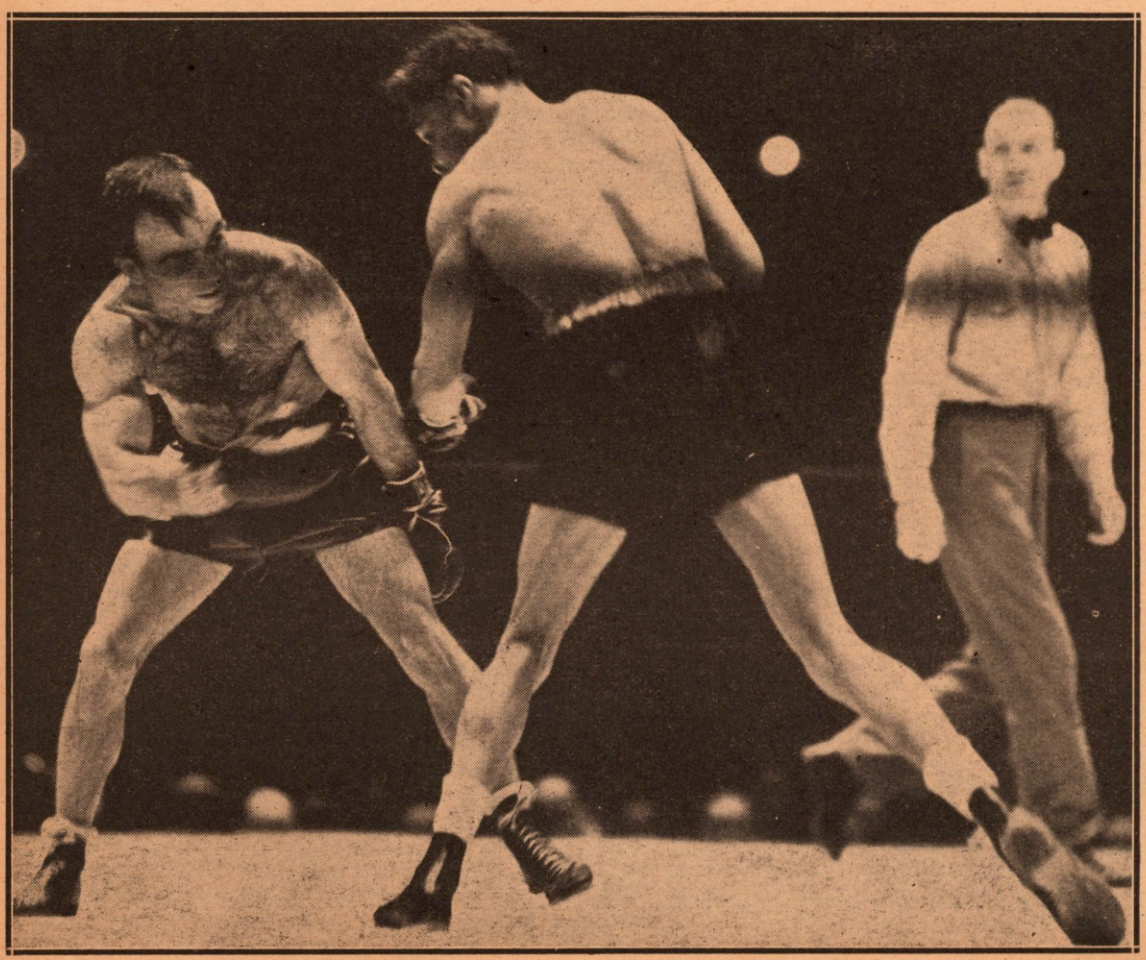
Fighting Gamecocks Arouse Garden Throng



The fighting faces of two champions. In this picture, Sarron, the N. B. A. king, is seen sailing into California's title-holder in the fifth round. Henry won the round by a wide margin.



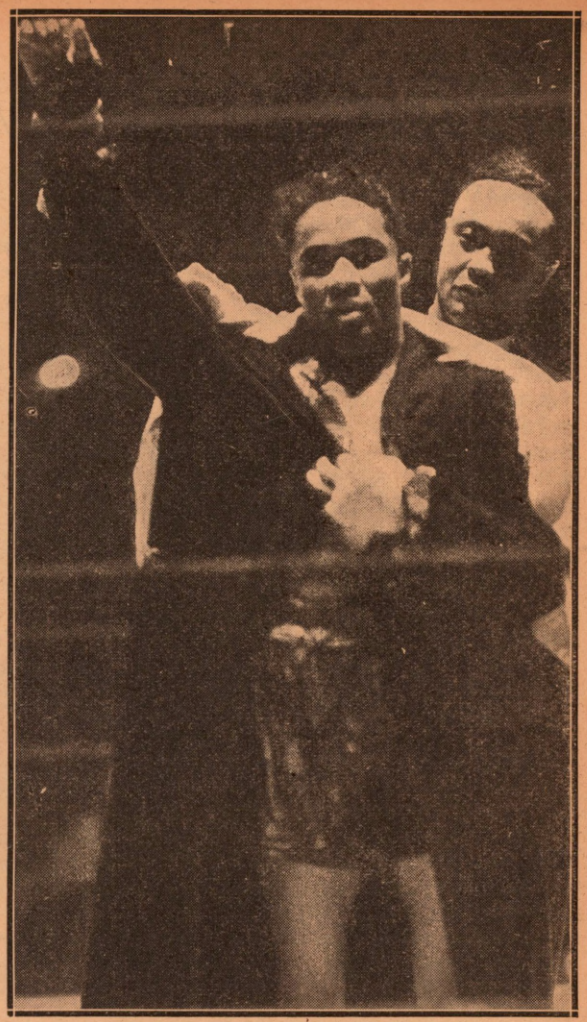
Armstrong's left lands below Sarron's belt as the defending champion leaps into the air and thus causes the blow to go foul. Referee Donovan took the round, the third, from Henry. Excepting this questionable foul, the fight was an exceptionally clean one.



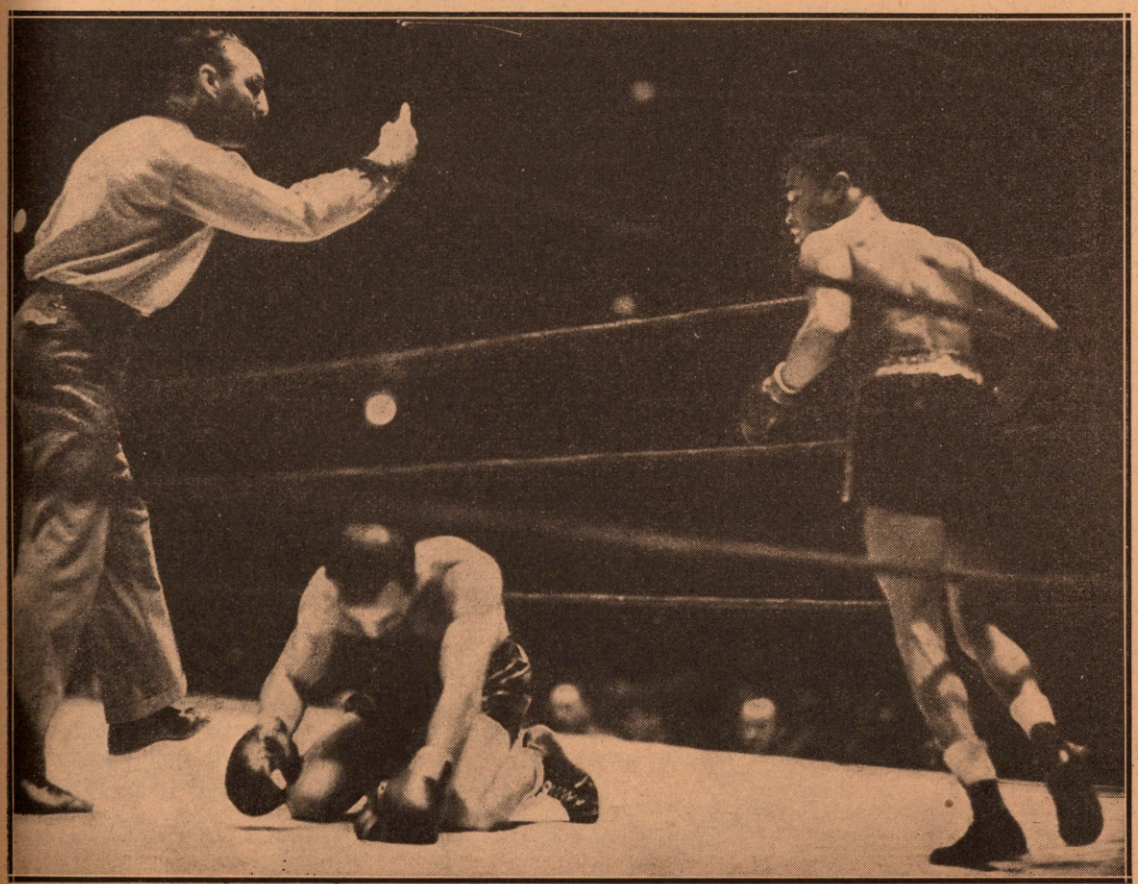
The hairy-chested defending champion, oblivious to the furious assault of his Negro challenger, courageously stood his ground and exchanged blow for blow throughout the fight.

Featherweight Champion Crowned

A scene in the first round of the Sarron-Armstrong fight in Madison Square Garden when Sarron slipped following a wild right swing. He is being helped to his feet by his adversary.



Unmarked, but a little weary, Henry Armstrong is proclaimed the winner and new king.



And here is the knockdown that caused the title to change hands. It came in the middle of the sixth round and was caused by a terrific right hand hook to the chin.

ARMSTRONG Reminds IGOE

THE tremendous bound to fame taken by little Henry Armstrong has instilled such interest in the feather-weight division it hasn't enjoyed since the days of Terrible Terry McGovern. Of course there were great featherweights before Terry's time yet it was his battering-ram victory over George Dixon which began a new era among the little feathers who used to scale 122 instead of 126, the weight now in vogue.

Armstrong, a forward-moving warrior, has a tireless attack and it is because he seems never to grow weary that he has been the heartbreak as a foeman. The fellows he has met have wilted under his two-fisted charge and there seems no defense against it. He never clinches and woe-betide the laddybuck who tries to hold lil' Henry. This tiny Negro has the torso of a welterweight and the skinniest calves and ankles ever I saw on a fighter, and that takes in Al Brown.

Hank has run up a long string of knockouts, yet I wouldn't put him in McGovern's, Dal Hawkins' or Aurelio Herrera's class as a hitter. He batters his men into submission rather than knocking them cold with a single punch.

* * *

HERRERA was a far different kind of a puncher. Indeed he was my best all-time hard hitter of every division and his record bears out the statement.

I saw Herrera fight Abe Attell in Oakland, California, one night, and Abraham, cocky and somewhat conceited about his ability to escape knockout punches, was kidding the scowling Mexican about his hitting.

"So that's the best you can do, is it?" taunted Abe. "Well, well, well. Do tell! And I thought you were a puncher. Why the boys around town had me dead and buried before I crawled through the ropes. Let's have one of your hard ones, Herrera."

He got one, did Abe. It was a looping right-hander which travelled downward, much as Jimmy McLarnin used to punch.

Abe pulled his chin out of the way but the blow landed full force on Abe's chest and he took off and landed in a crumpled heap between the customers of the sixth and seventh rows. He wasn't knocked out so far as his senses are concerned, but he certainly had been belted out of the ring!

* * *

KID BROAD was fighting Herrera in Chicago one night, years ago. Herrera had a peculiar way of holding his left hand out straight but high above his head. He weaved the fist around as he held it open. It was a most disconcerting action, especially when every fighter knew what a deadly puncher he was with either hand.

Broad had never been knocked out in his life and he told me that when he saw Herrera's left hand flipping through the air he thought that the Mexican was waving to a gal in one of the upper boxes.

"I turned around to see who she was and that's the last I remember. It wasn't a girl at all. It was his way of feinting with his left," said Broad.

Herrera is usually rated as a lightweight because he fought a lot of them. As a matter of fact he seldom weighed over 128 and most of the time he was well down near the featherweight limit of those days.

* * *

PERHAPS the hardest punching fight ever I saw was the one between Herrera and Terry McGovern in old Mechanics Pavilion in San Francisco. It was a desperate battle. Terry had come from behind to nail the Mexican when he himself tottered on the brink of the first knockout of his life. That was in May of 1901!

Terry ran into a one-two just before the fourth ended. He tottered around on his heels, a million to one to be knocked out! Frank Carrillo, his Spanish manager, picturesque in his big white Stetson, reached for his six-shooter. The late "Spider" Kelly pounced on him and took it away. Kelly was seconding Herrera and he wanted the Mexican to win if he could. Carrillo was ready to plug him if he didn't.

The "Spider" pounded on the ring floor like a madman. "One more, one more, one more, Aurelio—one more, for my sake."

Either the Mexican had been stung himself or he was afraid that Terry was tricking him by playing possum. In any case he didn't go to Terry as he should have done to score a knockout. Terry flattened him in the next round. The month before, in the same ring, McGovern had knocked out Oscar Gardner in four rounds. It seemed his great year because in getting by the treacherous-fisted Herrera he had added undying fame to an already great name. I said it seemed his great year! 1901! How ring history was made!

* * *

HOW little did any of us at the ringside dream that exactly one month later Terry McGovern would be lying out cold in Hartford, Conn., with the practically unknown Young Corbett standing over him with a two-round knockout to his credit, the first of two to be scored by this same little Denverite!

Corbett gave Terry his chance and in the same ring in which I had seen Terry annihilate Herrera and Gardner, I saw Corbett again knock out the Terrible One.

That was a savage fight. Eddie Graney, the referee who introduced the tuxedo to the ring, refereed. It was lovely billiards, as each promised to be nice and step back without hitting. When Graney finished the job of refereeing, he was garbed above the waist in only his jet black undershirt. His tuxedo, his evening dress shirt, his tie and his dignity had been ruined. It was a long time before Graney had the courage to come back to a San Francisco ring dolled up in the "tux."

* * *

FOUR years before the Herrera and McGovern fight I had seen George Dixon and Solly Woods have it out for the featherweight title in the same ring. What a magnificent set-to. Woods was a husky little devil and he carried plenty of fight to Tom O'Rourke's wonderful little Chocolate.

O'Rourke always claimed that he got the worst of the decision but that wasn't unusual. When Easterners invaded California and got licked they always had a kick coming.

Tom told me that he got even with the California gamblers several years later when he threw in the towel to save Joe Walcott in the twelfth round in the fight with Kid Lavigne. It was the second meeting between the two and the sharpshooters bet freely on the Barbadoes Demon. Of course that was O'Rourke's alibi. My own observation of the fight led me to believe that Lavigne whipped Joe and could have done it any day in his career.

There was intense bitterness between them because of their earlier bout at Maspeth, L. I., New York, when, after a bloody fight Lavigne got the decision.

* * *

DAL HAWKINS would have nailed Armstrong with one of his left hooks, in my opinion. Dal wasn't a rugged fellow in any sense. He was fighting lightweights, like Herrera, when he should have been polishing off feathers. The trouble with these two fellows is that they hit too hard for the 122-pounders and they wouldn't fight them.

Hawkins fought Frank Erne in Woodward's Garden in San Francisco one night. Erne, like every man who ever fought Hawkins, was warned about Dal's deadly left hook. It was a punch which he brought down, stiff-armed, from a point behind the other fellow's right ear. He twisted it like Kid McCoy used to turn it, and it was devastating.

Dal figured it out himself and stuck to the idea that a punch which the eye couldn't see would be certain to shock the brain. He held that the eye, could it see the blow coming, would tele-

# of Famous Fighters of Old

graph the brain, the brain would warn the muscles and the nerves of the person punched at would duck or slip out of danger. If the brain had no such warning through the medium of the eyes, argued Hawkins, it was bound to be shocked and loss of consciousness would result.

Well that's what happened to dapper Frank Erne. He was clipped as pretty as you please in the first minute of the fight and was stretched out like a cross on the floor.

He got up after a count of eight and stuck it out for the remainder of the round. Erne took precious good care that he didn't get clipped a second time. He wore Hawkins down eventually and knocked him out in the seventh round. That was back in 1899, and it seems only yesterday that "Tad," the immortal *Evening Journal* cartoonist, and myself, then just kids, were looking down on the thrill from the gallery!

* * *

FEW seem to know that Hawkins, at one time, was the featherweight champion of the world but he was. Far back in 1887 Harry Gilmore laid claim to the title. He offered to make weight for Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider who glorified the division with his didoes and his genius as a boxer. Gilmore was ready to make 122 for Ike but the little Irishman declined.

It was at this point that Gilmore invaded the lightweight class and lost to Jack McAuliffe, last of the "Three American Jacks," who died the first week in November. The three Jacks, Sullivan, Dempsey, the Nonpareil, and McAuliffe. How they've slipped away.

Freddy Bogan and Hawkins claimed the title and fought for it at San Francisco in 1889. The bout raged for seventh-five rounds when darkness set in on the warriors. They put it off until the following night and when they resumed fighting, Hawkins knocked Bogan out in sixteen rounds, the men using two-ounce gloves. It was generally conceded that Hawkins was the champion.

* * *

IKE WEIR again bobbed up with his claim. It didn't last long. He fought Frank Murphy of England an eighty-round draw in Indiana and one year later, while still claiming the title, was knocked out in fourteen rounds by Billy Murphy of Australia. The Spider was performing one of his hand-spring antics and as he settled on the canvas, feet first, Murphy nicked him on the chin and knocked him out. Murphy was one of the hardest punchers who ever graced that class.

One year later Weir again appeared on the scene and fought Johnny Griffin for the title. The police hopped over the ropes in the fourth round and the fight was called a draw. Griffin, thinking he had had the better of it, claimed the title but they laughed him down and the reign of George Dixon began. It is significant to remark right here that Dixon held and lost the featherweight title four different times. His end came with the comet-like arrival of Terrible Terry McGovern.

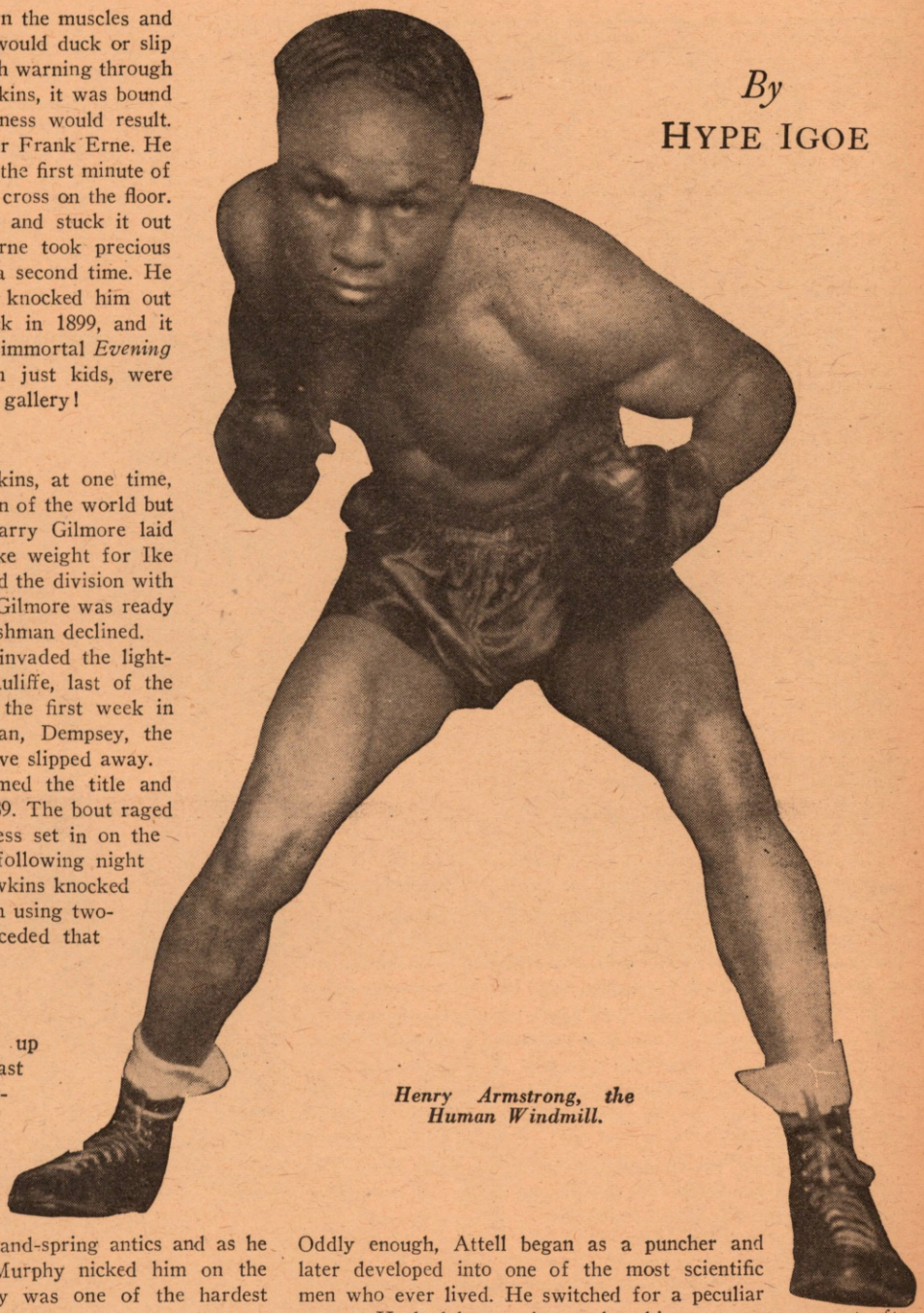
* * *

GREAT as "Little Chocolate" had been, the youth and the punching power of Terry was too much for Dixon. He died in poverty, but left behind him a record for brilliance in the ring which will live as long as boxing itself.

Abe Attell was a great champion. I rate him one of the GREAT FOUR in science, Griffo, Driscoll, Attell and Jim Corbett.

Kilbane was a fast one and something of a puncher, too.

By
HYPE IGOE



Henry Armstrong, the Human Windmill.

Oddly enough, Attell began as a puncher and later developed into one of the most scientific men who ever lived. He switched for a peculiar reason. He had been going on knocking out one opponent after another. Finally he met a fellow with a pretty good punch of his own and in trying to knock this fellow out, Abe almost got spilled himself. That settled it.

"Why should I move in on these fellows and take a knockout punch, or any other kind of a punch for that matter, just to land one of my own? Hereafter the boys will have to come and find little Abie. I'm not going to look for them any more."

He went through the remainder of a splendid career doing just as he had vowed he'd do.

* * *

WITH the passing of Attell and Johnny Kilbane, the division seemed to go to seed. It is true that a good one like Tony Canzoneri came along. He was a fine performer as a feather and then as a lightweight.

The others weren't much. Johnny Dundee, of course, was a corker as a lightweight. After *(Continued on page 46)*

JACK McAULIFFE,

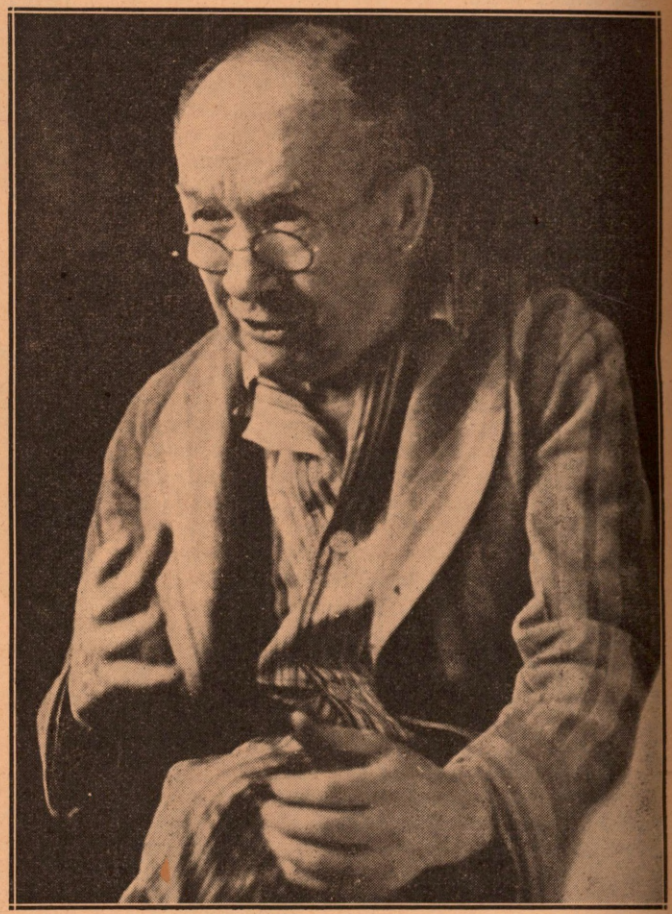
Jack McAuliffe showing Tony Canzoneri a few pointers.

TO the current generation of boxing enthusiasts the name of Jack McAuliffe, who died a few weeks ago, is almost legendary. The figure is a glamorous one. But the dates of the one-time lightweight champion's feats are so far removed from 1937 that they seem more part of a fistic saga woven from colorful threads of romance than the actual achievements of a man who was still alive and able to tell about them.

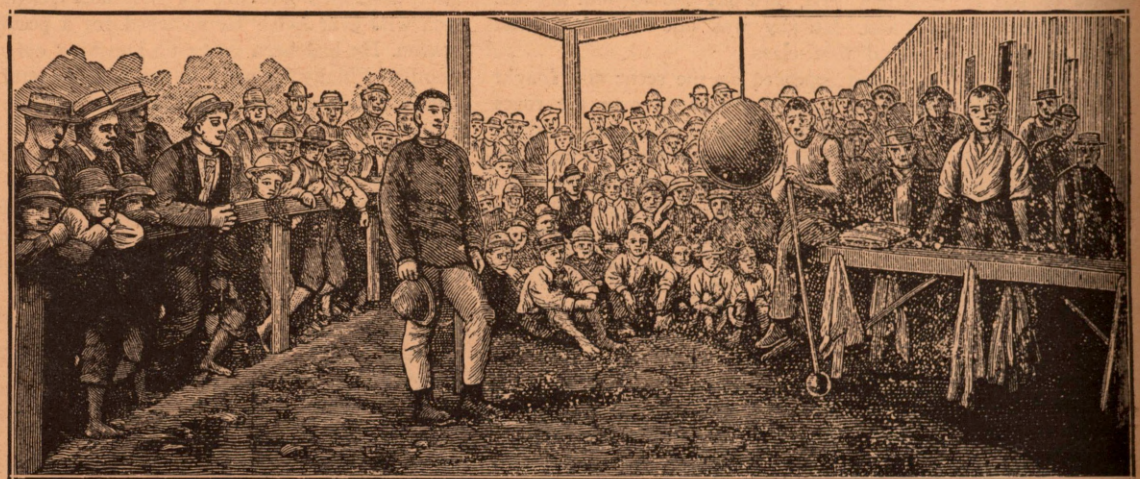
Jack McAuliffe was champion of the lightweights from 1885 to 1896, when he retired. McAuliffe had the proud and amazing distinction of quitting the game as the undefeated titleholder. Others have tried to emulate him. But their judgment as to when they were through as leaders was not upheld by results. The pitcher always goes to the well once too often. But Jack knew when to quit.

McAuliffe stands out in American fistic history as one of the Three Great Jacks. Before McAuliffe we had Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, who preceded McAuliffe as lightweight champion. Many years in the wake of McAuliffe came the third of the Jacks—the great Dempsey, heavyweight champion until dethroned by Gene Tunney.

Nonpareil Jack and the later Dempsey both hoped to follow the example of McAuliffe, and retire unbeaten. But boxing history stresses for us the fact that the drama of this matchless feat escaped both of the Dempseys, as it escaped so many other great fighters, and remained until his death, the cherished treasure of Jack McAuliffe, once called the Napoleon of the ring.



McAuliffe as he looked during his recent illness.



A scene in the outdoor training camp of McAuliffe when he was getting ready for his first fight with Myer.

"Napoleon of the Ring"

By NAT FLEISCHER—*Publisher of the Ring*

IF you were to inquire from the present generation of fight followers who was the best lightweight in the history of the American Prize Ring, I have no doubt that 90 per cent of those queried would answer, "Joe Gans," or they might give the honor to Benny Leonard. Not because they saw either in action and could therefore judge their abilities as compared with those of other celebrities, but because so much has been said and written about the Baltimore Negro's prowess and Leonard's skill that their names stand uppermost in the minds of sports critics.

Out on the Pacific Coast, they swear by Jimmy Britt, a clever, splendid lightweight; down in the section around New Orleans they say there never was a fighter in that division the equal of Andy Bowen, who fought 110 rounds with Jack Burke, and later was killed in a ring encounter by George Lavigne; but when a final choice is made on technique, hitting power, courageousness and defensive tactics, the name of Jack McAuliffe compares favorably with the greatest.

He fought in the days when padded gloves were a rarity; when ten and fifteen rounds were practically unheard of and finish bouts, 45 rounds or more, were the order of the day. In his day, a champion was truly a monarch. His honors were unlimited. The populace regarded him as a superman. Nothing was too good for a title holder in those days—the romantic era of the roped square.

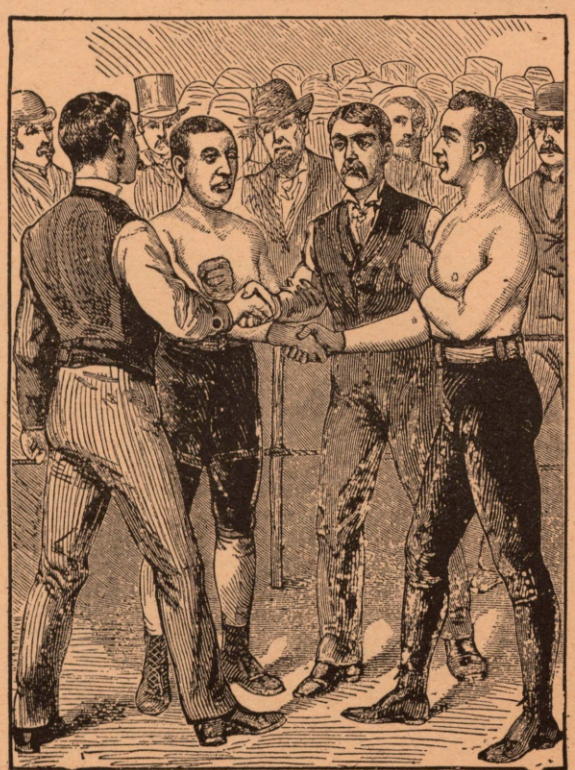
McAuliffe, like John L. Sullivan, was a hero extraordinary. His admirers were legion. They were with him through thick and thin. With them Jack McAuliffe was the greatest fighter of his era and to speak ill of him meant war.

* * *

HE fought with skin tight gloves on the turf, on the beach, in the barns, in cellars, in palatial clubhouses and in the back rooms of saloons, and wherever he performed the result of his fights were eagerly awaited by his staunch supporters. He fought for medals and silver cups, for money and just for the fun of it, and not once during his long career as an amateur and a professional did he come away a defeated gladiator.

True, on a number of occasions, as in the battle with Jem Carney and Young Griffo, he had close calls, but when he hung up his gloves to follow a theatrical career, he left behind him an unblemished record. On occasions when defeat stared him in the face, his ring generalship saved the day for him and his backers.

Billy Jordan (left) and Jack McAuliffe in the ring at Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno.

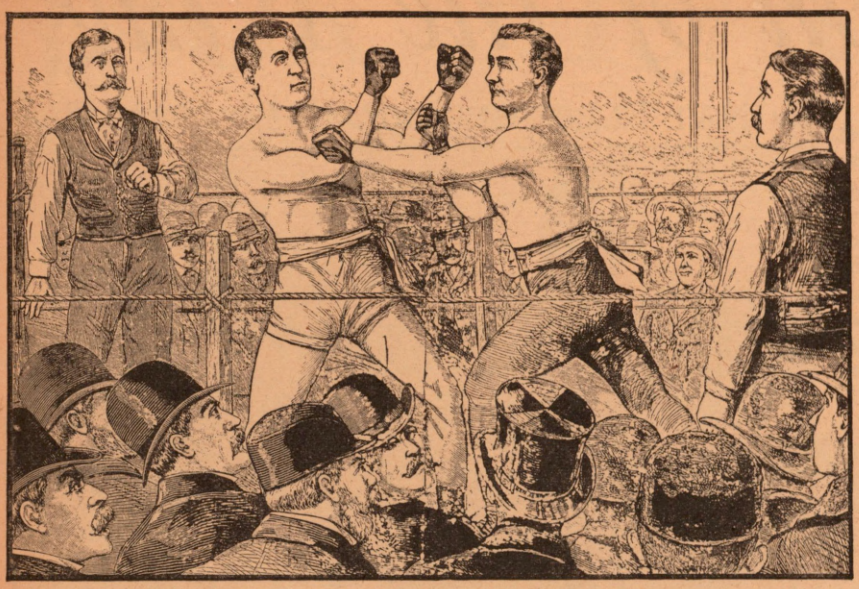


Forming the Maltese Cross. Myer (left) shakes hands with McAuliffe, and the seconds do likewise.

No matter where he fought, his New York followers wagered heavily on the outcome. It is said by those who knew McAuliffe during his prime that never in the history of the American ring was there a fighter on whose chances so much dough was wagered as on him. Never did Jack go into ring combat but that Dick Roche, famous sportsman, father of the present Billy Roche of referee fame, bet from $10,000 to $25,000 on McAuliffe!

In the West, down South, in the North, or around New York, his home, no matter where his contests were staged, McAuliffe was the choice of Roche and those who followed Dick's hot tips, and not once did any of his loyal followers lose a dime on him. That's why Jack McAuliffe was so popular with the sportsmen of his day.

Sullivan was a most popular fighter, but his popularity was of a different kind from that which McAuliffe enjoyed. Sullivan would enter a saloon, look at the crowd around the bar and then toss down



The fight between Billy Myer (left) and Jack McAuliffe at Burch's Opera House, North Judson, Ind., which went sixty-four rounds.

a $100 note and order drinks for the house. That kind of going would make anybody popular with those kind of people. But when John L. was put in among a lot of swells he was much out of place. Not so, however, with McAuliffe. It was at the leading hotels along Broadway that he made his greatest hit.

* * *

IN the heyday of the Dwyer brothers' success—Phil and Mike—when they were sweeping everything before them on the race tracks around New York with their formidable and almost invincible stable, McAuliffe was on the inside and reaped a fortune by stringing along with the Dwyers, his pals. Before he realized it, McAuliffe had a bank roll of more than $200,000 salted away in the safe keeping of Dick Roche. And it was shortly after, much against the advice of Roche, that McAuliffe insisted on putting up almost a quarter of his money on Roche's horse, Badge, where he stood to win $190,000 if the horse came through. But McAuliffe lost his money by a whisker, yet was in his glory to think that Badge had barely been beaten to the tape.

McAuliffe would bet more money on one race than Sullivan and all the rest of the fighters combined and any time Jack had a good afternoon at the track, he spent most of his winnings, if not all, on opening champagne for the boys at the Broadway sporting centers or tossing his coin to the human derelicts who swarmed around him every time he made an appearance on the Gay White Way. In that respect he closely followed his idol, Sullivan.

The Boston Strong Boy enjoyed the popularity of the short-haired fraternity; Nonpareil Jack Dempsey enjoyed that of the staid and calculating business man, while Jack McAuliffe, the third member of that great American trio, was the hero of the plunger, the actor and the man about town. It is therefore difficult to determine who, among the trio, was the most popular of the Three Famed Jacks, as they belonged to a different set of surroundings and none seemed to associate with the same companions. This, in view of the fact that at least in the case of Dempsey, he and McAuliffe were bosom friends, seems extremely strange.

* * *

IN Brooklyn they worked together in the same cooper shop and in all of McAuliffe's important fights Dempsey was his chief second, and Jack, in turn, was in the Nonpareil's corner the night when Dempsey was badly whipped by Bob Fitzsimmons and lost the middleweight title at New Orleans.

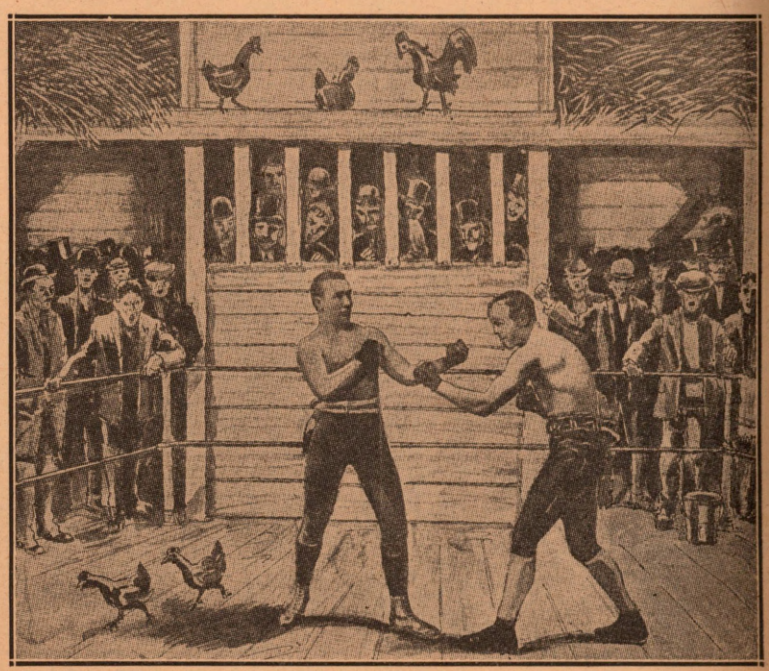
Strange, also, is the fact that even Dempsey didn't like to have McAuliffe as his second. He was regarded by the fistic element as a hoodoo because almost every time he appeared in a fighter's corner that scrapper lost the battle. McAuliffe owned the unique distinction of having been the chief of staff in the corner of three world champions, each of whom was shorn of his crown. He was behind Cal McCarthy at Troy when George Dixon beat him; Dempsey when Fitz slaughtered him, and he was chief second to John L. Sullivan when Jim Corbett whipped him in 1892.

When I was collaborating with him on the story of his life which I informed him I would put in book form, I said to McAuliffe: Jack, tell me in your own words what you would like to have me put into print as the story of your great career as told by you. "Nat," he replied, "if I could express myself as I would like to, I suppose I could draw word pictures that would fire the blood and thrill the heart of every mother's son. Romance, you might call it—romance and color—but to me it was life—yes, life itself. It was what I enjoyed when I wanted it most, and what a story that would make!"

Yes, what a story! Unfortunately, poor Jack was too ill to express his thoughts as he could have just a few years back, but his mind was still active, and though his memory faltered a little, he recalled sufficient to give me many hours of intense pleasure in the recitals of his experiences.

Rings pitched stealthily in the dead of night; rich idlers, sons of the aristocracy of little Old New York and staid New England centering on the rendezvous from various sectors to dodge the brass buttons and blue coats of the minions of the law to see him fight; bloody battles that lasted from 20 to 50 rounds; broken knuckles; skin-torn faces; battered noses; puffed-up eyes;—men, real he-men, with hearts of oak, the courage of the lion and muscles of steel, jabbing, blocking, covering up, lashing out with sudden spurts with hits of dynamite, then backing away cagily.

(Continued on page 47)

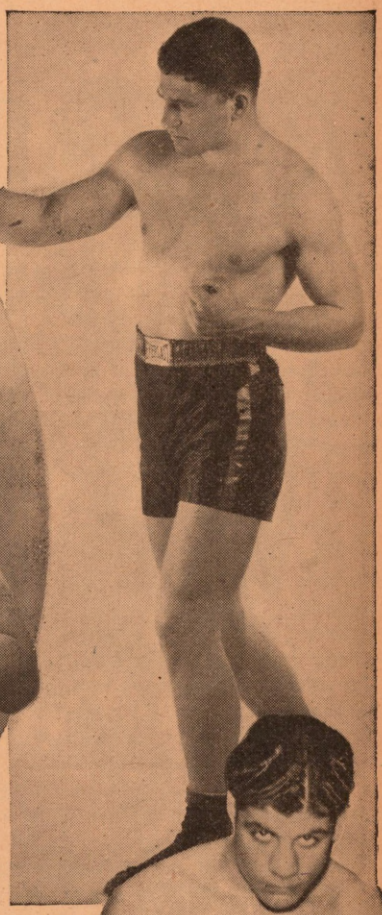


McAuliffe (left) vs. Jem Carney at Revere Beach, Mass. Note the chickens crossing the floor of the barn.

SPURTING AHEAD

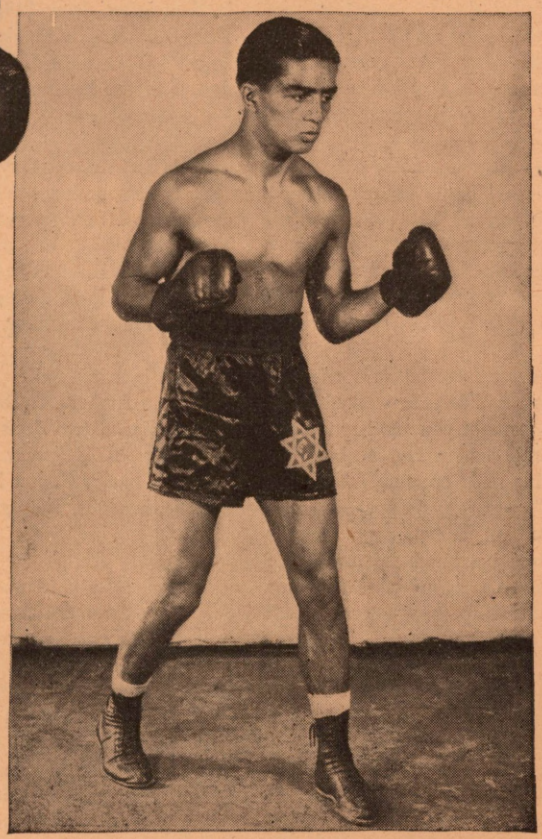
Melio Bettina, New York light-heavyweight, now on the Pacific Coast.

Lou Nova, Oakland heavyweight, a real comer.

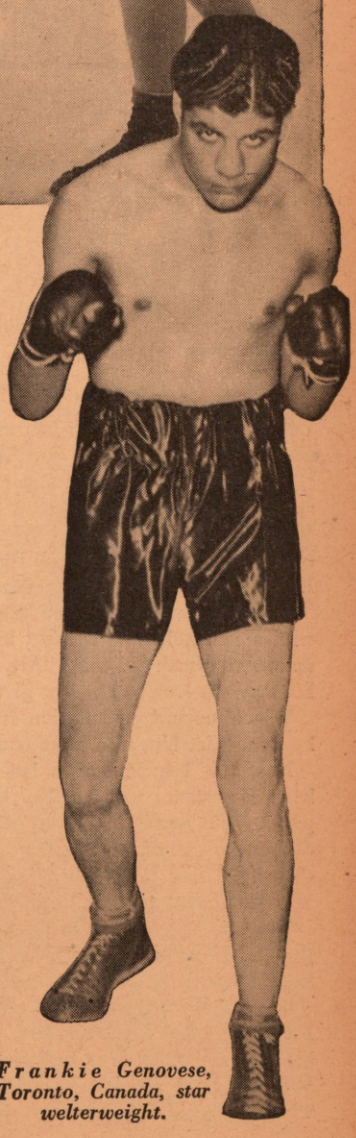


Maxie Berger, classy Montreal lightweight, now in New York.

Alabama Kid, Ohio middleweight, going great in the West.



Baby Yack, coming Toronto bantamweight.

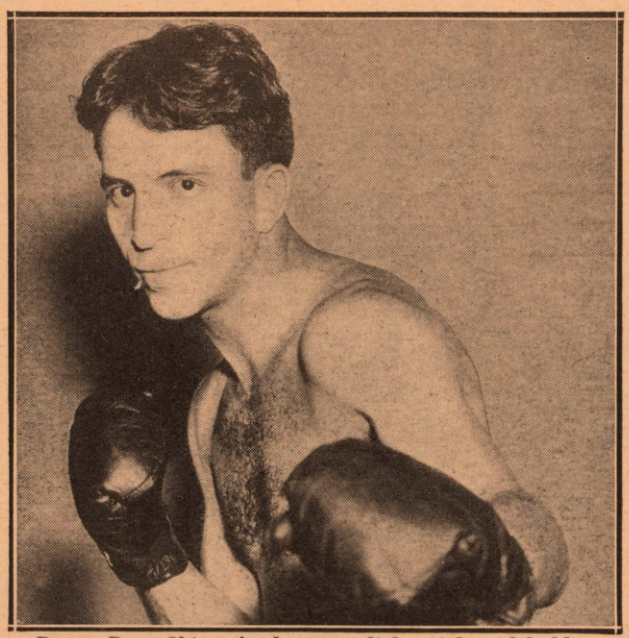


Frankie Genovese, Toronto, Canada, star welterweight.

Dawns a New Day

By GENE KESSLER

ROOSEVELT ROAD is prosperity lane for the Chicago sock market. It is a thoroughfare a dozen blocks south of the Loop which splits straight out through the west side and eventually separates tough, gang-ridden Cicero from sedate, peace-loving Oak Park. But just before reaching these suburbs, Roosevelt Road becomes cluttered with belligerent youngsters who love to fight with their fists. It is from this precise neighborhood that the fistic firm of Pian and Winch, not incorporated, mines its golden ring nuggets.



Davey Day, Chicago's threat to lightweight titleholder.

Pudgy Art Winch, a painstaking Italian with the knack for cultivating boxing science, and suave Sam Pian, a trigger-brained Jewish manager with the knack for manipulating his boys into profitable and choice matches, have a copyright on the neighborhood's output. Pian and Winch always have one fighter on top, another on his way and another in the raw.

When Ray Miller was left hooking chins for the firm, they had Jackie London ready to step in. And when London passed over the hill, they shoved Joey Medill into the front ranks. Then followed Earl Mastro and when Earl faded, due to an unfortunate eye injury, the new Pian and Winch nugget glittered brighter than all before him. The man was Barney Ross, who riveted chins until he captured the lightweight crown and still is doing all right as welterweight ruler.

* * *

NOW Barney Ross has many good fights in his educated fists, but Pian and Winch haven't been idle. Indeed, they have spent almost seven years developing the heir apparent to the Ross throne. Has the effort been worth while? Very shortly now Pian and Winch will push the understudy into top row matches. The hopeful is a scrawny lightweight kid named David Daitch, who fights as Davey Day.

It was back in 1931 when Medill came into the gym one day with a lanky, hollow cheeked kid at his side. He walked right up to Art Winch and said: "Art, I've brought you another fighter. He may not look so hot, but give him a chance. He can hit."

Winch mopped perspiration from his nude crown. "All right," he said. "Get him into some trunks."

Now this beanpole of a lad gave Art Winch acute prickly heat. His stance was terrible. He held his hands so that if he punched he would fall over off-balance. His peaked chin was exposed to everything, like the post office blotter, and soon Winch discovered that it absorbed just as much punishment.

"If you want to fight," said Art, "I'll spend time with you."

The kid sure wanted to fight. His brother had been a fair to paddlin' boxer under the name of Alex Stagg, and the lad had started as his sparring partner.

So Art Winch spent five months in instruction rooms with Davey Day and finally decided the lad was ready for action. In his first pro start, Day flattened one Tod Kelly in two rounds. Followed three decisions in prelims during the remainder of 1931. The next year Day, now grown into a 126 pounder, flattened three, beat five and blew a duke to Sammy Levine.

* * *

TWO years later, 1934, Davey Day began flashing smoking gloves. He had graduated to prelims on the Ross shows now and was lifting eyebrows as well as chins in the bigger arenas. Simultaneously another west side lad was on fire in the Loop — chunky Frankie Sagilio from Cicero's Italian settlement. This Sagilio was knocking over lightweights with swipes of his stovepipe arms and that inevitable civil glove war flamed. Davey Day and Frankie Sagilio clashed at Mills Stadium, drawing $12,000 and waging a sizzling draw. In this fight lean Davey sold himself completely to the Pian and Winch sock firm.

Davey proved he could take it. He was flattened out like pancake batter in the second round and the 10,000 customers started for exits. But Davey wasn't through. Pulling himself up, he weathered the stormy leather and regained strength by the fifth spasm. Then he gave Sagilio a pasting through the last five rounds, scoring two knockdowns.

That first Sagilio match was fought in July and the encore in September drew $18,000 into the stadium. This was all Day. Davey, fighting with high carriage gloves, peppered stocky little Sagilio's face until it was a sorry mess. Day scored two knockdowns in the last round. He seemed on his way.

* * *

THEN Davey Day went through that period which most boxers suffer when they begin to feel important. He wandered from training, got out of condition and blew his big New York shot, with Al Roth in July, 1935.

Sam Pian has a cure for this particular ring malady. He lays the boys off until they get hungry. And hungry fighters usually attend to glove knitting.

A new Day blossomed in 1936. Since then he has lost only one fight, and that a split decision to the world's lightweight champion, Lou Ambers. In the last two years, Davey Day has knocked out nine, won two decisions and lost to Ambers.

During 1937, Davey bowled over Charley Baxter in three rounds, Charley Gomer in three, Jimmy Garrison, the Kansas City cyclone, in eight, Jimmy Durso in five and Joey Vignali in seven.

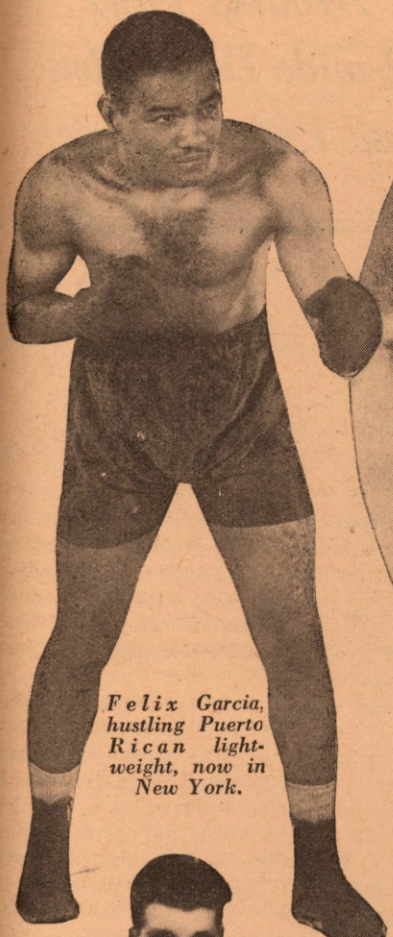
* * *

IN the fight with the tough Enrico Venturi, the Chicago mitt artist came through in clever style. It was a torrid ten rounder and Day earned the unanimous decision. Day won because he was a shrewder campaigner, a harder puncher and a better ring general than his rival. The Chicago lad took seven of the ten rounds and was particularly brilliant in the final round when he fought off a furious rally.

Right now negotiations are buzzing to match Day with Ambers for a title match. Mickey (Soldier) Farr is hot after the whirl for the Chicago Stadium, but Mike Jacobs may desire it for Madison Square Garden, and what Mike desires, he gets.

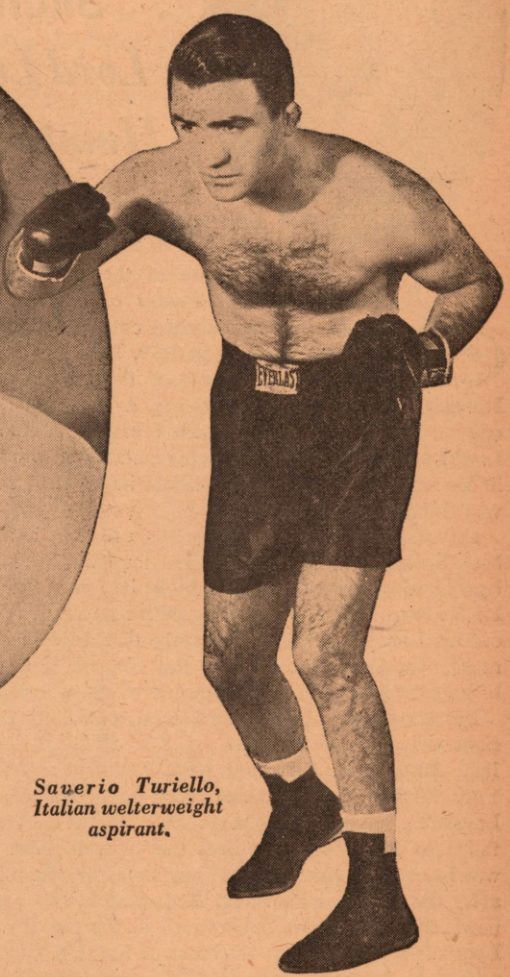
(Continued on page 33)

Making Good in the U.S.

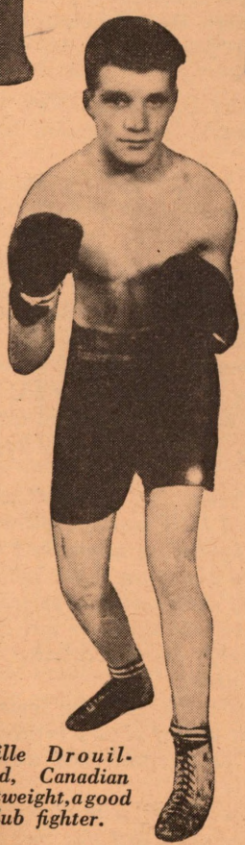


Felix Garcia, hustling Puerto Rican lightweight, now in New York.

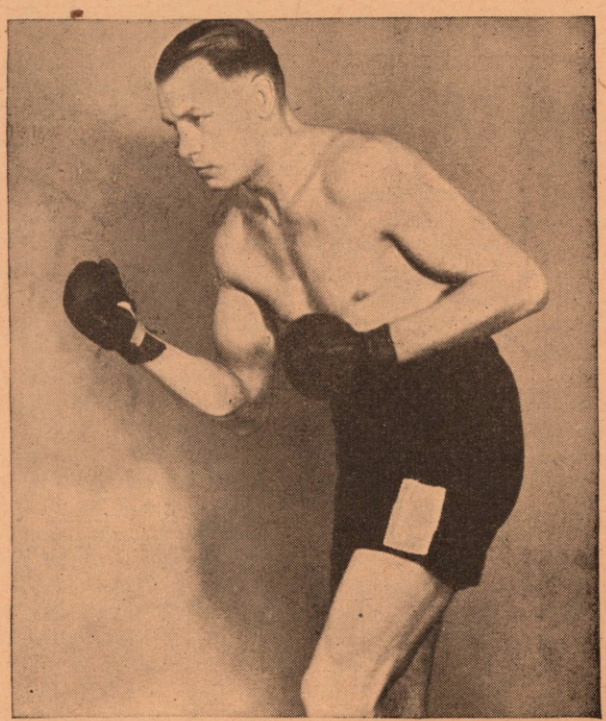
Tony Chavez, Mexican featherweight, campaigning successfully on the Pacific Coast.



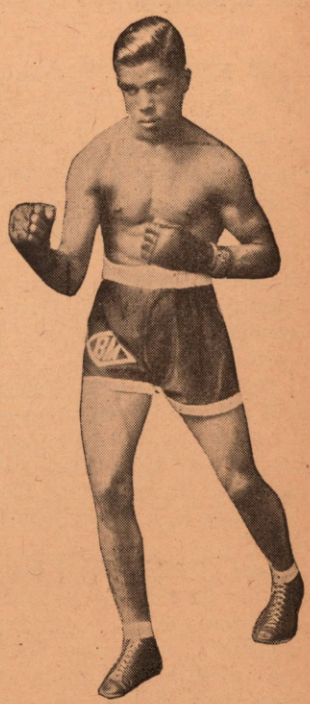
Saverio Turiello, Italian welterweight aspirant.



Orville Drouillard, Canadian lightweight, a good club fighter.



Hans Havlicek, Austrian heavyweight champion, in New York.



Baby Miller, classy Cuban welterweight, now in Richmond, Va.

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Sullivan Knockout Story Arouses Fans
Lord Lonsdale Starts World-wide Discussion
Humphreys' Memorial Plaque Put in Garden

SINCE the appearance of the story of Lord Lonsdale's life in *The People* of London, in which he declares that he knocked out John L. Sullivan when he visited America in 1879, I have been besieged with letters from all parts of the world, primarily from Ireland, Jamaica, India and South Africa, asking me for my opinion on its accuracy. To each I have answered that, though Lord Lonsdale is a man of high reputation, I think that he errs in his statement that the man whom he knocked out in America was John L. Sullivan.

I have no doubt that I will be taken to task, as I already have been by some British scribes for an editorial I wrote a few issues back when the story first broke into print, but try as I have, I have been unable to locate anywhere any data that would bear out his Lordship's claim. The story that appears in *The People* makes excellent reading, but the historic facts of Sullivan's life do not jibe with the statements of the venerable Lord.

For the benefit of the record, I have partially ruined my eyesight delving into the files of *The Police Gazettes* of 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1883, *The Police News* and New York *Herald* of those same years, to find a mention of Lord Lonsdale's setto with John L. Sullivan, without result. I have failed to locate even an item that would prove that Sullivan was in or near New York at any time prior to 1881, two years after the supposed knockout. And what is still more important, nowhere in the sports publications of the period to which Lord Lonsdale refers, can any reference be found to Charley Mitchell's arrival in American prior to 1883.

* * *

I KNEW Charley Mitchell well, just as I knew Pony Moore, his father-in-law, whom I met on many occasions. I had an interview with Mitchell in the New York *Sun* in 1912, in which Mitchell said:

"It was in 1883 that I definitely decided that I would come to this country following my winning of the British championship at St. George's Hall, London, in the tournament conducted by Billy Madden to find a suitable opponent for John L. Sullivan. I won over a field of about thirty competitors and in the finals I defeated Dick Roberts. There were some good men in that competition, among them being Bill Nipton, 'the Deaf 'Un' of Norwich, and Jim Goode.

"I then started a tour of England in company with William Sheriff and Tug Wilson, who were meeting all comers and after that tour, we embarked for America where I opened my campaign and gave Mike Cleary such a bad defeat that the police stopped the fight in the third round. That was on April 9, 1883, and on May 14 I fought John L. Sullivan in Madison Square Garden."

A mass of data which I have before me while writing this shows that the 1883 visit was the first Mitchell had made to this country, a trip that is exactly four years after that listed in the memoirs of Lord Lonsdale. But that is only a small part of the records which tend to refute the statement of the Lord with reference to his fight with Sullivan. Let us tackle his own story:

Rumors of our mutual intentions sped back and forth. People were talking about it—the few people who were "in the know"; and at last one day in the year 1879, when I was told that Sullivan had sneered and said I was joking, I packed up and went to New York.

I had a jolly little party with me. There was Charlie Mitchell, that smiling and debonair incarnation of the gameness of British boxers, who for reasons of his own travelled incognito. Mitchell had already built up a wonderful record as a fighter. When he was little more than a welterweight he had trounced several formidable pugs, including one who went by the rather ghastly name of "The Death 'Un."

* * *

LORD LONSDALE, according to the above, not only has Mitchell built up as a fighter with a great record in 1879, when as a matter of record he had fought only four minor battles, but has him whipping Jack Burke, to whom he refers as the "Death 'Un," a typographical error, no doubt, for "Deaf 'Un," a fight that didn't take place until June 16, 1881, the year before he won Madden's tournament.

I do not want my British readers, an army of them, to misunderstand my motives. I am not trying to belittle Lord Lonsdale, whose record of achievement on behalf of sport is second to none, but because of the many letters I have received, I have decided for historic value to do some research to point out the discrepancies with the thought in mind that perhaps Lord Lonsdale will realize that he is mistaken. He undoubtedly knocked out someone in America, but was it "John L."?

* * *

NOW let us go down to John L. Sullivan. Here is the statement of Lord Lonsdale, as it appears in *The People* of October 10:

It sounds rather like a legend but, having seen Sullivan—having faced him in the roped square—in the period after his meteoric rise to fame, I can believe it. . . . .

The mere hint of a challenge made him roar like a Bull of Bashan. So that when he got to know that I was eyeing him critically and weighing up in my mind my chances in a meeting with the dreaded champion, he was very angry indeed.

There was actually a spot of trouble between us before we met each other with the gloves. One thing was that he had heard that I had said a man could inflict as much punishment with the gloves as he could without them. Sullivan held the opposite opinion. . . . .

Well, somebody told him that "young Mr. Lowther" wanted to fight him, and Sullivan puckered his brows and glared and said, "Oh, does *he? Well, if it's fighting he wants, he'd better remember that it's dangerous to fight with a man called Sullivan!"*

Now, here was I, another kind of challenger; but as you have probably gathered, he was not lacking in scorn for me. Yet he paid me the big compliment of never, from the beginning, treating my possible challenge with contempt.

In fact, as I have said, he provoked it. And for some time there was a distinct feeling of heat and of rivalry between us; a sense that our meeting would be inevitable and would be serious. . . . .

Our battle was to be in the orthodox style, with gloves. But I could fight with the raw 'uns on occasion, and this time I felt that it was immaterial whether gloves were used or not. I wanted the fight above all. . . . .

Naturally, the people who came along to witness our contest

—it took place in the Central Park Academy, a riding school with which Sullivan was associated—were more than inclined to bet odds on Sullivan.

That was only to be expected. But all the time in my secret heart I felt that I could show them different. . . . .

As he came at me in the opening of the sixth, I decided it was now or never.

I let fly with my right and caught him solid in the solar plexus, and he went down without a sound, apart from a faint grunt.

He lay there for several minutes after the final count, and when I went over and put out my hand to shake his, his face wore a dazed sort of smile as he accepted my grip. . . . .

I HAD BEATEN JOHN L. SULLIVAN!

So you see, though Jim Corbett got the credit for defeating the Boston Strong Boy as heavyweight champion years later in New Orleans, actually he was vanquished by me.

Yes, now after all these years, I can look at my strong right hand and say with truth: "This hand put to sleep John L. Sullivan!"

* * *

GOOD, sensational reading matter, no doubt, but again I must say, the facts are not borne out by the records.

In the first place, I wrote the biography of John L. Sullivan three years before his death and I have a copy of the rough typewritten sheets as I typed them from his dictation and here is one part that will prove of interest in this controversy:

"It was not until the latter part of 1878 that I started to take a deep interest in boxing. Then it was that I took on Cocky Woods in Cockerill Hall, Boston, for an exhibition and following that I had exhibitions with Dan Dwyer in Revere Hall, Tommy Chandler, Mike Donovan and Patsy Hogan. I was coming along well and Jim Keenan and Tom Farley started to take an interest in me. They were Boston sportsmen who were sweet on me and told me that I had a great future.

"It was through their efforts that I got a three-round exhibition with Joe Goss on April 6, 1880, and then the fight with George Rooke in June of that year, a contest which I won by a kayo in two rounds.

"That was my first real fight. That December I went to Cincinnati where I knocked out Prof. Donaldson in ten rounds and the victory gained for me such fine notices that I was invited to come down to New York and show the fight people there what I could do. Billy Madden, who had assumed my management, was a great ballyhoo artist and he decided that the only way I could get a fight for the championship would be to get the O.K. of the New York sportsmen and through him I landed in the Big City and appeared at Harry Hill's. There Madden offered $250 to any man who could stand against me for four rounds. Steve Taylor accepted and I easily beat him.

"That was my first visit to New York and I got a real thrill out of meeting the big shots in the sports world and the famous fighters I heard so much about but had never seen."

* * *

FROM the above it is obvious that Lord Lonsdale must be mistaken. Not only does Sullivan's story to me prove that he could not have been in New York within two years of the time that his Lordship says he met "John L." in a private battle, but the records of the *Clipper* of 1881, *The Police News* of that year and *The Police Gazette*, the complete copies of which are owned by me, bear out Sullivan in his statement. *The Police News* says:

"John L. Sullivan, who has been making quite a name for himself since he began to take up boxing two years ago in local exhibitions, made a hit in his first visit to New York City when he thrashed Steve Taylor before a select gathering at Harry Hill's. Most of the New Yorkers, who had never seen the Boston Strong Boy, predicted that he would be the next champion."

Can it be that such famous editors of such famous sports publications as those mentioned above, could possibly have erred in making those statements about the first visit to New York.

Can it be that Lord Lonsdale was hoodwinked into believing that he was meeting the Boston Strong Boy who at the time the British sportsman says he fought him, wasn't even known sufficiently well in America to have attained half the reputation Lord Lonsdale gives him in his story?

I spoke to Dad Phillips, my father-in-law, who was a boyhood pal of Sullivan, travelled with him in many parts of the country and saw him in every fight he had after the Donaldson battle, which "Pop" Phillips attended in 1880, and "Pop," like many Americans, ridicules the story of Lord Lonsdale. "Pop" tells me that the Central Park Academy was so exclusive a riding place that Sullivan could never have gotten within its gates and that as for a fight being staged there, those who were in charge would never have permitted such a "degrading" affair to be staged within its walls.

Memorial Plaque of Humphreys in Madison Square Garden.

* * *

I SPOKE to Arthur Lumley, who like Dad Phillips, is in the eighties, and asked for his opinion. Arthur managed Sullivan in the late eighties and was the editor of the *Illustrated News*, a rival of *The Police News* and *The Police Gazette*. Lumley likewise ridicules Lord Lonsdale's story. He said:

"It's too ridiculous to take cognizance of. John L., if he had fought Mr. Lowther, would have broken him into bits in 1879, when Sullivan was the strongest man in America if not in the world. I knew Sullivan intimately, and never heard of that Lord Lonsdale story. I was in Harry Hill's when John L. made his first appearance in New York and it was there that I first became acquainted with him. I know that Sullivan was never in the city before 1881.

"As for the Central Park Academy, as a newspaperman I had occasion to report the doings at the club, a most exclusive organization, similar to the Racquets and Tennis Club of today, and I know that no fights were ever staged there, private or public, because they just couldn't be held in that Academy. I'm sorry to say that Lord Lonsdale has his dates, places and his opponent mixed."

So there you are, my British friends. Now don't take it out on me. I'm not making fun of the grand old man of British boxing, Lord Lonsdale, but am giving historic data in answer to a flood of mail asking me to look up the details and verify that story. Can it be that Lord Lonsdale has his dates and names mixed? I think so.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN was the scene of an unusual gathering when the Boxing Writers' Association of New York, of which Hype Igoe is president, unveiled the Joe Humphreys Memorial Plaque. Fighters, present and old-time announcers, boxers, managers and scribes gathered to hear eulogies of the clarion-voiced Joe. The ceremonies were most impressive.

The plaque, four feet by three, of solid bronze, and the work of one of America's famous sculptors, Vincenzio Miserendino, rests on the wall to the left of the Garden's Eighth Avenue entrance. Father John White, president of the Catholic Actors' Guild; Rabbi B. Leon Hurwitz of the Jewish Center of Bay Ridge, Colonel John Reed Kilpatrick, president of the Garden; and Igoe, Sid Mercer and Nat Fleischer of the Boxing Writers' Association; Gen. John J. Phelan, chairman of the New York Boxing Commission; Charley Harvey, representing the old-time masters of ceremonies, and Miserendino were the speakers.

The plaque depicts Humphreys, his arm uplifted in a plea for silence, his facial muscles taut, the announcement slip gripped in his right hand. Beneath is a bass relief, showing Humphreys' favorite fighters—Dempsey, McLarnin, McGovern and Canzoneri. Around the upper rim of the plaque is engraved:

"Quiet, please . . . . Quiet, please—The winner and still champion—Joe Humphreys!"

The beautiful bronze, first suggested by the Boxing Writers, was bought through revenues derived from the Humphreys Memorial Dinner in the Garden last November. From those funds also was erected a handsome monument over Humphreys' grave in Moravian Cemetery of Staten Island.

In this memorial is imbedded a bronze bust of the announcer, sculptored by James Novelli. The Boxing Writers' Association bought the plot in which Joe is buried and has arranged with cemetery officials for permanent caretaking.

Thus the fund which the public so generously contributed, has succeeded in achieving every aim and purpose for which the fund was organized, and those in charge are able to felicitate themselves on an accomplishment which very few movements of this kind are able to point to.

The committee is to be congratulated not only on the completion of its task, but on having made the most of the fund paid in by those who attended the big dinner in the Garden. Checking and cross-checking by accountants and auditing bodies has stressed the fact that not only has every dime been accounted for, but well used.

We know that Joe himself, sitting in high Valhalla with McGovern and other cronies, is satisfied with the things that have been done and the way they have been done, and sends his thanks and appreciation. Certainly the Boxing Writers' Association can be proud of the entire achievement.

* * *

ALBERTO LOVELL, the Argentinian heavyweight, didn't do so well in his initial start in New York against Eddie Blunt, though the South American won his bout quite handily. From California reports, the New York scribes were led to believe that Lovell was a world beater. He rates high among the present crop of heavyweights, but he lacks the greatest essential of a good heavyweight—hitting power.

Lovell flashed a brand of speed that one ordinarily would expect to see in a lightweight, but speed alone will never get him to the top.

Lovell is of the Maxie Rosenbloom school, but a heavyweight, to make any headway against such rough boys as Tony Galento, Tommy Farr, Al Ettore, and others like them, must possess the clout. Lovell is a good addition to the crop of foreign heavies, and I hope he'll develop into a strong contender. It can be done with proper coaching. He is fearless, can take a punch and knows the tricks of the game.

* * *

AMERICAN fight followers were shocked at the recent report from England that Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for striking a woman, because Craig, unlike other fighters of his day, has borne a fine reputation. Perhaps the name of Craig means nothing to the present generation of fight fans, but to the old-timers it recalls a famous middleweight fighter of a period long past. Craig, who has just celebrated his seventy-third birthday, still is handy with the mitts. According to testimony he gave at the magistrate's hearing, he takes on all comers in the boxing booths—amazing, considering the age of the Coffee Cooler.

Frank Craig was born in Harlem, in New York City, the son of a Zulu of royal blood and an Indian mother—a good fighting mixture. He went to England in 1894 and has been there since. He engaged in many professional fights when in his prime, and he estimates that since his retirement back in 1912, he has fought more than 700 contests in travelling booths, a remarkable performance.

Craig, with the exception of the great Peter Jackson, was the most popular Negro fighter England had entertained in the last forty years. His perfect English and his athletic prowess made a hit with the British. In addition to being a fighter of extraordinary ability, Craig was an excellent swimmer, an expert on roller skates, a fine piano and harmonica player and a dancer.

Some years ago, when Craig was on the stage in the music halls of London, he remarked:

"I am through as an active fighter but I shall continue for the rest of my life to fight the cause of our people. We have plowed a lone furrow long enough. We have been up against prejudice, injustice and unfairness for many years. It has taken a long time for our people to convince the world that we are qualified to stand in the ring and in the field of general athletics, side by side with the white men, and that black men, if given the proper opportunity, will soon prove to the world that they can box and run as good as the rest."

Little did Craig then believe that in 1937 three of the eight universally recognized divisions in boxing, three world crowns, would be held by members of his race, and that in the Olympic Games of that same year the Negro athletes would outclass the world in great performances. And little did he then dream, as he remarked in an interview a few weeks ago, that his people would play a stellar role in fisticuffs since the World War.

How true his words! The Coffee Cooler has lived to see Kid Chocolate, Al Brown, Gorilla Jones, Tiger Flowers, John Henry Lewis and Henry Armstrong carry off world honors, and Joe Louis, the reigning man in all pugilism—the world heavyweight king! Thus his prophecy of 1912 has been fulfilled.

* * *

WHEN Mike Jacobs took over Madison Square Garden for his first show—that in which Henry Armstrong won the world featherweight title from Petey Sarron, the event marked the end of Madison Square Garden Corporation's eleven-year reign over American territory in the Queensberry realm. Although the show was not a success financially, it was a tremendous success so far as action was concerned.

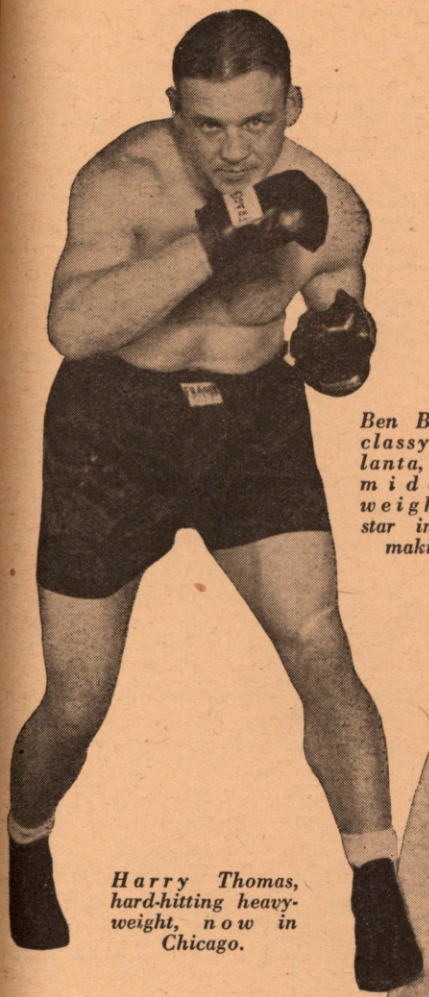
If all of the boxing affairs staged under the new regime are as good as the opening one, the old-time patronage that the Garden enjoyed under the Tex Rickard helm is certain to return.

But whether Jacobs can succeed in making the Garden venture a huge financial success remains to be seen. He'll have his headaches just as did Jimmy Johnston, but in his favor is the fact that Jacobs holds contracts on the world's best fighters and thus even though several shows might prove financial flops, on the whole, for the entire year, Mike should make a handsome profit on his venture. Success or failure can be measured only by the sixteen weeks' average.

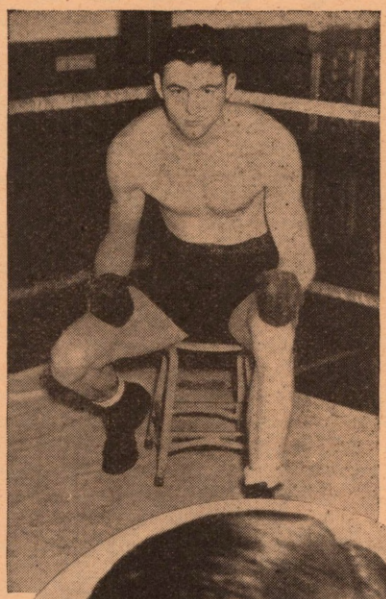
* * *

NOW that Tommy Farr and Ted Broadribb have settled their differences by Farr's payment of $15,000 to his manager, both should benefit—one as a capable manager, the other as a capable fighter. Squabbles never helped fighter, manager, or the sport, and the settlement is welcomed in sports circles.

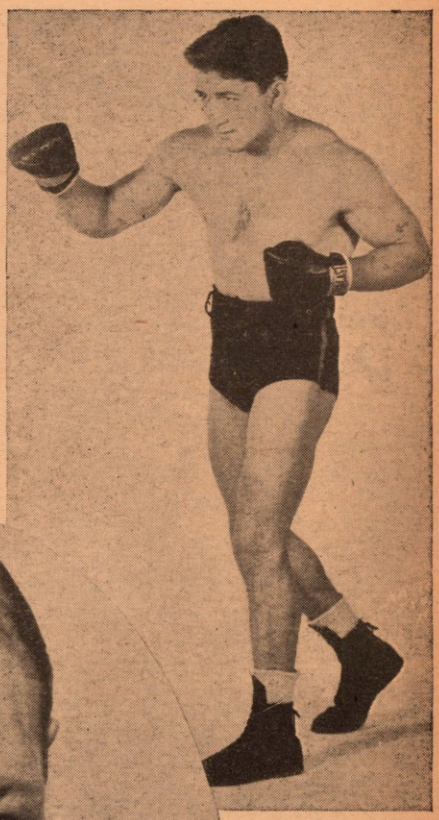
AMERICAN CLUB PLEASERS



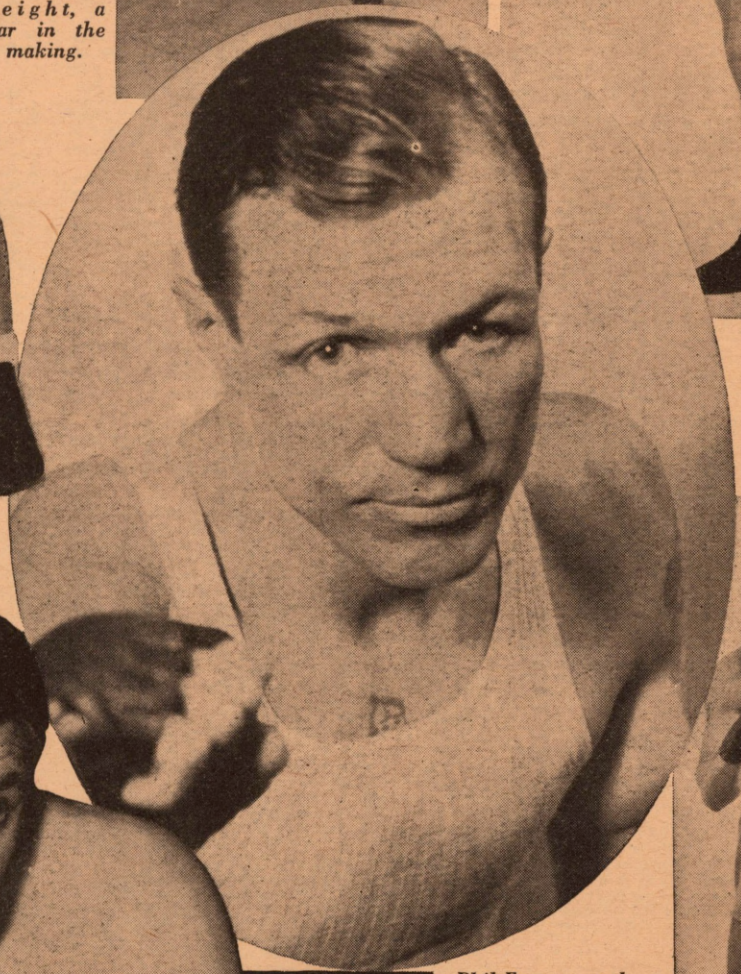
Harry Thomas, hard-hitting heavyweight, now in Chicago.



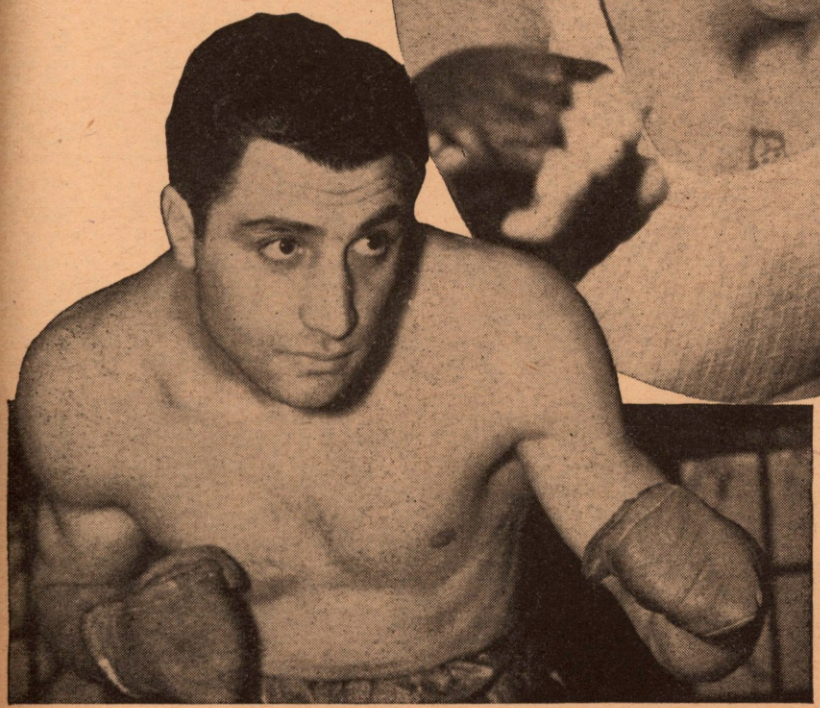
Ben Brown, classy Atlanta, Ga., middleweight, a star in the making.



George Zengaras, rugged Greek New York lightweight.



Phil Furr, rugged welterweight from Washington, D. C.



Joe Wagner, former Cleveland heavyweight, now making Newark his headquarters.

Georgie Pace, fast-rising bantam from Cleveland.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Arthur Sweitzer, Canton, O.

Q.—Is it true that Arthur Donovan has refereed all of Joe Louis' fights in New York?

A.—Yes, also one in Cleveland.

Mike Soritsky, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Has McLarnin retired?

A.—Pop Foster, his manager, says no. He will fight again this winter if a suitable purse is guaranteed him.

Tony Renaldi, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—I am 19 years of age, 6 feet tall and weigh 167 pounds and my chest is 38½ inches. Do you think I will grow into a heavyweight? Do you think it is too late to take up boxing? Could Jack Johnson in his prime have beaten Joe Louis?

A.—Yes, without doubt. You are not too late. Johnson would be my choice.

Al Shulte, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—At what weight should a boxer who normally weighs 129 pounds, enter the ring? By that I mean, in what class should he compete? I have difficulty getting down to 126.

A.—You should compete as a lightweight but fight boys around 130. Since you cannot get down to 126 without hurting yourself, don't do it. Reducing weight when such is injurious, is a bad stunt.

Frank Cusick, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Is Frank Erne still alive? What is he doing?

A.—Yes, Erne is alive and is living in West 72nd St., New York City. He is down in the Stock Exchange.

Loive Desmoiselle, Paris, France

Q.—Is Battling Nelson still alive?

A.—Yes, he is very much alive. He was on the radio a few weeks ago. He is selling real estate in the mid-west of this country.

Tom Flynn, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Who, in your opinion, were the three best all-around heavyweights of modern times?

A.—Purely guess work, but my opinion is that Bob Fitzsimmons was No. 1, Jack Johnson, No. 2 and Jack Dempsey, No. 3.

Archie Senft, Boston, Mass.

Q.—When did Al McCoy take the middleweight title?

A.—When he knocked out George Chip in one round in Brooklyn on April 7, 1914.

J. C. St. Louis

Q.—I am 19 years of age, 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weigh 148 pounds. How tall will I be and in what class when I am 21? Am I underweight? I am an amateur and have had ten fights with good success but I have no manager and cannot get any fights. What do you advise me to do?

A.—You should reach the 6 foot mark and scale around 165 pounds. You are underweight and right now you should weigh from 155 to 160 pounds. Amateurs do not have any managers as a rule. If you belong to an athletic organization in your city there should be no trouble for you to obtain bouts. If you don't belong, you should join one for your own good.

E. Herrera, Tampa, Mexico.

Q.—Will you please tell me what is the verdict in a championship bout when each fighter has won the same number of rounds? Is that what they say "no contest?" Are there any rules for a bout between a wrestler and boxer? Are they they call "No Contest." What do they mean when recognized by Boxing Commissions?

A.—A draw may be given or the preference might be given to the champion in a close fight. "No Contest" means when two boxers are giving a poor fight. The referee stops the bout and calls it "No contest." There are no rules governing boxers against wrestlers.

Margery Miller, Springfield, Vt.

Q.—What will the odds be in the Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fight? Will they be in favor of Louis or Max? Do you believe that Joe Louis will retire from boxing after the Schmeling fight?

A.—The few bets that have already been made on the coming fight have made Louis 6 to 5 favorite over Schmeling. The chances are that Louis will retire, win or lose, after the Schmeling fracas.

John Rodgers, Enola, Pa.

Q.—Is it true that Tommy Farr is retiring from the ring? What are the different classes from flyweight to heavyweights? Do you think that Joe Louis is the hardest hitter today? I am fifteen years of age, weigh 140 pounds, stand 5 feet 9 inches and would like to start boxing. Do you think it is too late for me to start and what class would I be fitted for?

A.—Farr has not retired. Flyweight—112 pounds. Bantamweight—118 pounds. Featherweight—126 pounds. Lightweight—135 pounds. Welterweight—147 pounds. Middleweight—160 pounds. Light-heavyweight—175 pounds. Heavyweights all over 175 pounds. Louis is probably the hardest hitting heavyweight in the game today. On the contrary you shouldn't start boxing before you are 17 years of age. At that age you can join an amateur boxing club where you can begin the first stages of boxing. You will probably develop into a middleweight.

Hugh Francoeur, Quebec City, Canada.

Q.—Would it be possible for me to get the address of Johnny Bellus, New Haven lightweight, and the address of one of his managers?

A.—You can locate Bellus and his manager Charley Bennett by writing to him at 249 West 80th St., New York City.

A Constant Reader, Bronx, N. Y. C.

Q.—I am 19 years of age and measure 5 feet 6¾ inches and weigh 150 pounds. How much do you think I will weigh and do you think I will increase my height at the age of 21? Who do you pick in a fight between Lou Camps and Al Reid?

A.—I prefer not to answer any height increase queries. You will grow from 1 to 1½ inches by the time you are 21 and scale about 158 pounds. Reid would be favored.

Ring Reader, Miami, Fla.

Q.—I notice that nearly all boxers, amateurs as well, have well built biceps. What phase of gym training builds these muscles? Will you please name the muscles which are built by hitting the heavy bag? I wish to develop my legs by daily rope skipping and my upper body with heavy bag punching. How much time should I spend on each daily if I keep it up for three months?

A.—Road work and skipping the rope is the most beneficial. Upper shoulder and upper arm muscles will be built up through that exercise. Limit yourself to thirty minutes. Ten minutes of rope skipping, ten minutes to bag punching and ten minutes to shadow boxing.

Chas. E. Williams, Portland, Ore.

Q.—I notice in one of the late magazines in answer to some question asking how many knockouts Jack Dempsey had. Your answer was forty some odd. T. S. Andrews record book gives Dempsey 84 knockouts. Which is correct?

A.—Dempsey scored 48 knockouts in his career as a fighter, not counting exhibitions.

Paul Pichi, Decker Lake, B. C. Canada.

Q.—In what round did Max Baer knock out Max Schmeling and what was the date?

A.—Baer kayoed Schmeling in ten rounds on June 8, 1933.

An Amateur, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—I am an amateur boxer fifteen years of age and am in the Army. Do you think that fifteen is too young to start boxing, even if I am well matured? I will be sixteen soon and am thinking of fighting in the Golden Gloves this November in the Novice division. Do you think I should? I am 5 feet 6 inches and weigh 130 pounds. How big should I be at my full development? Did you ever hear of a welterweight boxer named Billy Boggs? He fought on the Coast a few years ago and I would like to know who were some of his opponents.

A.—You should wait until you are 17 before starting in the amateur ranks. How did you ever get in the Army at 15? You may be well built but you still retain the frame of youth and that cannot withstand severe punishment. You will grow to about 5 feet 9 inches and weigh 155 pounds at full growth. Write to Billy Van, The Knockout, I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, and he might give you information on Billy Boggs.

John Sox, Roanoke, Va.

Q.—I am 16 years, 10 months old, height 6 feet 1 inch and weigh 155 pounds; chest normal 39 inches. What will my weight and height be at 21? Will wall exercises and such increase height? Could I attain 190 pounds at any time? Why is Braddock in fourth place rating?

A.—You should gain two more inches and scale between 180 to 185 pounds at maturity. Outdoor exercises and plenty of vegetables with your food might increase your weight to the 190 pounds. Wall exercises will help to develop your physique all-around. Braddock has been dropped from second to fourth, if he continues to remain inactive will be dropped altogether.

Dave "Pops" Edwards, Fayetteville, N. C.

Q.—I was reading in The Ring that six men have gone the limit with Joe Louis. Will you please name them?

A.—Natie Brown, Patsy Perroni, Jack Kranz, Adolph Wiater, Bob Pastor and Tommy Farr.

W. Kelly, Cairo, Egypt.

Q.—How many times has Jack Torrance been beaten and what are his prospects? Whom would you consider the best in their prime: Joe Choynski or Max Baer? I have been informed that Bob Fitzsimmons had Irish blood in him, is that true?

A.—Torrance has been kayoed twice since turning professional but has already announced his retirement. Choynski, was better. Fitzsimmons was born in Helston, England. Both his parents were of Irish descent.

Arthur Blackwell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am fifteen years of age, weigh 147 pounds and my height is 5 feet 9 inches. What class or weight will I be when I am twenty years of age? Do you think I am too young to start to box? What gym do you recommend for boxing lessons and what are the dues?

A.—You should develop into a light-heavyweight weighing about 170 pounds and hit the 5 feet 11 mark when you are twenty. I would wait until about 17 before starting in boxing. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien has a good school for beginners. Ask him for rates. Get that information by writing to him at 1658 Broadway, New York City.

Ernest David, Birmingham, Ala.

Q.—In the October issue of The Ring on page 6 it says that Bob Fitzsimmons, Tommy Burns and Primo Carnera were the only foreigners to hold the heavyweight crown. Was not Max Schmeling recognized as champion?

A.—You are correct on that point. The name of Schmeling was omitted by error. He was entitled to his world championship claims. Fitz was a naturalized U. S. citizen when he won the title.

Jim Renean, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Q.—I am 14 years of age, weigh 121 pounds and am 5 feet 6 inches tall. Will I ever reach between 190 and 200 pounds when I am 21? What is the cost of pictures of wrestlers? Will you print the story of Joe Corbett, of Philadelphia, who has wrestled here?

A.—The most you will scale is about 150 pounds. All depends on the size. Joe Corbett is unknown to me.

Several queries were received during the past month relating to physical education and as Charles Atlas, famous Physical Culturist was in my office when I was making up this page, I turned the letters over to him, as an authority, to answer and here they are:

George Rickerts, Mineola, L. I.

Q.—I have difficulty in retaining my position on our school track team because I become winded very easily. How can I overcome that?

A.—Practice deep breathing before an open window to improve your wind. Also stand in position before an open window and practice running by going through the movements without actually doing the running. When you tire, quit. Keep this up regularly.

Louis Magnolia, Boston, Mass.

Q.—My feet have been giving me severe pain lately. I am told that I have flat feet. What should I do?

A.—Flat feet or fallen arches are so common that most people do nothing to correct the condition. To correct the flat feet, place a thick book, such as a large dictionary or a large telephone directory on the floor. Then with feet bare, stand on your toes on the book so that the heels are hanging over the edge. Now raise on your toes as high as you can and then lower your heels as low down as possible. Repeat as many times as you can, morning and night.

Dick Lever, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—I am well developed except around the neck. It is very thick. I like to box but the boys all make fun of me because of this condition. How can I develop my neck?

A.—The statement that a man is as strong as his neck, is quite true. Every successful wrestler and boxer has a strong neck. Every morning and night, exercise by bending your neck to the right while resisting this motion with your right hand pushing your head to the left. Repeat ten times; then alternate, doing the same exercise to the left.

Artie Sommers, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—I like boxing and recently I had a rupture that has been cured but I find my muscles still weak. Is there any way I can strengthen the abdominal muscles?

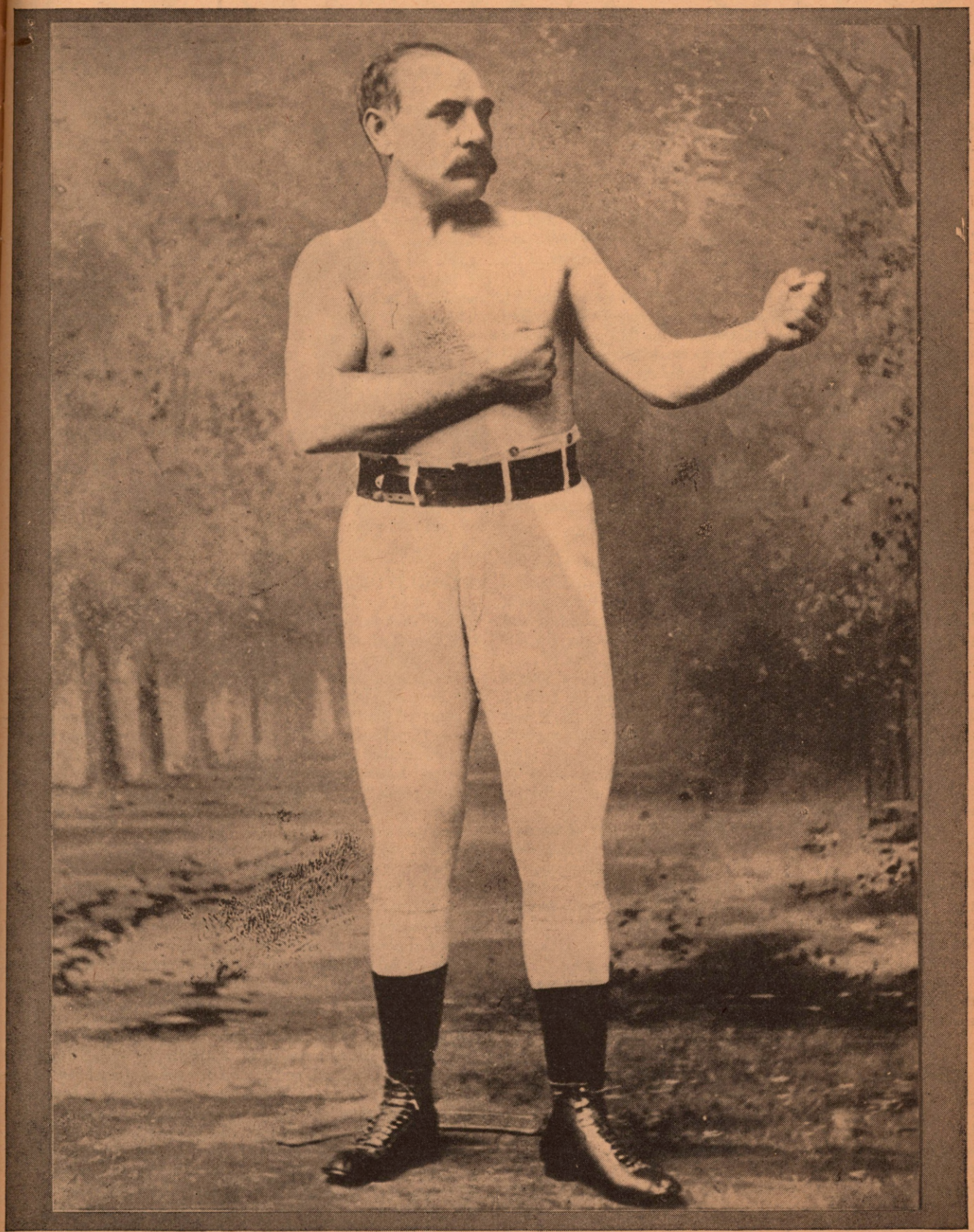
A.—Yes when your doctor tells you that it is no longer dangerous to exercise, then you try this—take about ten situps from the position, lying flat on the back on the floor. Do this every morning and night, gradually increasing the exercise a number of times. Make sure that you don't strain yourself. If you feel any pains at all, quit and don't do any more exercises without your doctor's consent. He and he alone, must be your guide and judge. Trust in him.

J. H. Washington, D. C.

Q.—What were the last five fights of Max Baer?

A.—Art Oliver, Platteville, lost 6 rounds; Tim Charles, Evansville, K.O. 4; Dutch Weimer, Toronto, K.O. 2 rounds; Tommy Farr, London, lost 12; Ben Foord, K.O. 9; Nash Garrison, 4 rounds, exhibition, Oakland, Cal.

The Master Boxer



Jem Mace, known as the Gypsy, was the son of a blacksmith, who became the most scientific fighter that England ever developed. He was often referred to as the Father of the Famous Mace School of Boxing. He was born in 1831 at Swanham, near Norwich, England. He was five feet nine inches tall and scaled around 178 pounds. He died on November 30, 1910. He won the championship from Sam Hurst in 1861 and lost it to Tom King in 1862. Was awarded belt when King refused to meet him in a return bout and was recognized as champion of England until his retirement. He fought Joe Coburn a twelve-round draw in St. Louis in this country on November 30, 1871.

ODD MOMENTS

PROBABLY there's nothing the fight fan loves so much as to see a socker socked. They may enjoy seeing him land his terrific wallops, but when somebody else comes along and plants a punch on his chin with the force of a steam-hammer, that's when the fans stand on the seats. Ask Joe Louis.

The classic example of this was Soldier Kearns. One time he scored sixteen knockouts in seventeen fights. The police stopped the other bout. He could hit.

The Soldier was matched with "One Round" Davis of Buffalo. "One Round" Davis had just compiled a streak of ten knockouts. It was bound to be a wild match. Both men were sluggers of the most potent kind.

Nobody ever accused Soldier Kearns of being a weakling. Therefore, when he rushed out in the first round and smacked Davis on the chin with the full weight of his 210 pounds behind the punch, fans knew something terrific would happen. And it did!

Davis whirled over in the air. He landed on his neck. His feet kept right on going over his head, and he flattened out with his head doubled under him in such a position that everyone thought his neck was broken. You couldn't see his head at all; just his shoulders and back.

The referee counted him out, nervously rolled him over while the promoter prepared to send for an ambulance. Davis sat up, shook his head, and in a few moments had completely recovered.

* * *

THE admirers of Soldier Kearns thought that was about the hardest punch they had ever seen. Great was their jubilation when the Soldier was matched with Jess Willard in his very next bout. Jess had a reputation for mildness. They rushed around putting up a small bet here and there and packed the ringside when the two men met in New York, December 27, 1912.

The fight went along into the eighth round when Kearns delivered a Christmas present that he had been saving for Willard. He walloped Big Jess in the stomach with all his might. It was a perfect kayo punch. Kearns dropped his hands and stepped back to watch the giant fall.

Willard didn't go down. Instead, he set his teeth, sprang at the Soldier, and launched a right with all the terrific power of his six-foot six-inch 240-pound frame.

That right glove caught Soldier Kearns on the side of the chin. The fans who had expected to see Kearns do the socking were astounded to see the Soldier's 210 pounds doing a somersault in the air. And when I say somersault, I don't mean that he fell to the canvas and rolled over. He flew heels over head, landing on the canvas stone cold, face down, with his head towards Willard.

The socker was socked.

Kearns went on fighting after that, but never again was he the knockout terror that he had been before Willard gave him a swallow of his own medicine.

* * *

FRANKIE NEIL, San Francisco featherweight, was another whirlwind puncher. His first 20 fights totalled 28 rounds. Young Stribling, whose career carried him into a heavyweight championship bout with Max Schmeling, compiled a total of 135 knockouts before his unfortunate death as the result of a motorcycle accident. According to Pa Stribling, this is a world's record total. One of the queerest things in ring history is that Young Stribling—who kayoed the most men—had a fighting brother, Babe Stribling, who fought a couple of hundred bouts and didn't put over even one little knockout.

Babe, a most likeable, friendly young fellow, was an accomplished magician, and he got more fun out of mystifying the many visitors to his famous brother's training camp than he did out of punishing his opponents.

ONE of the most remarkable up-again, down-again bouts was the spectacular battle between Dave Shade and Jimmy Slattery. It was almost at the height of Slattery's career. The Buffalo boy, a marvelous all-around athlete, was soaring towards the top. He had beaten Young Stribling and Jack Delaney. He faced Dave Shade, a veteran with a good reputation, who was supposed to be a sort of a stepping stone for Jimmy.

From the first wave of Slattery's glove, it was apparent that Shade knew all the answers. In a moment the young Buffalo lad began taking it on the chin. Every move he made seemed to leave some huge opening and Shade wasn't missing. Slattery was dead game. He began going down. And getting up.

The crowd was in an uproar. Suddenly the referee, Ed Purdy, seemed to be afflicted with a sympathetic misery. He went down. This brought a shout from the onlookers. Purdy, in endeavoring to keep out of the way, had broken his leg near the knee.

Shade would weave; the bewildered Slattery would step in, receive a right on the chin, and sit down. The referee counted, holding his knee with one arm. Slattery would get up. The ringsiders kept shouting at Purdy to keep moving. He'd take a few steps and go down. There was hardly a moment when somebody was not on the canvas.

That went on for three rounds. It sticks in my memory as being one of the weirdest sights ever beheld in the ring. And no doubt it sticks in Ed Purdy's mind, too. He still limps as a result of that wild affair twelve years ago.

* * *

SOMETIMES fate seems to take a hand in queer turns. Once one of the Jewish contenders in the lightweight division was marked beforehand for a great rôle. Over his heart was a birth-brand of the lucky Hebrew five-pointed star. If ever a fellow had been slated for good luck, it was he.

Yes, he won the world's lightweight championship. You remember him: Al Singer.

Some of the humble followers of the ring are very superstitious. They keep track of all sorts of mysterious things to help them escape bad luck. They were shaking their heads in 1933. The first and last numbers, you see, made up the figures 13. Their darkest predictions seemed to be justified by the end of the year. No less than 13 champions had lost their titles!

You may think the uncertainty of the boxing game puts a great strain on the fighters. The moments in the dressing room before the bout are sometimes moments of tenseness and anxiety. The man who can conceal his nervousness at such a time is looked upon as something of an exception by the average fan. The truth of the matter is that the mental strain is often felt most by managers and promoters. The fighter is in good shape; he knows what he can do. Many times he will sleep soundly just before fighting, or behave with perfect calm while his manager alternates between chills and fever.

* * *

PERHAPS you recall the fight between Freddie Steele and Frankie Battaglia last May. Battaglia was knocked out. His manager, Ernie Fliegal, couldn't eat for twenty-four hours before the fight. And Promoter Nate Druxman lost seven pounds while managing the show!

Another proof that managers and seconds will go goofy with excitement over a good bout took place in New Orleans. During a Negro fight show, Charley Hart and "Bingo" Bobby were mixing it up wildly when the bell rang. They reeled apart. The ring seemed to be whirling around. Both men got confused and went to the wrong corners.

The seconds were so excited that they went right to work and spent the entire rest period putting the wrong fighters back into good shape!

We have often seen a boxer go to the wrong corner at the conclusion of a round, but this is the only case we know of in

in the RING

By BOB EDGREN

which two fighters both made the mistake and the seconds worked on them.

* * *

PERHAPS it is the excitement in boxing which keeps fighters hanging around the gym long after their professional days are over. Not many strenuous sports have followers as enthusiastic as Johnny Oebbecke, who in 1926 boxed fifty rounds on his fiftieth birthday. It took him three hours and twenty minutes in the ring at the Penn A. C.; he boxed the regular full three-minute rounds with a minute rest interval between.

And few sports boast an athlete as persistent as Tom Greenhill of Australia, who punched a bag for three days and three nights. He landed about 194,850 blows.

Furthermore, there's one old-time champion who is so clever not a one of the present-day fighters in his division can touch a hair on his head. This man is Johnny Coulon. One of the best bantamweights ever to wear the crown, Johnny is not at all afraid that any modern lad will disprove his claim. Johnny hasn't any hair.

* * *

THERE was one bantamweight clever enough to win a title, who had the unique experience of being knocked out and retaining his crown on the same evening.

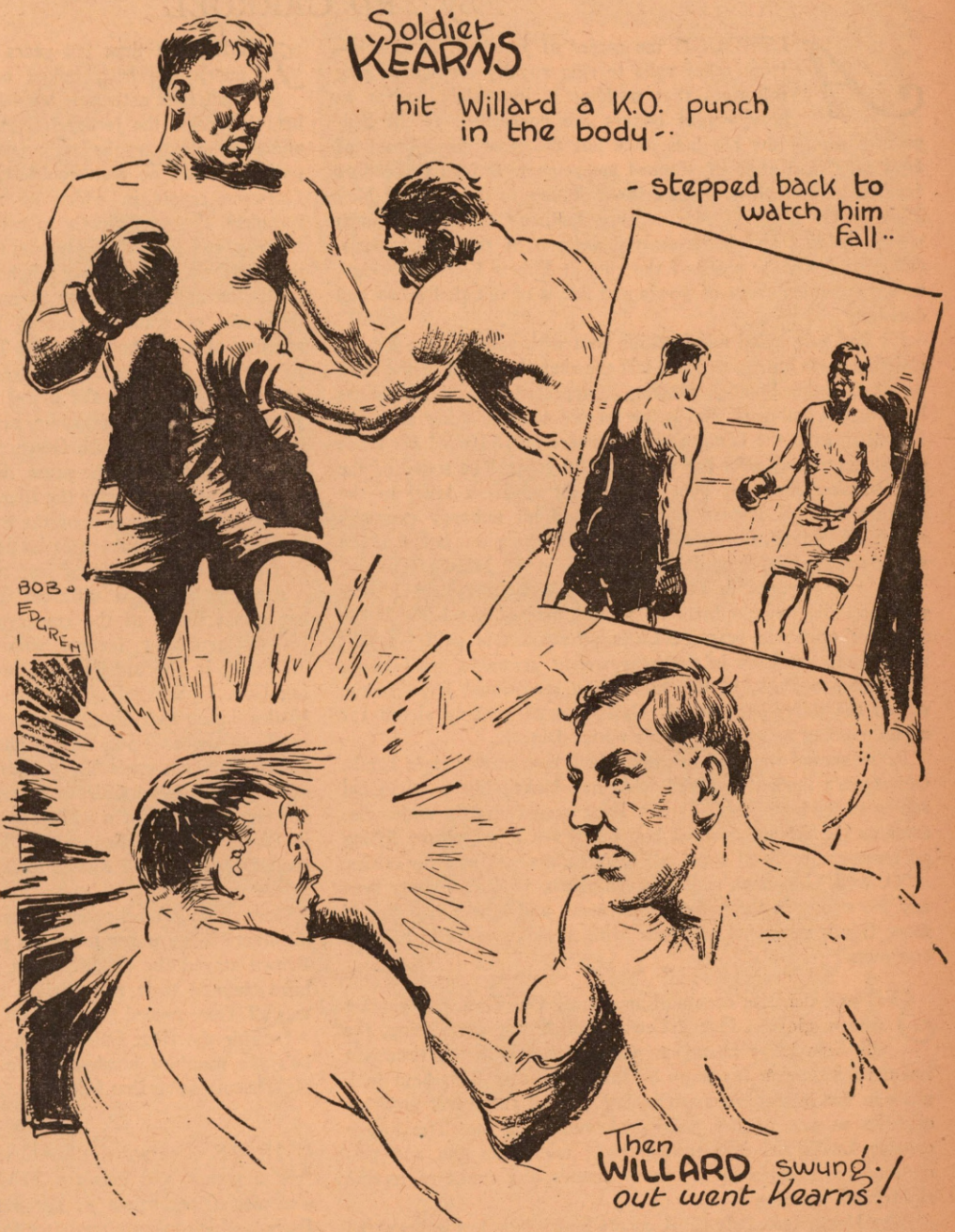
This man was Al McNeil. Back in the days when only "amateur" fights were allowed in California (some of the "amateurs" were men like Jack Dempsey and Sam Langford) McNeil won the amateur bantamweight title of the Pacific Coast at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

Shortly after winning the crown, he was called on to defend it against a challenger named Williams at Doyle's Arena in Vernon.

The night of the fight McNeil had dinner in a Los Angeles restaurant with one of his seconds, Mal St. Clair. It was three hours before the opening gong, and McNeil planned to get in a little sleep beforehand.

Before he left the restaurant, Matchmaker Wad Wadhams of the Western Athletic Club rushed in. Wadhams was wild. One of the boys on his program had failed to appear. Wadhams appealed to McNeil, as a friend, to appear as a substitute under a phony name. McNeil, who was still recovering from the effects of a huge steak, agreed to run over to the Western Athletic Club and appear on the card under the name of Jack Gordon.

They rushed him over to the club. He was shoved into the ring with an obscure unknown. Still stuffed with dinner, McNeil was unable to get out of the way of a clumsy right-hand swing, and went down for the count. In fact, he didn't fully recover his senses until he was on the street car on the way to Vernon for his championship bout.



"What happened?" said Al, turning to his second.

"You were knocked out, kid," replied St. Clair.

"Well! Hope I do better over at Vernon!" was McNeil's rejoinder. And he did. He fought like a wild man to beat Williams and retain the championship.

Perhaps this final comic touch was due, in part, to the work of McNeil's other second, who worked in his corner at Doyle's Arena. That man was Mack Sennett.

That was in the good old days when silent films were in vogue and few dreamt of the possibilities that the spoken drama on the screen offered. Times have changed since that great era and by the same token, so has boxing. Many peculiar things happen in the ring, some of which would make good movie shorts.

Heavyweight Comebacks

By TED CARROLL

ALTHOUGH the career of James J. Braddock—from relief rolls to ring royalty—convinced ring followers that nothing is impossible so far as heavyweight boxers are concerned, recent happenings among the big lads have left the most shock-proof of fight fans in a state of stunned amazement. Before proceeding further, let us turn back the curtain of time to the night of May 27, 1936. On this particular evening, Isidoro Gastanaga, a punch weary, baldish and battle-scarred veteran of the roped arena, stumbled down the steps of the ring at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, to the accompaniment of yowls and howls of mingled scorn and derision.

He had just called a halt to his bout with young Steve Dudas, claiming a rib injury, and had left the ring at the end of the third round. As the Spanish veteran disappeared into the shadows beneath the ball park stands, he seemed to be bidding an adieu for all time to the hempen square where he had plied his trade of fist fighting all over the world for 10 years. The sound of the bell starting the next bout sounded an apparent knell to the fighting days of Isidoro Gastanaga, and his unhappy exit was speedily forgotten. For more than a year nothing was heard of the ring worn Spaniard, until he bobbed up in the Middle West.

His reappearance in the ring was dismissed by the boxing public as the dying efforts of a hard pressed vet back in the ring for economic reasons. Little attention was paid his first attempts to get back in the heavyweight scramble, until young Mr. Lorenzo Pack, in the midst of a sensational kayo string, picked the thirty-one-year-old Gastanaga as a likely victim for a homecoming appearance in his native Detroit.

In the second round of this affair both men started right hands. Gastanaga's landed first and what had looked like a triumphal return to the home fold for Mr. Pack wound up as a major disaster as the referee counted him out. Even this eyebrow lifting performance received scant notice from boxing's smarter critics.

"O, well, Gastanaga could always punch, Pack had never been any too strong in the taking department, and it was just one of those things where an old-timer with a wallop sneaked a lucky one over."

* * *

SO said the wise ones and apparently Gus Greenlea, guiding genius of John Henry Lewis, thought the same thing, for the light-heavy champion was matched with the resurgent Spaniard following his kayo of large Lorenzo. This bout took place in the Detroit Arena, October 15, and the result probably qualifies as one of the year's outstanding upsets. The highly capable Lewis ran into trouble right under the gun and was on the canvas twice in the early rounds, the result of terrific right-hand punches.

John Henry took only short counts both times, but in the third round was dropped and barely made it. Arising at the count of nine he was forced to call upon all of his considerable defensive skill to last the distance. This astonishing win over the man who has been frequently called the greatest boxer for his weight in the game today, couldn't be laughed off by the most skeptical of the wiseacres.

Gastanaga first made his appearance in America back in 1929, coming here from South America where he had compiled a long string of knockouts. Always a terrific hitter, he was never a consistent performer. He belted out Charley Retzlaff in a round back in 1932, but was badly beaten frequently by second raters in this country.

He gained considerable publicity in 1936 when a proposed match with Joe Louis in Havana fell through for reasons which still remain obscure. Often referred to as a Cuban, he was born in Guipuzcoa, Spain, and is 31 years old. With Braddock's career in mind, fight fans throughout the world are awaiting his next bouts with much interest.

FOR more than ten years the power of Tony Galento's punch has been talked of in awesome tones wherever fight fans gather. It has been declared times without number, that could the Jersey Italian but see the error of his ways, and thereby extract the last ounce of destruction from his power-packed gloves, no man could stand against him. However, the fearsome repute in which he was held never impressed the turbulent Tony sufficiently to cause him to bother about serious training, consequently those who tried and failed to make Galento prepare for a fight the way a fighter should, have been many.

His managers have been as numerous as his deviations from the paths of training routine. Even Jack Dempsey, ever an admirer of a left hook such as Tony possesses, tried and failed. In the past few months, however, a change has come over the Newark man. Maybe the brand of suds Tony dispenses in his Jersey refreshment emporium, may be responsible for this; perhaps the open letter Abe Greene, New Jersey's one man boxing mogul, dispatched to the press, imploring the carefree clouter to mend his ways and enter the ring against Al Ettore in some kind of condition may have done the trick, or maybe Tony finally succumbed to the tearful entreaties of Joe Jacobs, his current owner, that he do a little training just to see how it feels.

Anyway it was a different Tony, not exactly streamlined, but minus much of the conspicuous bulge that has long been his distinguishing feature who completely demolished tough Al Ettore in Newark before a host of Jersey dignitaries including Gov. Hoffman himself, last July 28. Those who saw both battles insist that Ettore received a worse going over at the hands of the roly poly Italian than he did in his clash with Joe Louis. This win made Tony a Jersey hero once more, a circumstance that pleased Galento so much he decided to stick to this training business for a while anyway, and against Lorenzo Pack in Philadelphia, on September 28, he came on after absorbing a shellacking for three rounds to flatten the hard hitting Detroiter in the sixth.

Once again he's bellowing defiance at Joe Louis, the man among all others Tony wants to pit his punch against. Ever since Natie Brown stayed the distance with Joe in 1935, Galento partisans have claimed their man strikes a harder blow, for one punch was all Tony needed to put Natie away back in 1932.

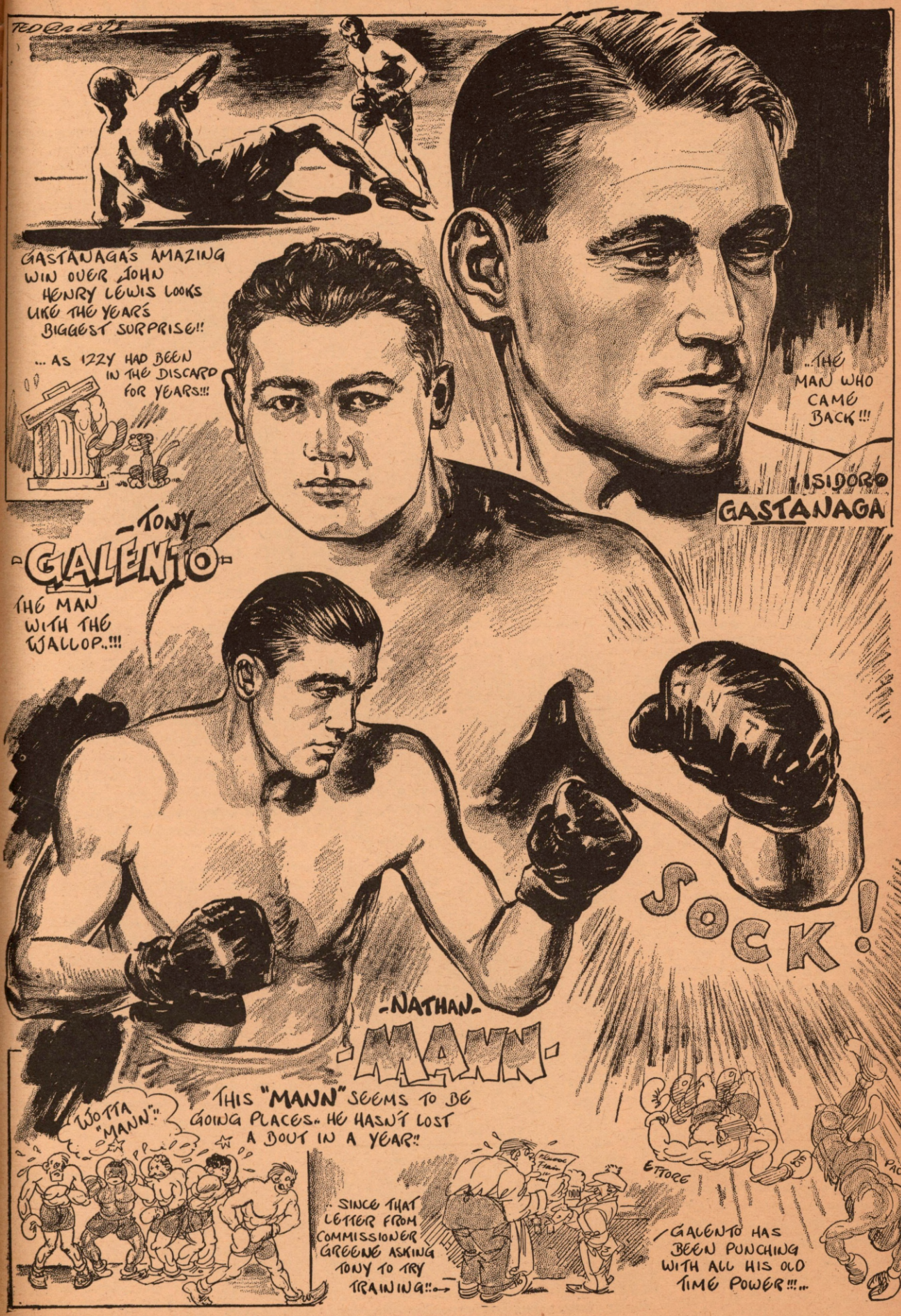
Outside the ring, Galento is a fairly amiable sort of chap but he's the roughest hombre in the business once that bell rings. He's been tossing that left hook for ten years now.

* * *

WE'VE discussed the MAN who came back, the MAN with a punch, and here's a MANN who seems to be headed somewhere, regardless of the outcome of his fight with Bob Pastor, which takes place after this goes to press. This well set up powerful young Nutmeg Stater, Nathan Mann, is only 23 years of age. He is a sturdy Italian, whose real name is Mancini. He gets his rugged strength from a youth spent on the Mann farm outside of New Haven, Conn.

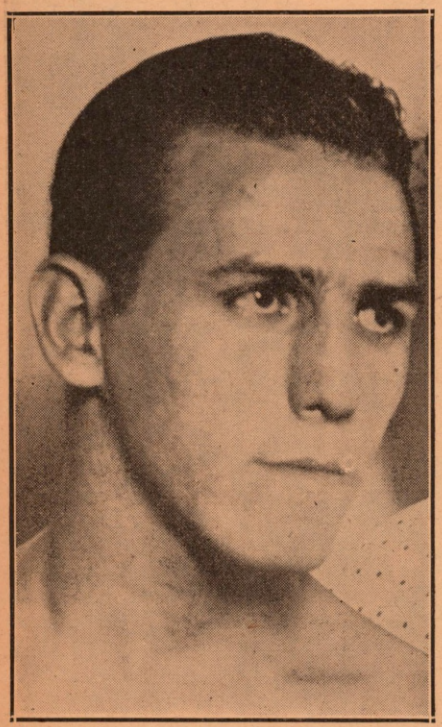
Boxing less than four years, Nathan first attracted attention when he stopped Ford Smith, at that time a good tough nut, in seven rounds in New Haven, January 8, 1936. Since then he dropped one decision to date, that to Prof. Will McCarney's Steve Dudas, and he evened that score with Steve in a later bout.

A dangerous hitter with his left, he's been very successful against the younger crop of big lads, beating Eddie Blunt, Gunnar Barlund, Abe Feldman, Charley Massera, and Arturo Godoy in the past year. The cagy Maurice Strickland outmaneuvered him one evening last winter but even that night Mann did enough fighting to gain a draw. Godoy had been winning steadily up to the time Nathan grabbed the verdict over him October 8. He seems to be getting over his one failing, a disturbing tendency to blow up in the latter rounds.


GASTANAGA'S AMAZING WIN OVER JOHN HENRY LEWIS LOOKS LIKE THE YEAR'S BIGGEST SURPRISE!!
... AS IZZY HAD BEEN IN THE DISCARD FOR YEARS!!!
...THE MAN WHO CAME BACK!!!
ISIDORO GASTANAGA
-TONY-
GALENTO
THE MAN WITH THE WALLOP...!!!
SOCK!
-NATHAN-
MANN
WOTTA "MANN"!
THIS "MANN" SEEMS TO BE GOING PLACES... HE HASN'T LOST A BOUT IN A YEAR!
...SINCE THAT LETTER FROM COMMISSIONER GREENE ASKING TONY TO TRY TRAINING!!
GALENTO HAS BEEN PUNCHING WITH ALL HIS OLD TIME POWER!!!...
ETTORE
PACK

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN



Nick Camarata, who under the management of Chris Dundee, is making headway in the lightweight class.

ANOTHER New Orleans Canzoneri has flashed across the fistic horizon.

Not near the Tony who battled his way through the storm of gloves to win four championships and establish himself as one of the truly ring greats in boxing history. But a fighter who shows promise of following in the footsteps of the Marlboro farmer. And how the game can use another Tony!

I give you Nick Camarata, born in New Orleans on April 18, 1916, a fighter in the full sense of the word. Perhaps Chris Dundee can bring him as close to the lightweight title as he has piloted his middleweight threat, Ken Overlin, who knocks on the doors of a return meeting with Freddie Steele for middleweight supremacy.

Camarata, who at twenty boxed ten rounds to a draw with the recently deposed ruler of the featherweight roost, Petey Sarron. Camarata, who at twenty-one is clamoring for a lightweight title shot with Lou Ambers.

An amateur with forty-eight victories in fifty starts, in which time he won the Golden Gloves and A. A. U. titles at the 118-pound limit, Nick first gained prominence under the incessant touting of Pete Herman. It was in the not so long ago that Herman was singing the praises of another New Orleans youngster, Tony Canzoneri. Can Camarata vindicate Herman's judgment as did Canzoneri before him?

The New Orleans fight package turned professional in 1935. Since then, he has had some forty fights, of which he has won thirty-six in handy style. He holds a knockout victory scored in four rounds over Jimmy Tramberia, and among others, has whipped Julie Katz, Ray Ingram, Armand Sicilia and Dave Barry—all high class fighters capable of giving the leaders a tussle.

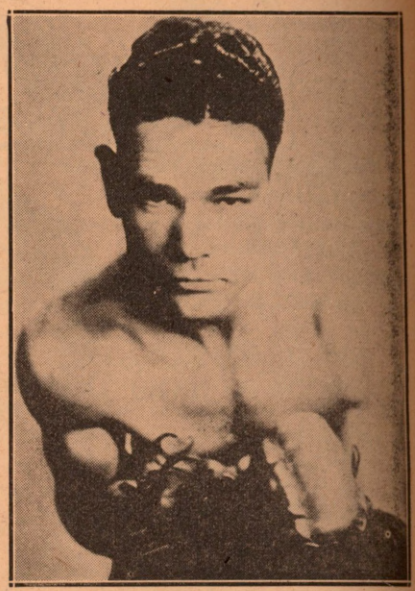
Several weeks ago, Dundee decided to bring him East. Fight fans were treated to a real surprise when he entered the ring in the New York Hippodrome in his first New York appearance and stole the show in whipping Augustine Gonzalez.

Born in the same town with Canzoneri. Discovered by the same person who brought Canzoneri to the limelight. Fighting in the same sensational style employed by Canzoneri. Managed by one who knows every angle in boxing by which to maneuver a fighter to the top. How far will the parallel continue?

* * *

NOT in the memory of the oldest fistic experts in Los Angeles has a greater prospect for heavyweight titular honors zoomed on the pugilistic horizon than Big Boy Bray.

Following his knockouts over huge Hank Hankinson and Frankie Connolly, denizens of cauliflower lane have dubbed the lanky Oklahoman a second Jack Johnson.

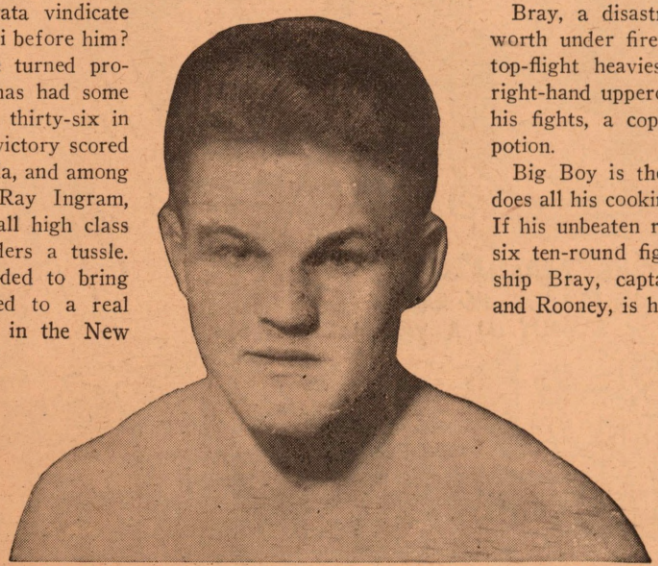


Eddie Pierce, cruiser weight champion of South Africa, a contender for the British crown.

Bray, born in a hamlet in Oklahoma some twenty years ago, makes his home in Los Angeles. A splendidly conditioned athlete, the aptly termed Big Boy stands at a six feet four inches altitude and tips the scales at 209 pounds.

The youthful giant is being handled by Bob Cowan and Gig Rooney, and if instruction and guidance will bring out the fistic qualities that are prevalent in him to the greatest advantage, he could not have picked any better exponents of the sour science. Bob, an ex-boxer himself, who first showed Joe Louis in California against Lee Ramage, knows the symptoms of a good prospect and is well qualified in the matchmaking line.

Rooney, who teaches and helps round Bray into fighting condition, will be remembered as the trainer of Ad Wolgast and Joe Rivers, and who later managed Jackie Fields and Barney Ross. Gig also trained and seconded Art Lasky for his many New York triumphs.



Buddy Knox, young Irish-American heavyweight from Dayton, Ohio.

Bray, a disastrous puncher, has proven his worth under fire and now merits a chance at top-flight heavies. He has perfected a short right-hand uppercut that has climaxed many of his fights, a copy of the Jack Johnson sleep potion.

Big Boy is the support of his mother, who does all his cooking, but refuses to see him fight. If his unbeaten record in the last two years in six ten-round fights is any criterion, the good ship Bray, captained and steered by Cowan and Rooney, is headed for the big dough.

* * *

EDDIE PIERCE, whose bobbing, weaving style has puzzled more than one contender for middleweight honors, was born in Somerset, in the West Cape Province of South Africa, in 1909. His parents, who were of hardy Irish-South Af-

rican stock, christened their offspring Ernest, the stately name which was changed when Pierce invaded the pugilistic circles.

Soon after he started boxing, Pierce won the amateur middleweight championship of South Africa and the right to represent his homeland at the British Empire Games. In the 160-pound division, Eddie took third place. Prior to these Games, he was a member of the Empire team that clashed with the American Golden Glovers in an international tournament.

For three seasons Pierce defended his middleweight belt, and in 1932 he acted as captain of the Springbok contingent of boxers who visited the Los Angeles Olympic Games. Here Eddie battled his way to the semi-finals, where he lost to Carmen Barth, who went on to win the Olympic title.

The same year as the Olympics, Eddie moved up into the cruiser, or light-heavyweight, division and added the South African amateur crown to his collection. A few months later he turned professional.

After whipping all local talent, Pierce proved his class by fighting a slashing ten-round draw with Clyde Chastain, who was in South Africa with the late Young Stribling. Pierce wound up his South African career by spotting Dave Carstens sixteen pounds and trouncing him for the seventh time. This bout gave the victor the cruiserweight championship of South Africa.

Joe Bloom, a Johannesburg trainer and manager, took Pierce to England, where he whipped Len Johnson, Jack Hyams, Archie Sexton and Al Burke, among others, and then fought great battles with Jock McAvoy and Tommy Farr, who was campaigning then as a light-heavyweight.

Last October, Pierce left England to barnstorm in the United States. He toured here for nine months with an unbeaten record, whipping Ralph Chong, George Black, Frankie Misko, Tony Mareno, Al Diamond and Young Joe Louis. He returned to England, where he stepped into the foremost ranks by winning over Kid Tunero on a foul and by stopping the redoubtable Frank Hough, who not so long back decisioned Adolph Witt, the German champion.

* * *

BOMBARDIER GEORGE MARKWICK, who is stationed at Aldershot, England, and is a gunner in the 18th Field Brigade, R. A., was born on March 30, 1916, at Cuckfield, Sussex. He is a heavyweight, scaling 182 pounds, and is six feet tall.

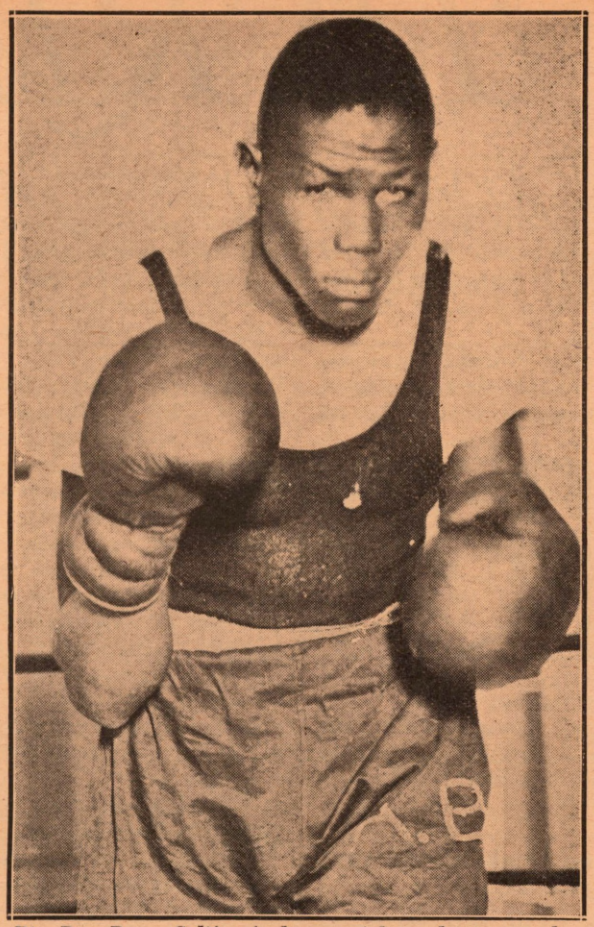
Markwick started boxing as an amateur for the Brighton Boxing Club and won in a novice tournament on January 6, 1934. On March 5, 1937, before a great crowd in Albert Hall, London, he won the heavyweight championship of the British Army when he whipped L. C. Porter of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders in a rousing tussle.

In seventy amateur fights, Markwick has won on no less than sixty-four occasions, and numbers some of the leading heavyweights in Great Britain among his victims.

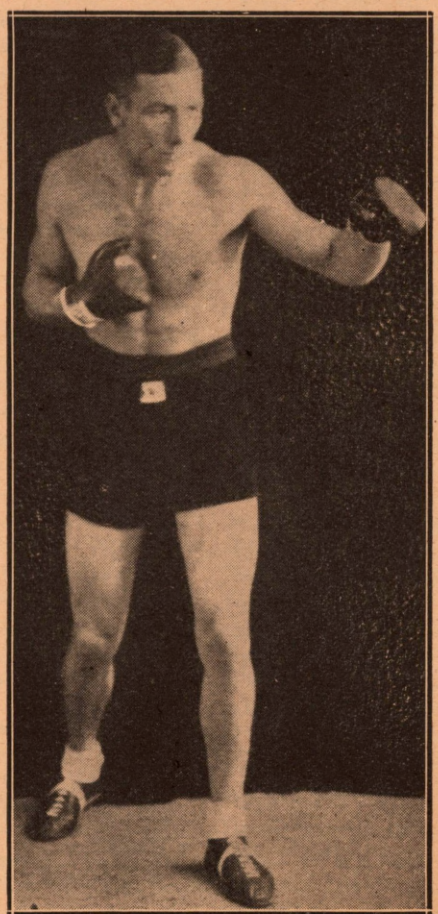
It was while the Baers were training in England that this soldier boy boxed with Buddy and made quite an impression. So convinced was he that he had the makings, that he approached Johnny Sharpe to get him some bouts as a professional.

His first professional bout was at the Stadium Club on May 10, when he knocked out Gunner Reid of Durham in four rounds, in a contest that started a winning knockout streak. In the eleven professional fights he has had, he has scored kayoes over every opponent, and numbered among his victims are Tommy Allen, Tommy Kennedy, George Sampson, Arthur Novell and Tiny Woodhouse.

So it seems that Johnny Sharpe has indeed turned up with a fine looking heavyweight prospect of whom you may hear later on with more regularity.



Big Boy Bray, California heavyweight, a heavy puncher.



Bombardier George Markwick, a heavyweight from Sussex, England, who is a gunner in the 18th Field Brigade.

* * *

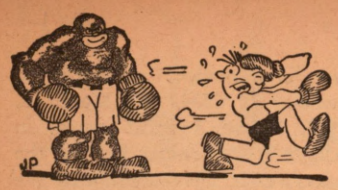
BUDDY KNOX, the young Irish-American, Dayton, Ohio, heavyweight, who is just barely past twenty-one years of age, is causing quite a stir in Western fistic circles, and for a reason that is easy to understand when you have glanced at his imposing record.

An impetuous youngster who simply would not adhere to the strict regulations of training, his last two sensational victories over Eddie Wenstob, who fought Tommy Farr two slashing battles in England, and Art Oliver, seems to have sobered up the young man to his possibilities in the roped square.

He is reviving the cry of the Irish for another champion of their own, a prospect who looms with the country's best of the younger crop.

Knox first came into prominence in 1935, when he whipped Alabama Kid and Battling Bozo. The following year he beat Izzy Singer twice, Joe Lipps twice, and Phil Sommese. Feeling he was ready for stiffer competition, he was matched with Red Burman and suffered a knockout defeat in four rounds in as gory a battle as Chicago has yet seen. He came right back onto the winning trail by whipping Joe Ketchell, Billy Treest, Charley Belanger and Dan

(Continued on page 46)

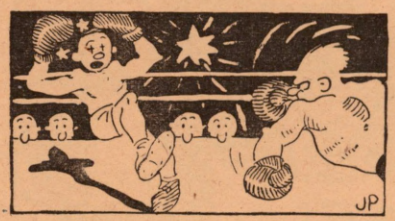


The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THERE is great interest in the doings of the smaller fighters. By smaller, we mean anything from flys to middleweights. The Armstrong victory over Sarron served to draw attention to the featherweights, and to the fact that in Armstrong we have a sort of throwback who menaces Mr. Ambers and really is worthy of keen attention.

Yes, there is interest among the lighter divisions. But to me, the major interest cannot be drawn away from the heavyweights. The public wants to know what the promoters, what the fighters are going to do to capitalize on the development of the drama of the situation through the Louis victories over Braddock and Farr this past Summer.



The first axiom of the boxing promoter should be, "Strike while the iron is hot." There is no doubt about the iron being especially hot right now, but business of striking is being dragged along.

How are the principals comporting themselves while this matter of waiting for Time is being dragged out? Let us take a look at some of the big fellows in their relaxed hours. Lights out. Camera! The flickers flicker.

Joe Louis takes it easy as he thinks about Farr and things in general.

HERE we are in Chicago. The pot of water you see out the window is Lake Michigan. Mr. Joe Barrow Louis is visiting his wife's kinfolks in the Windy City.

Let us examine the heavyweight champion of the world somewhat carefully. Yes, he does look heavy! There is a suggestion of jowls-to-come about the collar. His neck fits too tightly into his shirt. He fills out his jacket rather creaselessly. He is having the Time of his Life. Nothing to worry about, no training of a serious nature, bacon in the cupboard and dough in the bank, a rosy world and a pleasant horizon.

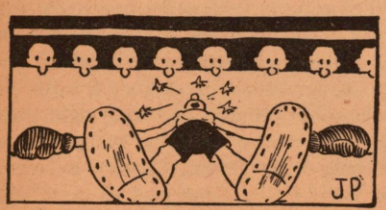
They are digging up a couple of Winter fights for the titleholder. But he is not much concerned. Perhaps if he had his way he would have no fights at all until the scheduled match with Max Schmeling next June.

Look how things turned out last Winter. They told him he would have a breeze with Bob Pastor in New York. Plenty of sugar, and just four heats—and Wham!

Better get no sugar thataway! Pastor running and pecking, Louis running and swinging, and missing. Pastor with the support of the crowd, Louis somewhat discredited. Ten rounds full of laughs, ten rounds that did not do Joe a bit of good.

Well, it was that way against Pastor. Now they say it's a breeze against Thomas in the Garden. Just a breeze. But as the easy-going Mexican says as he sits in the sunshine, *"Quien sabe?"* Who knows?

In the meantime, Louis is neither quiening nor sabeing, but sleeping plenty, listening to the ever-needling phonograph plenty, eating plenty and enjoying the fruits of the labor of the champion. The neck fits the collar very tightly. The Adam's apple vibrates with intellectual emotion!



Tommy Farr keeps eye on America as he waits for London developments. Amasses a fortune and tosses his mentor overboard.

AT last, we have cornered Tommy Farr in London. Some sort of an inn. The Cheshire Gorgonzola, or the Kentish Cheese, or something. We have trailed him from Wales to Brighton, from Bath to Tunbridge Wells, from Surrey to Yorkshire—and now we have him in London, cornered at the Cotswold Canteloupe.

Mr. Farr's puss—face, to you—still bears the various and incisive mementoes of his fifteen-round soirée with Joe Louis. You may recollect that while Farr managed to go fifteen rounds with the Negro Cherokee, he did carry out of the roped square many souvenirs of an interesting and prolific night.

At this particular time Mr. Farr, as usual, is sleepy. He says he is sleepy. He also is miffed at intrusion. Or, so he says. Fighters like publicity, especially via the camera, as ants take to the picnic cake, or the old maid grabs the proposal of the cockeyed old man with ten thousand a year.

But somehow Farr makes out that the camera irks him and publicity is to be shunned. He also has an uncommon predilection for sleep. This goes back to the days when he was a miner. He never could get enough sleep then, and he has carried this feeling along with him into his days of prosperity.

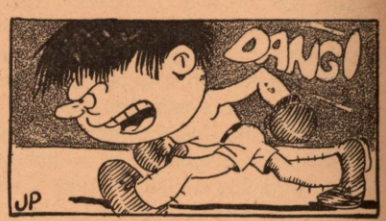
"Why don't you let a fellow sleep?" asks Farr. "I have nothing to say. I am waiting."

That's just it. He has nothing to say. That's true. He is waiting. True again. He waits, and nobody knows how long he will wait. A Winter fight in New York—likely with Braddock—then more waiting.

Yes, we find Farr in London, waiting. But, while he is not going to get an immediate match with Louis, he faces the opportunity to force another chance at the heavyweight title.

Here's how we size this situation up for Farr. He may have had a chance to get Louis in June, in place of Max. But the Globe Trotter doubts it. Jacobs, no doubt, preferred to send Farr against Louis, but there was tremendous pressure to force the chance for Schmeling, who had stopped Louis before Joe became the manager.

Farr's road to another shot at the title leads through two contests. First, I am told, he meets Jim Braddock in Miami. Braddock is an old man. He has been knocked out by Louis. But Jimmy is a veteran campaigner and Farr has not shown himself to be a hard hitter. There are pitfalls there, Mr. Farr. Make no mistake about that.



Granted that Farr beats Braddock. Then will come a fight in New York with the winner of the contest between Bob Pastor and Nathan Mann. You see, there is some sort of elimination tourney. Pastor must be considered and so must Mann.

And so as Farr lingers over on the other side, waiting and wondering, and the Fates shape his destinies beyond the help of his right hand—perhaps—we discover that there is no royal road to success in the professional ring. But that's not exactly news to Mr. Farr.

Farr seems fit. A trifle sleepy looking about the eyes. Not so bored as he lets on to be. In fact, his boredom seemed to cease when he found that he was able to buy his freedom from his manager, Ted Broadribb, the man who brought him to the front, only to be shunted aside when Farr reached the heights. Farr may never gain the world heavyweight title, but he'll wind up with a big wad of American dough.

GLOBE TROTTER

He looks in on Louis, Farr and Schmeling and finds the heavyweight stew stewing very slowly on all stewing fronts.

Max Schmeling travels in high society as Nazi Germany makes sport a fetish.

BERLIN. Under-den-Linden. Berlin physically attractive still, even if mentally unsound and psychologically riddled. Berlin in the new Nazi Germany. The lad who looks like Max Schmeling and is walking into the camera, with a high hat and an afternoon suit, really is Max Schmeling.

The boy is getting older. He has the old Schmeling smile when he manages to forget the old Schmeling earnestness. He is by nature very introspective. Some say he is silent because he has an inferiority complex. Some say because he is wise enough to appreciate the ancient axiom that when the mouth is kept shut, and nothing comes out, nothing deleterious may issue and much trouble is avoided.

Let us chase after Max. He is walking into that door, between flunkies who look after him as if he were Thor or Woden, or the Fuehrer's brother, or something equally vital in the ideology of this new and strange Germany.

It is a reception given by the Fuehrer to the Duke of Windsor. Official, diplomatic, undiplomatic Germany is there in best bib and tucker, and so is Max with Annie Onda Schmeling, the little woman, who used to pose for the movies and now devotes herself to the domestic features of the Schmeling castle.

The new Germany makes of sport a fetish. The Olympic games had a lot to do with this. But it goes beyond the Olympics. Anyway, Schmeling in this new picture is a man-god.

He gets more attention than Hitler, more than the tired looking Duke. The women in the 1937 chic of self-sufficient Berlin crowd around Max as the women in the 1937 chic of New York would crowd around the Duke of Windsor. And that is crowding.

Max seems out of place in this picture. He certainly is not comfortable. Off to a corner he goes.

"I must appear before the people," he explains. "Soon I will be the champion of the world. Just so soon as I meet Louis, I am champion. There is no doubt about that. It is a matter of only getting Louis into a ring. Some thirty minutes later he is down and I am up, the champion of the world. It is so simple as that."

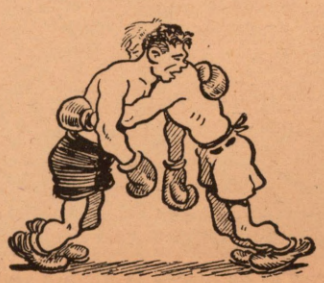
Max looks like a country squire. He has taken on weight. He is getting older. But with added months, there is a strengthening rather than diminution of confidence. At least, so it would seem.

"In June, I hope, comes the fight with Louis in New York, and then back to Germany to defend the title there. Then—who knows?"

Yes, that's the way it will be if Schmeling wins the title. He will take it to Germany, and Germany will insist that it be defended only in Germany, and what then?

Is there enough money in Germany to make this profitable? Will the title be open to challenge from non-Aryans? If Louis is beaten, will he get a chance to regain the championship, the chance which is being given to the German right here in the United States?

My latest information from a Berlin sports writer, who asked that his name be not used, is that Schmeling will positively do a Tunney stunt and retire to become a gentleman farmer if he is victor.



Fight managers get together to revive National Sports Alliance.

NOW we are back in New York. Little old, good old New York. We seem to be in the midst of a gathering. There are a few cauliflowers. But still, it cannot be a meeting of fighters. Fighters never meet anywhere except in the ring, and then only two at a time. There are a hundred or more hombres here, very serious looking.

It turns out to be the meeting of the fight managers and handlers. They are taking over the old charter of the National Sports Alliance.

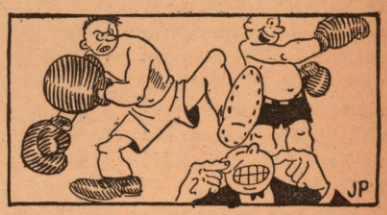
A fine thing to revive this hitherto moribund body. A grand thing to get the managers and handlers together in an association that will have a welfare angle. Too many men in the business get into straits, and too many of them cannot get out of straits. This body should solve a vexing problem. Not alone for the managers and handlers. For the fighters as well.

It always has been a tragedy in the ring that the fighter has been able to help everybody but himself.

The scrapper will make money for the promoter. He will keep a manager in cakes and coffee—and even ale. He will keep a handler in the money. But when a fighter gets into financial trouble, he discovers that he is very much on his own.

Perhaps this National Sports Alliance will solve the whole problem in a way. It certainly is worth the try.

Ring experts discuss the standing of Mr. Armstrong, conqueror of Mr. Sarron.



NOW we wander into a different sort of group. These earnest gentlemen are boxing writers. They are discussing the Armstrong victory over Sarron, and its purport.

What are Armstrong's destinies to be? Where will they lead him? THE RING's Globe Trotter asked the fight experts.

"Armstrong will not stop. He will go on to the lightweight title. He throws plenty of punches and he throws them with power," said the First Expert.

"Say, when, and if, Armstrong gets into a ring with Ambers, he will discover that it is one thing to fight a wild puncher and another to pit himself against a man who is a sound ring technician," announced the Second Expert.

"If they can lug Ambers into the same ring with Armstrong, which I doubt, you will see this Armstrong guy belt the champion out of the ring," enthused the Third Expert.

"The trouble around here is that the boys who write boxing all along have under-rated this Ambers," yodeled the Fourth Expert. "Ambers knows what he is doing every minute he is doing it. Many guys said Montanez would beat him but Ambers doped out Montanez's style, and punched him dizzy. This Ambers can fight with his noodle as well as his fists, and Armstrong is strictly a fist fighter."

These interviews left THE RING's Globe Trotter somewhat in a tumult.

In the meantime, let us say that irrespective of the direction in which Armstrong moves from now on, his clean cut triumph over Sarron makes him a big drawing card.

GANG WARS and POLITICS

CRIME and politics have ever been a thorn in the side of boxing. From the birth of the sport in this country to the present day, the progress of pugilism has been hampered by politicians and criminals or associates of gangsters. Thanks to legislative action throughout the nation, boxing is now conducted on a higher plane than ever before, even though in many sectors, gangsters and hoodlums still rule the game and the commissions.

THE RING herewith presents the eighth of the series of articles on gang wars and politics, a most interesting story of the hazards which boxing has hurdled over a stretch of almost one hundred years to survive gang warfare, hoodlumism and murders, a story which is as thrilling as it is a novelty. Follow this story in THE RING.

BOSS TWEED reigned supreme over New York City in 1869. He was then at the height of his power, other Tammany rulers preceded, others followed him, but never a boss like Tweed. His favor was sought by countless numbers of his fellow citizens who knew that he could make or break them with a single gesture. Just one word from Tweed could throw a man into jail, or open his path to freedom, if he chanced to be behind the bars.

No other political leader ever received a tithe of the homage and deference shown to Big Bill. For the proletariat adored him. The Tammany magnate had all the physical qualities which appeal to the mob. Wide-shouldered, deep-chested, muscled like a grizzly, he had been a fighting man of note in his youth, and to the end of his days remained a formidable scrapper.

He had never fought in the professional ring, although his prowess was such that many attempts were made by prominent members of the sporting and gambling fraternity to have him throw his hat over the ropes.

That was in the days when Tweed was a bright star of the old Fire Department, and ran with Engine Number Six. The street fights which took place between rival companies were brutal slugging matches exceeding even the virile combats of the London Prize Ring in shedding of gore.

* * *

FATALITIES were common as a result of these encounters. But if a fireman was killed in a pitched battle, the occurrence was philosophically accepted by the authorities as something that couldn't be helped. It was all in the day's work, and the "boys" were allowed to settle such minor differences themselves.

Tweed, as captain of Number Six, was a glorious figure in the eyes of his mates, as with gold-plated speaking trumpet in one hand, and a steel spanner in the other, he hurled his gigantic form on the enemy. It was their proud boast that Captain Bill had put more stiffs in the hospital than any other fire-laddie in New York.

In after-life, Tweed still cherished a fondness for men of good fighting caliber, and during his reign, the scrapping brigade maintained in traditional style by Tammany, was not only strong in numbers but talent. Almost without exception, professional battlers in the city sought the Tammany fold, and were eager to engage in fierce brawls at the command of their political overlords.

Boss Tweed as he looked in his fire uniform.

Among the ex-professionals who owed allegiance to the Tammany band, two of the toughest that had earned their spurs in the local street wars were Owney Geogheghan and Michael (Dark) Donahue. When Geogheghan left the ring, he opened a sporting house at Twenty-third Street and Third Avenue. Donahue became proprietor of a saloon at Second Avenue and Twenty-Second Street. Owney was the more distinguished of the two in ring annals. He was a lightweight of recognized ability. In fact, he was once recognized as lightweight king.

Donahue, who started as a lightweight, quickly outgrew that grade, but not before he and Geogheghan had encountered with the bare knuckles. The bout ended abruptly when the police raided the Brooklyn barn where some fifty sports were watching the mill. Both principals escaped, but Owney would have been captured had it not been for the timely aid given him by his erstwhile antagonist, who pulled him into a waiting buggy and lashed the horse into a gallop that left their pursuers hopelessly behind.

This resulted in Donahue and Geogheghan be-

of the PRIZE RING

By GEORGE T. PARDY

The era of Boss Tweed and Owney Geoghegan—The fight between the latter and Michael (Dark) Donohue reviewed—The Murder of Donohue by John Scannell

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Owney Geoghegan, who earned his spurs in the street wars of New York's "dark" days.

coming fast friends and there was no longer any ring rivalry between them. Donahue rapidly developed into a heavyweight and, although he never attained championship honors, was looked upon as a bad man to beat. He frequently acted as second for Owney. The latter, though only a little fellow, five feet, four inches tall, and never scaling over 138 pounds, was accustomed to take on big opponents with perfect indifference to weight and height handicaps.

* * *

GEOGHEGHAN was born in Ireland and came to this country with his parents when a small boy in 1849, when emigration from the Emerald Isle to America was at its height in numbers. His first professional engagement as a fighter was in 1860, when he knocked out Jim McGann. The latter outweighed Owney by twenty pounds and had correspondingly big advantages in height and reach. Nevertheless, the Celtic bulldog worried him into oblivion in fifteen minutes.

He won three other battles in quick succession, defeating Deaf Moran, Bill Dukes and Arthur Gowan. After his interrupted contest with Donahue he issued a challenge to fight any man of his weight in the world for a thousand dollars a side. It was no trouble for him to obtain the necessary backing, as the impression among the sporting men of his time was that Owney could whip any lightweight, native or foreign-born.

There was no dearth of good lightweight material around New York then, with such lads as Johnny Roche, Johnny Mackey, Dan Kerrigan and Johnny Monaghan in the top-flight. Yet none of them cared about trying conclusions with the "Irish Terror" as Owney was called by his admirers, and the latter's challenge went begging in vain for several months, before it was accepted by Ed Tuohey.

Tuohey hailed from Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and had lost but one battle, when he was beaten after a gruelling fight of an hour's duration by Johnny Monaghan. Against this one setback he had a record of twenty-two victories to show. Arrangements were made to stage the contest at West Brighton, Staten Island, and a large crowd went down the bay to witness the mill. As was usual then, each battler had his gang on hand, and in the present instance all were generously armed with knives, guns and slungshots, both cohorts being firmly resolved that their man must win by foul means, if he couldn't do so fairly.

Upon arrival at the Island trouble began at once, the West Brighton farmers resenting the descent of rapscallions upon their native soil. Donahue, in his capacity of chief second and guard for Owney Geogheghan, saw fit to lambast an incautious rustic who trod on Owney's foot, and in the excitement that followed, a farmhouse was set on fire. The rival gangs each blamed the other for this, and a free-for-all followed, which speedily assumed the proportions of an engagement of magnificent proportions.

* * *

MEANWHILE the New York Police had been notified, and a ferry-load of "the finest" appeared upon the scene. At the sight of the common foe, the Tuohey and Geogheghan gangsters immediately dropped their argument and united in an attack upon the cops. It was a sufficiently lively affair while it lasted, but fresh reinforcements appearing for the blue coats, honors finally rested in the hands of the law. The principals in the prospective ring contest had wisely refrained from becoming too deeply embroiled in the roughhouse struggles.

True, Donahue, whose sobriquet of "Dark" arose from the swarthy, gypsy-like hue of his features, had one eye closed, and sported a gaping cut on his left cheekbone, as a result of his activities in protecting Owney from outside interference; nor were the other seconds and referee free from signs of carnage. But the two principals were unmarked, and in fine fettle for future hostilities.

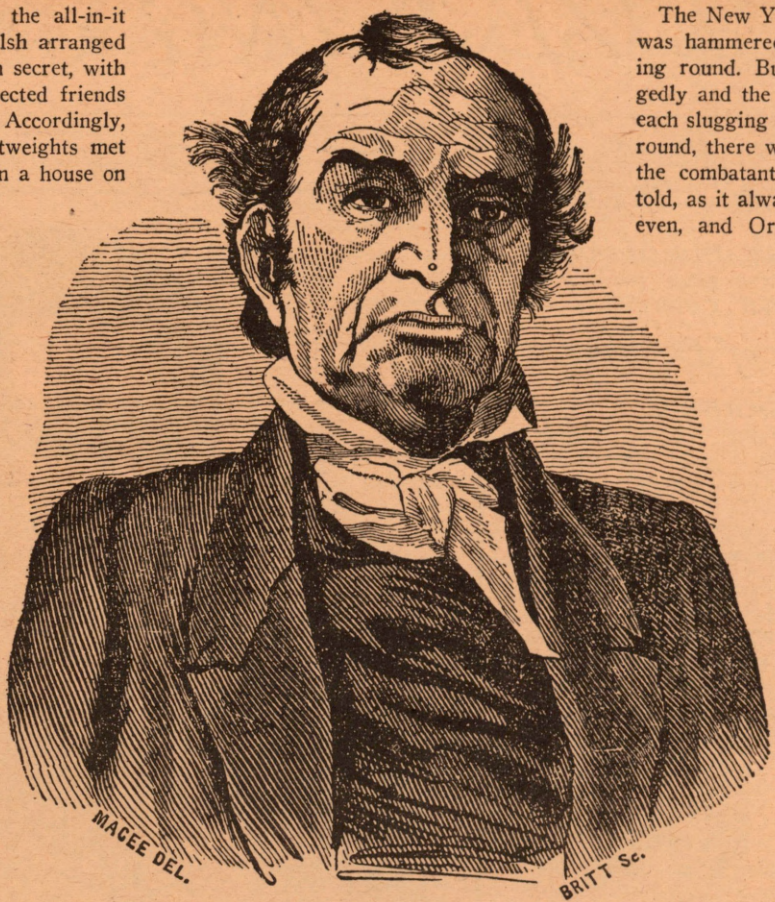
Tom Walsh, better known as Fatty, a former leader of the Dead Rabbits gang, and later a member of the New York Assembly, was to have officiated as referee. When the Staten Island pugilistic proposition evaporated into thin air to the sound of whizzing clubs and small artillery fire, it was up to Fatty Walsh to devise new means for the bringing of the lightweight rivals together, and Fatty was equal to the occasion.

To avoid a repetition of the all-in-it battle of Staten Island, Walsh arranged for the bout to take place in secret, with only a small number of selected friends of each gladiator present. Accordingly, on April 18, 1861, the lightweights met in the ring above a saloon in a house on Mission Street, known as the "Bandbox" and kept by a retired pugilist named Kit Burns.

* * *

TUOHEY, a scientific hard hitting youth, jabbed Geogheghan persistently in the first two rounds, with Owney rushing as was his wont, and proving much the stronger at infighting. The battle was scarcely ten minutes old, when some disgruntled would-be ring patrons, who had been given the slip by the crafty Mr. Walsh, crashed through the skylight of the room where the ring was pitched. A riot threatened, but the newcomers were pacified after a mutual exchange of hard talk, and settled down to watch the scheduled proceedings.

Those present were well rewarded for the risks they had taken, for the battle lasted one hour and ten minutes, was bloody, fast and desperate and only finished in the forty-fifth round when Tuohey, with both eyes closed, battered, blind and helpless, was unable to respond to the call of time. Referee Fatty Walsh proclaimed Owney Geogheghan the winner—and also lightweight champion of America.



Constable Jacob Hays, who, as head of the New York police back in 1857, was a gang buster.

As time went on, Owney found opponents extremely scarce, but the old-time records show him as defeating Bob Sloan, Chick Sullivan, Banty Edwards and Pat Devlin. His last professional battle seems to have been with Con Orem, a fighter from the Pacific Coast who weighed 144 pounds against Geogheghan's mark of 138. This occurred at Cheese Creek, Middlesex County, N. J., about three miles from South Amboy, on May 15, 1863, and involved a $2,000 side bet, a very respectable sum for those days.

Over one thousand spectators were present, and they remained to see the bout, despite the appearance of a sheriff who warned them all to disperse. The sheriff probably deemed discretion the better part of valor, for he had only eight officers with him, and the crowd that gathered there was as tough an aggregation of thugs, burglars, confidence men, gamblers and ex-convicts as ever graced a ringside. At all events the fight proceeded without interference, after an impromptu mill had taken place between Owney's chief second, the irrepressible Donahue, and a second in the opposite angle known as "English" Billy, arising out of an argument over the "toss for corners," which was won by the "Dark" lad for his principal. Donahue disposed of his opponent with a terrific right swing that landed on the cheek-bone, and incidentally broke the recipient's jaw.

* * *

THAT interesting prelude concluded, the real business of the day began and Owney found himself engaged in the hardest fight of his career. For the scrapper from the Pacific Coast was a sledge-hammer puncher, and with the weight advantage he possessed, was inclined to rush matters.

The New Yorker met him halfway and was hammered off his feet in the opening round. But Owney came back doggedly and the pace was fast and furious, each slugging ferociously. Up to the tenth round, there was little to choose between the combatants. But the heavier weight told, as it always does, other things being even, and Orem scored several knockdowns.

Yet the battle went on into the nineteenth round, when Orem drove Owney against the ropes with a straight left and followed with a right to the jaw, just as the Eastern man toppled over. Donahue claimed a foul, which the referee allowed, and Geogheghan was declared victor after twenty-three minutes of fighting.

It was a few weeks after this affair that Owney became proprietor of the house at Twenty-third Street and Third Avenue, which became notorious as the "Bastile of the Bowery." Thanks to his political connections and numerous admirers, he did a booming business, although the new venture meant his definite retirement from the ring.

However, he was ever ready to oblige any patron who wanted to spar with him in the big back room reserved for the holding of Saturday night glove contests. Also, acting as his own bouncer, he found ample use for the rough and tumble strategy that had always distinguished him in street fights.

He was never too busy to take time off for the purpose of seconding Mike Donahue whenever the latter had a ring engagement on hand. For Mike did not join the ranks of pugilistic bonifaces until a couple of years after Owney had risen to doubtful fame as "mine host" of the Bastile. Unlike Geogheghan, who always kept his head under fire, Donahue's ungovernable temper led him into many a bad break. It was this lack of self-control which was largely responsible for his failure to win a high ring rating.

* * *

ON several occasions he forfeited victory when it was apparently right in his grasp, owing to deliberate disregard of the rules and a seemingly fiendish desire to injure his opponent by any means in his power. This was the case in his battle with Joe Hayes at Rocky Point, near Providence, R. I., when he nearly gouged Hayes' right eye out of its socket, at a moment when Hayes was groggy, helpless and unable to strike a blow in his defense.

The referee declared Hayes victor on a foul. Hayes' backer, Florence Scannell, a gentleman renowned for his interest in sports, as well as the fact that he was one of the few intrepid spirits of a clean political faith who dared come out in the open and declare war on Boss Tweed, was helping Hayes put on his coat, when Donahue approached and launched a torrent of blasphemy at the winner.

Scannell, a six-footer, fine athlete, and one of the best amateur heavyweight boxers in the city, was then in his thirty-third year. Turning on Donahue, he caught the pugilist's shoulder, twisted him around and shoved him toward his own corner. Donahue shook himself loose and sprung

(Continued on page 44)

Ring Readers to Name Most Valuable Boxer

Also Have Opportunity to Win Five Prizes for Essays Explaining Choices

ANNUALLY, since 1926, The Ring has awarded a trophy to the boxer who has been selected as the one who did most for the sport during the year. This selection, made by experts from leading papers throughout the world, will be altered this year. The choice will be made by readers of The Ring.

Which boxer has made the greatest contribution to the sport? You are as good a judge as are the boxing writers. Send in your vote.

Based on the votes of our readers, The Ring will reward the winner with a silver medal.

Here are the points which must be considered by you in your vote:—

1—What boxer has been foremost in his contribution to the skill and science of the sport? He doesn't have to be a champion.

2—Who is foremost in combining with his position in the ring, a high place as a sportsman?

3—Who is foremost in associating with boxing skill and good public relations, a reputation for clean and moral living?

4—Who is salient as an example to the growing boy?

Take all of these into consideration in making your selection. The man you choose must be a good sportsman, a fine public character and his general ring work for the year must be outstanding.

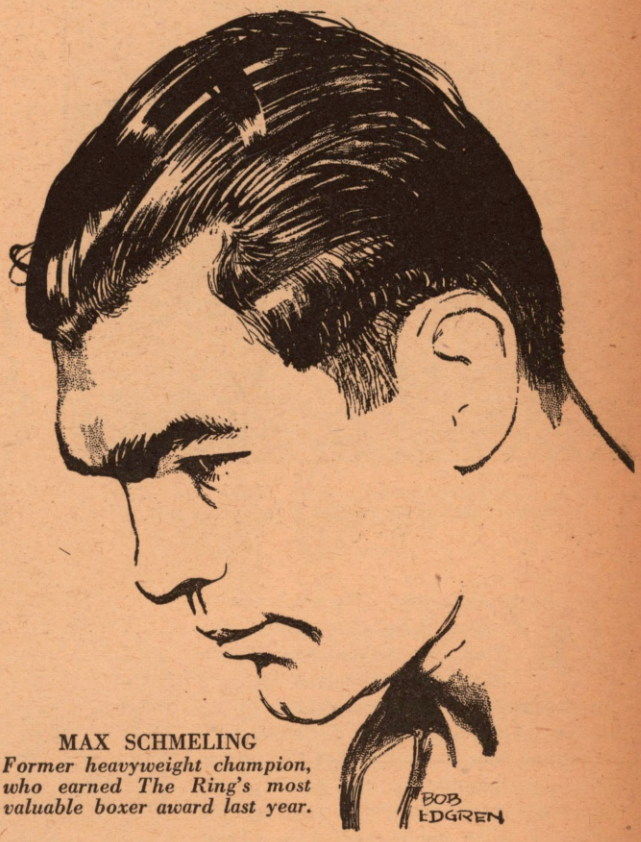
All votes must be in the office of The Ring no later than January 15.

In making your selection, you may, if you choose, explain your choice in an article of not more than 300 words, which must be typed or written on only one side of the paper. Understand, you do not have to send in this essay, but if you wish to be considered for the five prizes to be awarded by The Ring's committee, compose just 300 words explaining why the boxer you name should be given the big award.

The five whose essays are best will receive subscriptions of one year to The Ring.

If you already are a subscriber, you will have the option of selecting any of the various publications issued by The Ring and Nat Fleischer—the lives of Dempsey and Tunney, or the history of wrestling, From Milo to Londos—for example. Send your ballot and essay to The Ring *Magazine*, Madison Square Garden, 307 West 49th St., New York, N. Y.

For your convenience a ballot here is appended. Fill it out and put it in the mails at once. However, it is not essential that you use this blank.



MAX SCHMELING
Former heavyweight champion, who earned The Ring's most valuable boxer award last year.

Most Valuable Boxer Award

I believe that all the requirements named by you for the Most Valuable Boxer award of The Ring Magazine for 1937, best are met by this man:

.....

My second choice is .....

My third choice is .....

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

Dawns a New Day

(Continued from page 14)

Davey Day was born near Roosevelt Road, Chicago, August 12, 1912. When he was 11, his parents moved to Des Moines where brother Alex entered upon a ring career as Alex Stagg and drafted Dave as spar mate. Davey fought a few amateur bouts in Des Moines. Then, the father, Jim Daitch, a Jewish leather merchant (he sells leather goods) moved back to Chicago, and Davey dabbled in amateur gloving in the Windy City. He did all right in the Golden Gloves, but got by entirely on a dynamite right hand. Then Medill took him to Winch and the kid entered upon his pro career. Recently he purchased an elaborate leather goods store for Dad Daitch on Chicago's South Side.

Davey stands out among the Chicago glove hopes at present, being the only one of the younger crop on the threshold of a title. Another west side lad, Milt Aron, who missed the Pian-Winch net, but landed with Benny Ray, an associate of the firm, has promise.

Aron, like Day, is a skinny lad with a birdie sock in his right hand. Just turning 21, Aron has bowled over Sagilio, Harold Brown, Chuck Woods and Laddie Tonielli in recent starts to gain national recognition as a welterweight threat.

Chicago, like other cities, is going in for young white heavies with the idea of developing an American white challenger for Champion Joe Louis. Most of the young white heavies have been beaten by colored belligerents, yet one of them, Alex Kettles of South Bend, has flashed future greatness. Kettles probably is the best 19 years old heavyweight in the world. He has been fighting less than a year altogether and in his last start decisively larruped Jack Fargo for the "white hope" title of Chicago.

His sixth fight was with Henry Cooper on the Louis-Braddock championship card and that was his first defeat. He dropped a photo decision after outpointing Cooper easily in the opening two rounds.

But for the present, Chicago looks to the new Day for its next king row nomination.

Mike Sullivan's Death

The Cambridge battlers, Jack (left) and Mike, posing with their mother a few years ago.

WHEN Mike "Twin" Sullivan, one of the clan of famed ring gladiators whose fistic deeds in the days when New England boasted some of the greatest fighters of all time, was added to the list of celebrities who have passed into the Great Beyond during the last twelve months. His death comes close on the heels of another ring marvel, Mysterious Billy Smith, and thus, slowly but surely, the field is being depleted of those who starred at a time when endurance and ability to take severe punishment played a big part in a fighter's success. Sullivan died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., where he had been living since his retirement and had been a business associate of his brother, Jack. Mike was 59 years old when the Grim Reaper ended his stay on this earth.

The Sullivan twins fought their way to distinction in many a tough battle. Jack was the heavier, and made his mark in the classes ranging from welter to heavyweight, although at the best of times he was never more than what we call a light-heavy today. Mike started as a lightweight, and when brother Jack outgrew the welter division, he took up the gauntlet in that grade.

Mike became welter champion on April 23, 1907, by defeating Honey Mellody at Los Angeles in twenty rounds. Mellody had won the welter title in the previous year by scoring two victories over Joe Walcott, the first in fifteen, the second in twelve rounds.

* * *

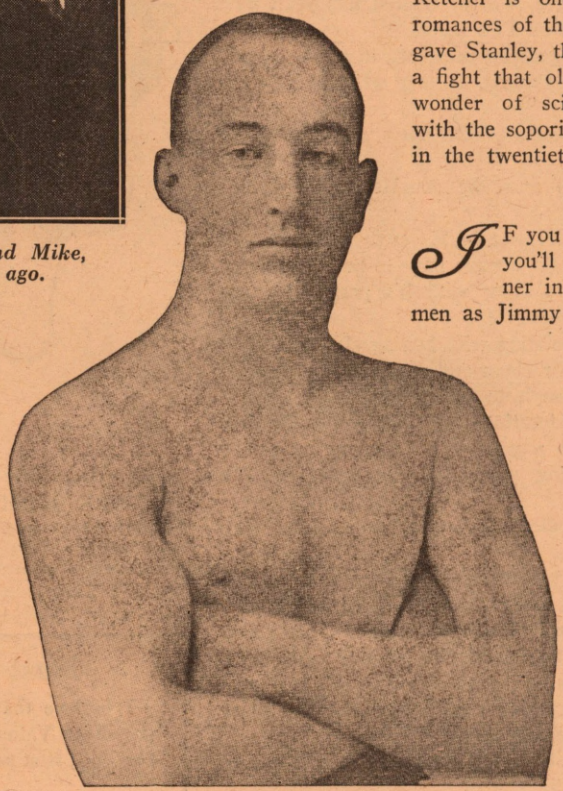
MIKE'S record was a long and honorable one, marred by a few defeats, but it is significant that he never lowered his colors to any man of less than championship caliber. It should be remembered that at the time when he was most actively engaged, the welter class boasted some of the best men that ever donned the gloves.

This also applies to his performances in the lightweight division and one of his most spectacular feats was when he held Joe Gans to a fifteen-round draw in the latter's home town, Baltimore. From unbiased reports of that encounter, it appears very evident that Mike Sullivan really deserved a verdict on points, but the affair was none the less a feather in Mike's cap, for even breaking even with Gans was a high testimonial to any boxer's ability.

In two subsequent battles, however, Gans took Mike's measure conclusively, knocking him out, first in fifteen, and again in ten rounds. He also took the count in one round before the redoubtable Stanley Ketchel, but here once more it must be noted that it took a superlative fighter to beat the lighter of the Sullivan twins.

Ketchel never laid claim to the welter title. He was a bit too heavy to make the then weight limit of 142 pounds for that class, and soon went on to win the middleweight title.

How brother Jack tried to avenge his twin's defeat by tackling Ketchel is one of the real melodramatic romances of the ring. He didn't succeed, but gave Stanley, then king of the middleweights, a fight that old-timers still talk about as a wonder of science versus slugging power, with the soporific punch winning for Ketchel in the twentieth frame.



Jack "Twin" Sullivan.

* * *

IF you take a glance at Mike's record you'll find that he beat Jimmy Gardner in twenty rounds and held such men as Jimmy Clabby, Bob Moha and Jack Dillon to even breaks in no-decision bouts.

These are but a few of the outstanding pugilists of Mike Sullivan's day with whom he waged battle. Like his twin, he never haggled over the weight question, there being instances where he gave away as much as fifteen pounds to an opponent, and still registered victory.

Modern fighters don't and wouldn't take the sort of chances he did. A truly heroic spirit has gone to its eternal rest in the passing of Mike "Twin" Sullivan, who was a credit to the roped arena, and a man respected and beloved in private life by all who knew him.

The story of Mike and his fights is a long one and one which is interspersed with the activities of the best lightweights and heavier men that America had to offer, for Mike mingled with them in heated scraps that were hair-raisers. At the time, Mike and his brother Jack were two of the best drawing cards in the East and a promoter invariably figured that whichever he got the fans were certain to see a real scrap. They were born in Cambridge on September 23, 1878.

* * *

IT was Jack who first came into fistic prominence, starting his ring career in 1898, at the age of twenty. Three years later Mike became enamored by his brother's progress and the game itself. He met with almost instant success, scoring five knockouts and three victories out of nine engagements. All that took place in or near Boston.

The following year, 1902, was more successful as to outcomes, and he had the satisfaction of having beaten better men. He got a six-round decision from Joe Flaherty, knocked out Jack McKeever in fourteen rounds, defeated Arthur Cote in fifteen (twice), drew with Billy Gardiner in six and Jimmy Gardiner in fifteen rounds, defeated Belfield Walcott in fifteen and knocked out Dan Littlejohn in nine.

Recalls Famous Fights

By A. D. PHILLIPS

He met Jimmy Gardiner again at Bellows Falls, Vt., on Dec. 18, 1902, and it was a give and take affair all the way.

George McFadden and Mike went twelve rounds to a draw in the feature bout at the Criterion Club, Boston, on March 24, 1903. George insisted on forcing matters from the start, and had the advantage of the lead throughout the greater part of the fight, although Mike's blows were harder when they landed.

They sparred warily in the first round with Sullivan making the better impression. Mac put his attention on Sully's body and scored several straight lefts that jarred the Cambridge boy. At the end of the fight the men appeared fresh in spite of the fast pace they had set.

* * *

BY numerous fights here and there throughout New England, Mike won the legitimate title of lightweight champion of that section. He then faced Jack Blackburn, the conqueror of Joe Gans, at Chelsea, Mass., on Dec. 31, 1903, and after fifteen rounds of slam bang fighting the referee awarded a draw, although the majority of people were of the opinion that the decision should have gone to Mike.

Blackburn was clever at keeping away from the dangerous leads of the Cambridge boy, but he could not get by Sullivan's almost impregnable defense. Blackburn weighed 140 pounds, while Mike was within the current lightweight limit, 133. Mike made such a good impression that the fans began to talk of the hard time that the champion, Joe Gans, would have when they met—for a meeting of these two was inevitable.

Burt's Theatre in Toledo, O., was packed to the doors when Mike met Gus Gardiner there on May 16, 1904. Gus went down before a storm of blows from Sullivan in eight rounds. Gardiner forced the fighting at the start of the first six periods, but in the last two had to resort to clinching the greater part of the time to stay with Mike.

In the last round these tactics of Gardiner's brought forth almost continued hissing. His eyes were swollen until they were practically closed and at the end of the round he was all in.

From Toledo, Mike took a trip to the west coast and there fought once. He knocked out Joe Angeli in seven rounds at San Francisco, Sept. 30, 1904.

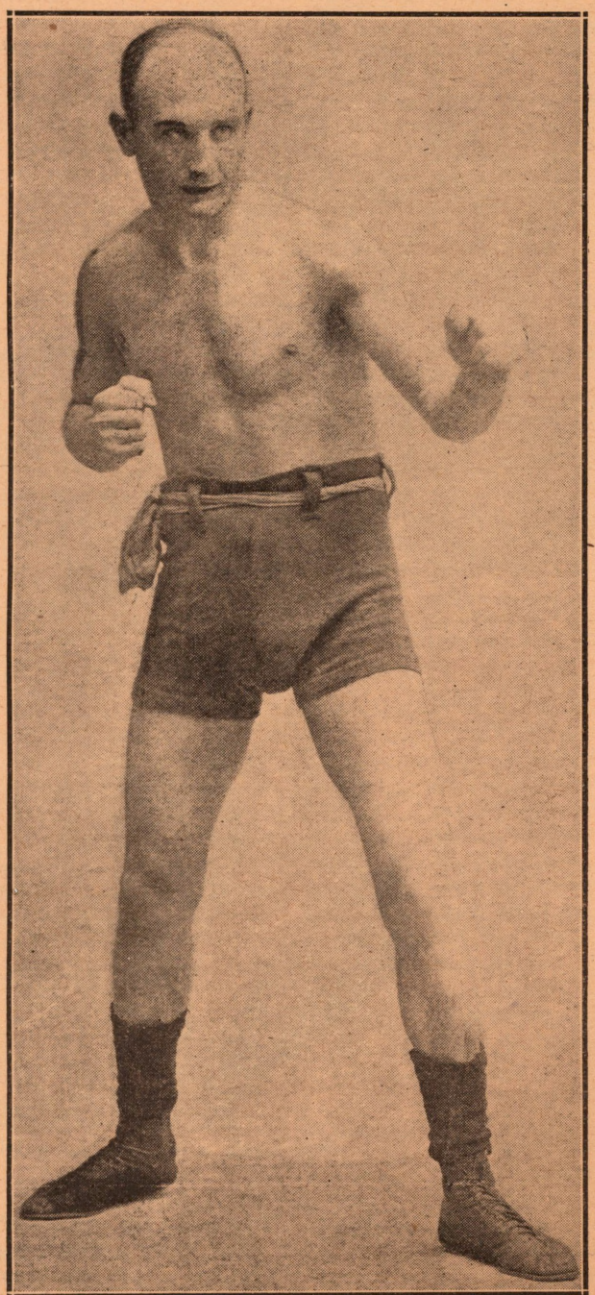
Back in Lewiston, Me., he knocked out Sieloff Allen in five rounds, and at Portland, Me., put an end to Gormely in four. "Beth" McLeod went down in six rounds at St. Johns, N. S.

Mike showed that he was a corking good match for the best of them, for he actually got the better of Gans at the Eureka Athletic Club, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 15, 1905, although the official result was a draw. Joe had the lead in the first few periods, but in the last half of the battle he seemed to go to pieces. When the party ended the "Downeaster" was landing freely on the head and body, while Gans was clinching desperately to save himself. Gans had a swollen eye, while Sullivan showed scarcely a mark.

In the thirteenth round Sullivan seemed to be stronger than ever and landed freely on the head. The last two rounds were repeated clinches on the part of the colored man and telling blows from Mike.

It was the first time that Gans had ever been seen in a holding match in Baltimore, and greatly surprised and disappointed his large following. Sullivan's work was marvelous, especially his volley of well-aimed rights and lefts.

As was to be expected, this increased Mike's stock in the general fraternity of fistic fans a great deal. It also humiliated Gans, and made him feel the necessity of beating Mike decisively.



Mike "Twin" Sullivan, one of the famous Cambridge twins.

* * *

BEFORE they met again, however, Mike made another trip to the Pacific Coast, where, at Woodward's Pavilion, San Francisco, he again defeated Jimmy Gardiner in twenty rounds. This was the same Gardiner who later was the first holder of the light-heavyweight crown.

Gardiner, who had whipped Willie Fitzgerald and Buddy Ryan, was the favorite in the betting, and was looked upon by the sporting fraternity as the wonder of the day.

The fight was a fierce one, and for ten rounds it looked as though Jimmy would take the laurels. After the gong had sounded for the tenth, however, it became apparent that Sullivan would win if the battle went the limit, if not by a knockout, for at the end of nearly all the remaining periods the lanky fellow had the Lowell boy in difficulties. Mike's generalship was superb, his footwork marvelous, and he continued to gradually wear down his opponent, who made desperate efforts to even matters, but the fighting "Twin" held him more than safe.

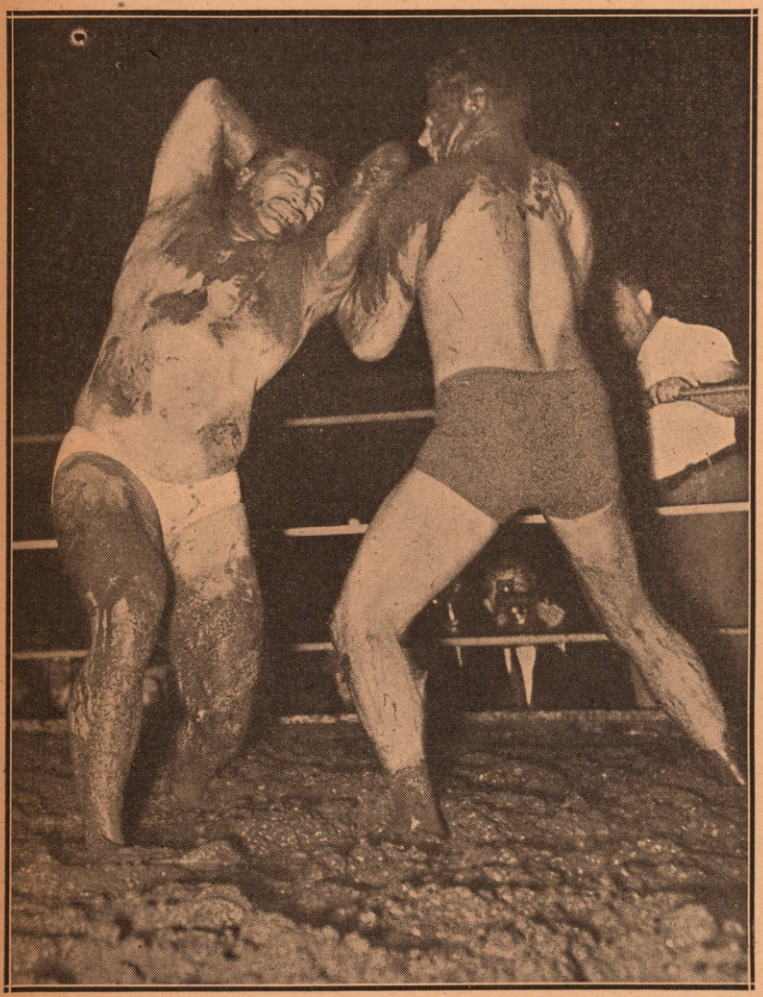
* * *

THEN came the return match with Gans. The colored man had a comparatively easy victory, although it was not until the fifteenth round that Mike went down. The match was in San Francisco, at Woodward's Pavilion, Jan. 19, 1906.

It was the old Gans whom the people knew who entered the ring that night. He fought a wonderful battle and great credit should be awarded Mike for not getting sleepy *(Continued on page 45)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By NAT FRANK



Wrestling in the mud, an old Hindu sport, was revived in San Francisco recently with Sandor Szabo (right) and Bhu Pindar. Szabo won but looked a sight after the match.

THE wrestling game in America is coming back by degrees, judging by the interest displayed in the nightly shows in and around New York, in Philadelphia and Boston. And it all has come about through the efforts of the promoters to pair the grapplers in a manner that has instilled new interest and the arrival in the East of several Coast stars whose style of wrestling has made a hit in New York. Vincent Lopez, Chief Little Wolf, Bronco Nagurski, Ray Steele, Cliff Olson and Jim Londos have played a big part in the revival, their performances being of the hair-raising variety.

Ray Fabiani, who is making good as a promoter in the Big City, where he is handling wrestling at the New York Hippodrome, has contributed his share towards giving to the fans of the Metropolitan District, which at one time was the best wrestling center in America, some excellent entertainment. His matches at the Hippodrome have been of a variety that has been most pleasing and whereas when he started as a promoter there for several weeks he wasn't taking in sufficient to pay his rent, he is now having packed houses.

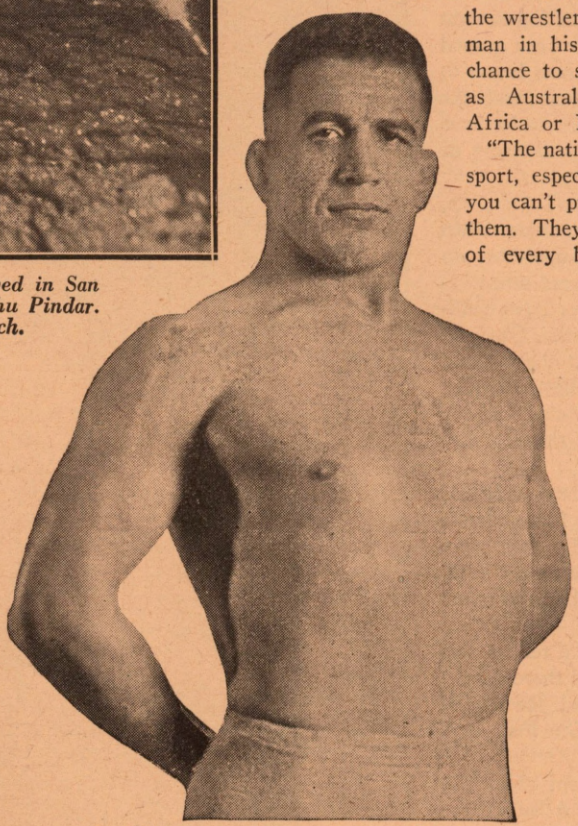
Fabiani has proved that it is worth investing big dough to get dough into the arena. First he sent for Lopez from California and that Mexican's splendid performances against Swede Olson and Londos made such a hit that he has been in demand since. Then Fabiani brought on the veteran Ray Steele, who despite his almost twenty years of activity in the ring, is still going strong. Ray has performed in his old-time style and like Londos, he has regained his following in the East.

Although Jim Londos at this writing is in London where he has been exceedingly well received, his only appearance in New York packed the Hippodrome. Jim is a great drawing card and no matter who is his opponent, he is a welcome addition. More of Londos' appearances will add to the wrestling revival.

* * *

CHIEF LITTLE WOLF is back in our midst after a most successful trip to New Zealand. THE RING had a visit from the "Chief" who, like many other American wrestlers who have travelled abroad, find that this publication is a tremendous help to them. Said the "Chief":

"I always knew what THE RING meant to boxing and wrestling fans in America, but until I landed in New Zealand, I had no idea of its value to those who want to sell their wares in other countries. Unless a wrestler or fighter is well mentioned in THE RING and unless THE RING tells its public that the wrestler or boxer is a good man in his trade, he hasn't a chance to show in such places as Australia, London, South Africa or New Zealand.



Ray Steele, a veteran who is still going strong.

"The natives there know their sport, especially wrestling, and you can't put anything over on them. They know the history of every boxer and wrestler who performs in the States if he is a worthy performer, and I was amazed at their knowledge. I asked how they knew so much and the reply I received was that they obtained all of their information in THE RING. I am very grateful to THE RING for its reports about me because it helped me considerably. Strangler Lewis, Earl McCready, Paul Boesch, Jim Londos and others to whom I mentioned this, all agree with me. More power to THE RING."

Well, that's a great boost, but it might surprise Chief Little Wolf and the others to know that THE RING has a sale in London alone of more than in New York State, Pennsylvania and Illinois combined, and that in South Africa and Australia more

than 10,000 copies are gobbled up as soon as they reach the stands. That's how popular this magazine is with the sports of foreign lands.

Bronco Nagurski, the only wrestler who is entitled to the world heavyweight championship title, after a most successful football season, is back in harness as a wrestler. The tall, fast and tough gridiron star, contrary to the opinion that some folks have tried to give, knows his wrestling just as he does his football and is probably the most fearless grappler we have seen in many years. He'll make a hit wherever he goes.

* * *

TAKE the word of Mayes McLain, and he should know whereof he speaks, Bronko Nagurski, wrestling champion of the world, is the toughest opposition he ever had on the gridiron field. Now McLain is no weakling himself. He is a strapping giant, towers six feet, three and a half inches, hits the Fairbanks at 234 pounds, and is as tough and rugged an individual as ever stepped into football toga. Mayes, who is twenty-five per cent Cherokee, had to be extremely good as a pigskin toter otherwise he would never have made the fullback position on the Haskell Indian eleven during the seasons of 1925, 1926 and 1927 and later become the star for the University of Iowa team in 1928 and 1929.

Big Mayes was such a wonderful player that he holds the world record for most points scored by any individual in any one season, 276.

But to get back to the football conversation. As everyone is aware, the name of McLain is legion with the grid fans, especially throughout the Middle West. Mayes, the Redskin, was the tower of strength for the teams he represented and he certainly earned his spurs for the opposition that he faced weekly was the regular Who's Who of Footballdom.

Gathering a few names from here and there we find that McLain played against such sterling opponents as Ben Ousterbund of Michigan; Jumping Joe Savoldi of Notre Dame; Doug Wycoff of Georgia Tech; Mike Majoski of Penn State; Cal Hubbard of Centre; George Wilson of Washington University; Pop Lumpkin of Georgia Tech; Dutch Clark of Colorado; Ernie Nevers of Stanford; Red Grange, the famous "77" of Illinois; Benny Friedman of Michigan; and Bronko Nagurski of Minnesota.

To pick out the toughest individual of the entire lot would be a problem for anyone, let alone McLain, who had to run the gauntlet through all of them. When the query was put to him, he didn't hesitate to say "NAGURSKI."

"Do you mean to tell me that Nagurski was the superior of the men you mentioned above?" we again asked him.

"Yes, he was. You see while as member of Iowa and we were playing our hated rivals, Minnesota, Nagurski was the one man team on the opposition. It was my duty to keep him off and this I did but at plenty of risk. His charges, counter-charges and even his teeth, did their duty for his cause. Yes, his teeth were firmly imbedded in my left hand and I will carry the scar, six long inches, to my grave.

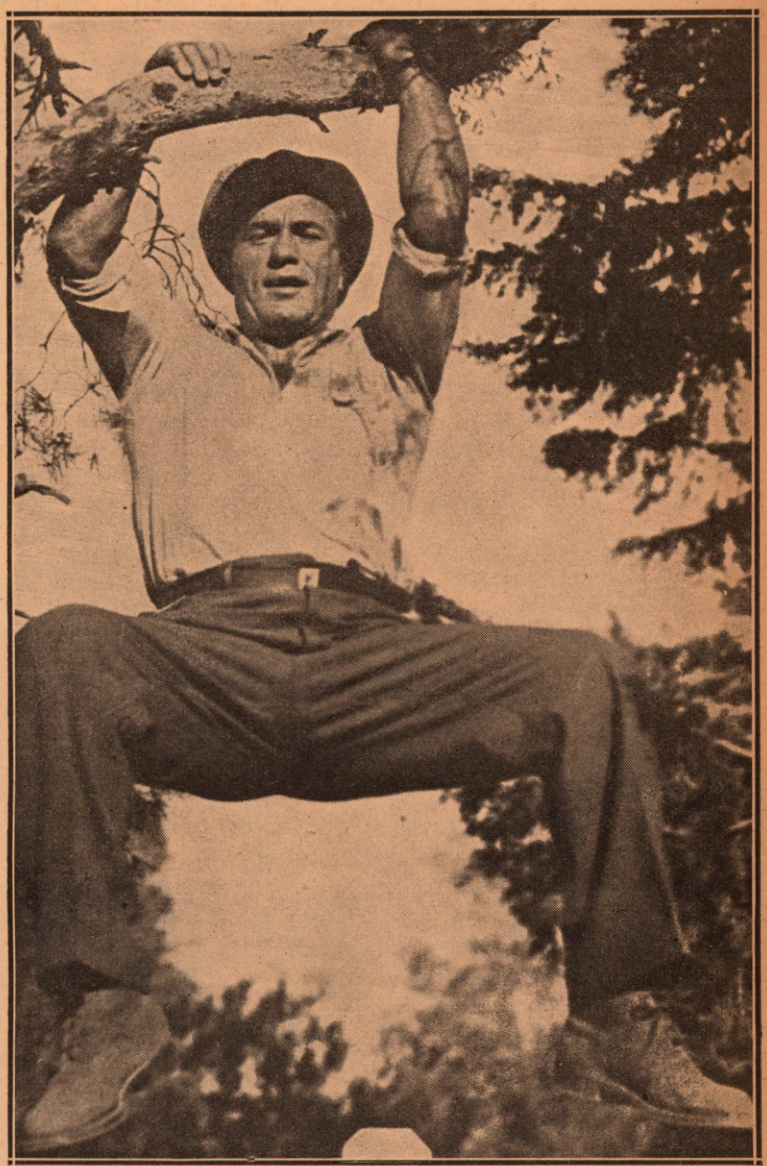
"Of course I will carry the satisfaction that it was I who eventually won the game for my team. We conquered Minnesota by the score of 7 to 6 and I scored all the points."

* * *

AFTER McLain left college he played professional football for three years and in 1932 he embarked on a professional wrestling career. Oddly enough, Bronko Nagurski, the man that Mayes picked as his toughest opposition, is now the world wrestling champion; while other great ex-footballers who opposed him, are also professional grapplers—Jumping Joe Savoldi, Doug Wycoff, George Wilson and Pop Lumpkin.

McLain has an old score to settle with the Bronk. Of course, he seriously doubts whether their paths will cross again on the gridiron, inasmuch as Mayes is devoting his time to the purposes of pinning his foes on the mat, but he would like to corner Nagurski into agreeing to a world championship mat tussle.

McLain, who was born April 16, 1908, recently invented a hold that spells doom to his rivals once he applies it. He calls it the Thunderbolt Hold. In addition he also relies on the flying tackle and the body slam, two means of attack that he used while representing Haskell and Iowa.



An odd photo of Jim Londos, who made a hit in his London appearance. Jim is tuning up for a championship comeback.

* * *

CHIEF LITTLE WOLF wrestled to big crowds in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, the Philippines and Hawaii for the past ten months.

* * *

Gino Garibaldi, the Larruping Latin, who has been mowing down his rivals on the Sunny Slope, has been talked into remaining out in that territory until 1937 comes to a close. Gino will return to the Atlantic Seaboard for mat competition early in January of 1938.

* * *

Sammy Menacker, the Jewish star, seems to be a jack of all trades. In sports he shines at wrestling, football, baseball, track and swimming. In other fields he is a crack stenographer, a very

entertaining magician (he once made his automobile turn turtle) and an expert mimic.

* * *

Emil Dusek, the injured member of the Riot Squad of Grappledom, is progressing rapidly in his recovery. He is an almost certainty to rejoin his brothers and Cousin Wallie in mat competition by the time 1938 rolls around.

* * *

Henry Piers, champion of Holland, and noted hook scissors expert, recently recovered from a severe attack of boils and is now wrestling better than ever. The Dutchman is one of the most popular bone benders in the game.

* * *

Scotty McDougall, that "terbaccy chawin'" Canadian, like Old Man River, seems to be going better than ever. Scotty had been doing most of his tussling around his home territory and recently returned for an invasion of the States, where he hopes to prove that he is still good enough to grapple with the best of them.

* * *

Chief Thunderbird, the head of the Saanich Tribe, has one of his braves, Lone Eagle, act as his second at all of his wrestling engagements. Lone Eagle has a novel way of signaling the Chief by beating on a tomtom to spur Thunderbird on to victory.

* * *

Irish Jack Donovan, the popular Boston star, is wrestling in the Rocky Mountain region. The tow-headed Irishman will see action in that territory for at least six months before coming back to the Atlantic Seaboard.

* * *

Leo Hyatt, the New Hampshire strong-man, can pull trucks with his teeth, bend iron bars with his bare fists and carry one thousand pounds on his back.

* * *

Joe Dusek, youngest Rioteer, who believes in showing them no mercy on the mat, is now knocking off wild game in the Middle West. He recently bagged a gang of foxes, and has the photographs to prove that he is an eagle marksman with the gun.

* * *

And Rudy Dusek, the eldest of the D-Men, still proves to be a thorn in the sides of all the leading contenders and pretenders to the throne now in the possession of Bronko Nagurski, the Pulverizing Pole.

* * *

Stanley Pinto, the Ravenna Ravager, is, without doubt, the best forearm smasher in the game. This bald pated slugger usually scores his victories via the "knockout pin route."

* * *

Mike Strelich, the Utah Wonder Boy, finds spare time to appear in movie shorts in between his wrestling engagements. Mike seems to be accomplished in both enterprises. Strelich is the type who has a pleasing personality.

Chief Little Wolf, back from a successful trip to New Zealand.

BILLY HANSON, who hails from Salt Lake City, is rapidly gaining popularity in the East. He is fast as a streak and gives many laughs to the gallery gods. Hanson is not a mat "villain," but can more than hold his own when the grapplers of the Dusek school employ the rough type bone bending on him.

* * *

Pat Meehan, Promoter Ray Fabiani's latest Irish mat sensation, is building up a great following around New York. Pat is a keen student of the finer points of the game and his knowledge of holds is unlimited. Meehan's legs are his main asset. When he wraps them around an opponent, it usually means a victory for the Irishman. Meehan, we predict, is going places in this tough business.

* * *

Cliff Olson, Sweden's gift to the grunt and groan profession, is one of the best elbow swipers and eye gougers in captivity. Yet Cliff's services are very much in demand throughout the country, as he always gives the fans a run for their earned money. Olson, as you know, is the wrestler who broke Yvon Robert's leg. Olson is a former Olympic mat title-holder and holds an Olympic victory over Ed Don George, a former world champion. Cliff Olson at present is cleaning up the stars in the East.

* * *

Jim Austeri, one-time wrestling champion of Il Duce's army, is a showman who has the crowd on edge. Austeri knows every trick of the trade. When Jim is on a card, the fans come mainly to see him licked, but they are usually disappointed, for the hairy Italian has a superhuman strength, plus a great deal of stamina, which makes him a hard man to beat.

* * *

George "Dazzler" Clark, pride of Scotland, is one of the most feared wrestlers in the mat sport. His athletic talents are by no means limited to grappling, as the "dazzling" one showed when he copped the shot putting event at Scotland's Strathpeffer Games by tossing the ball forty-four feet three inches. Clark is the most powerful grappler campaigning in these parts. He can hold a 250-pound man above his head and toss him with ease. Yet George doesn't count on his strength alone to bring him victory. He is an expert in the use of practically all holds, and when the villains get rough, the "flying Scot" puts them out of their misery with one well placed elbow swipe.

* * *

Hans Steinke, the German Oak, is back in harness after an absence of two years. During that time, Hans was kept busy in Hollywood taking parts as a movie extra. Steinke is one of the last members of the old school still active as a grappler. He started his colorful career in 1920, and has met and defeated some of the greatest matmen of all time, including Stan Zbyszko, Dick Shikat, Jim Londos and others.

* * *

The Riot Squad of Grappledom, the Duseks, composed of Rudy, Emil, Ernie, Joe, the brothers in the order of their ages, and Wallie, the cousin member, are about the roughest group of matmen that can be found in any part of the globe.

Knowing that the people always love a

winner—string along with one in the limelight—the Duseks have found that instead of being the hated men of the mat, they are being flooded with requests for autographed photographs. These requests come from every nook and corner of the world, from far off sections that the average man didn't believe existed. Can anyone imagine the Duseks getting pleas for signatures from such outlying places as the innermost jungles of darkest Africa; the Polar regions of both the Arctic and Antarctic; "unknown" islands in the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans; the Asiatic and Siberian wilderness; the South American swamps; the Australian wilds and other regions?

* * *

CONTINENTAL MAT CLIPPINGS, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follow:

The past master of showmanship, Jeemy Londos, advertised, in the few English news journals that support wrestling, as "heavyweight champion of the world," came to London and, at the new Earl's Court Stadium, under the banner of the astute Henri Irslinger, gave a convincing exhibition of modernized catch-as-catch-can grappling. His scheduled opponent was George Pencheff, down on the bill as the "Australian champion," while also billed were Tommy Nilan, a sawed-off stick of dynamite from "Down Under"; Karol Nowina, the last of the Zbyszkos; Joe Campbell; Johannes van der Walt, a colorful South African; and Harold Angus, welterweight monarch of Great Britain.

On the eve of battle, Miss Kathleen Look, Manchester's lady promoter, dropped a bombshell into the Londos camp by announcing that, on November 26, she intended to stage at Belle Vue, a tournament starring Jack Sherry as world champion. Sherry, the famed Alaskan "trust-buster," holds recognition throughout Europe as mat king.

Bronko Nagurski, fullback for Chicago Bears, who holds the world's heavyweight wrestling championship. Nagurski was well received in his New York debut at the Hippodrome.

* * *

Bob Gregory, European middleweight title claimant, defended his laurels by subduing Bobby McNab, brilliant ex-Empire Games champion, two falls to one. After losing the initial pin, Gregory retaliated with a Japanese leg lock to win the second fall. McNab was unable to continue. Venue for this tilt was the New Vale Hall, Kilburn, home of North London squirm and squeezing.

* * *

Looking fitter than ever, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, professional wrestling's ambassador of good will, landed in Paris after a very disappointing trip to India. Here, in the land of turbans, Lewis had made plans to meet Gama, the Ganges giant, who has defied the march of time. The contest was scrapped when the wary Hindu demanded a three months' training period. Disgusted that the "dream-match" of his long career had fallen through, barrel-chested Ed sailed for France.

* * *

Accompanying the mogul of matdom was an old friend in the person of Ted Thye, former light-heavyweight ruler and one-time mat boss of the Pacific Northwest. Thye said that, if satisfactory arrangements could be made, he intended to bring from Australia such notables as Sammy Stein, Jack Forsgren, Joe Savoldi and Lofty Blomfield for continental conquests.

* * *

IN Lille, Henri DeGlane, idol of the Parisians, marched on to new triumphs by tossing Al Sparks, rugged ruffian from Utah, in straight falls. On the same program, Kola Kwariani, the evergreen Russian Cossack, disposed of the Austrian, Felix Kersic, in less than seventeen minutes. Monsieur Raoul Paoli, the Continent's leading impresario, promoted the card.

* * *

To Sam Rabin, Jewish heavyweight and ex-Olympic star, professional wrestling is a splendid means of earning a livelihood. Off-ring, Rabin occupies his time in sculpturing and already some of his work has been shown in the British Academy of Art.

* * *

Returning to London, Max Krauser, burly Polish pachyderm, used his skill and agility to vanquish Ace Art LeGrand, a former Montreal footballer, at the Blackfriars Ring. Krauser utilized an airplane spin and slammed the Montreal matman into submission. LeGrand was unable to return for the second fall and the arbitrater, Phil Meader, awarded the contest to Krauser.

* * *

The ruling king of the European welterweights is, without a doubt, Harold Angus, a skillful performer from Doncaster, England. Angus was to have met Jack Reynolds in a world title duel, but the joust has fallen through. Efforts are being made to pair Angus with Johnny Stote, aerial speed boy from Schenectady, New York, and a long-time claimant to the welterweight throne.

* * *

Displaying a brand of wrestling that would have done credit to a world champion, Benny Engblom, classy Finnish matworker, scored an odd-fall victory over Johnny Demchuck at Lane's London Club during the preceding month. They are both middleweights and rank among the best in England at the present writing.

* * *

AMONG the English lads who really can wrestle, list the names of Harry Rabin, Charles "Smasher" Green, Toni Mancelli, Young Bull Coleman, Stanley Roberts, Dave Armstrong, Stan Stone, Tug Wilson, Harry Brooks, the College Boy and Saxon Elliott.

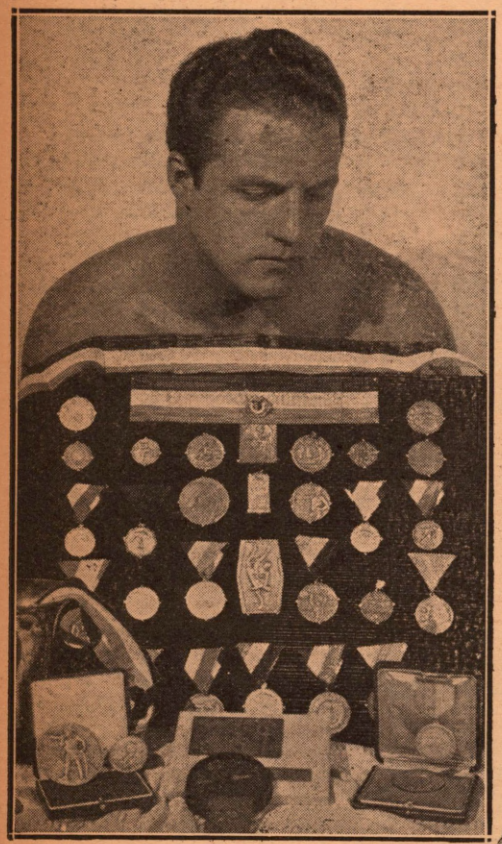
* * *

Earl McCready, the big farmer and heavyweight champion of Canada, is due to arrive in England shortly. He has been wrestling in Australia and New Zealand.

* * *

Johnny Dallas, rough-and-tumble artist from Chicago, is a wrestler who can take care of himself in any company. Dallas is at present barnstorming in Europe. *(Continued on page 43)*

GETTING ACQUAINTED



Eddie Virag, the Hungarian heavyweight star.

Henry Kulkovich, the Polish Wildman.

INEVITABLE as death and taxes, the wrestling season rolls around each year when the leaves turn from green to brown and chilly eastern winds make you think of long underwear and the succulent roasted chestnut comes into its own. It is the time of the year when the average wrestling promoter tells us that the season is going to be bigger and better, a refrain like Ed Wynn's program that is going to be different tonight and sometimes is. But wrestling might go on its merry way with few, if any changes were it not for the indefatigable promoters who always seem to garner men to offer amusement and entertainment to the fans.

Take Jack Pfeffer, for example. Not a season has passed without him introducing some new faces to the fans. Some of them proved tremendous attractions and others flopped but on the whole, his offerings have kept Eastern wrestling fans in good humor. For twelve long years this has been going on, ever since Jack made wrestling promotion his life's work and introduced his energy and pep coupled with showmanship and imagination. But this year is a new milestone in Jack's promotorial life, and like Ed Wynn, he is telling the world that—the program is going to be different—for he has discovered quite a few splendid prospects who are giving the fans a run for their money, chief of whom is Jessie James, Greek Adonis.

* * *

JAMES was born twenty years ago and was christened Demitros Stephanos Tzigikos. The Greeks certainly had a name for him, but for American mat fans, the more simple cognomen of Jessie James was better suited and it is under this that the young Greek marvel has come on to revolutionize wrestling.

James has done just that—turned the game topsy-turvy and introduced a style which combines speed, acrobatics and litheness which has baffled every top-notcher in the country. James is a natural born wrestler, never trained with the amateurs, but just wrestled when a kid for the fun of the thing. He loved the game, used to "crash" gates to see grapplers in action, and it is from these early observations that he developed his own style and introduced it to the world when he became a pro wrestler two years ago.

Curiously, many of the wrestlers whom he watched in action when a kid of sixteen he later met in professional matches and beat them. Never has a wrestler quite like James been seen. He combines cleverness and science, together with good looks and ring poise which have made him an outstanding favorite with mat fans of both sexes. Giving away weight means little or nothing to the new wonder, who has spotted as much as forty pounds to top-notchers and come through with flying colors. Recently James was made a member of the Ahepa Club, largest Greco-American club, of which President Roosevelt is honorary member.

* * *

LEONARDO MACALUSO—Italian-American heavyweight wrestler, who was a famous football star when he played fullback for Colgate University. A star in the use of the flying tackle on the mat, the Italian, who tips the Fairbanks at 225 pounds and stretches to six feet two inches, has been making a big name for himself in the past two years. A calculating grappler, he has bided his time, satisfied to go along slowly until he was ready for the headliners. This year is Macaluso's year. He is ready and fit to step with the best.

* * *

EDE VIRAG—He calls himself the Hungarian champion. One of the best all-around athletes to come from Europe in recent years. He was born in Budapest 26 years ago, stands five feet ten inches and

Leonardo Macaluso, an Italian heavyweight appearing in Eastern mat circles.

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By AL MAYER

weighs 215 pounds. Was amateur wrestling champion first of Hungary, later of Poland and finally all Europe. Wrestled professionally in Europe after first making the Berlin Olympics, where he represented his country.

He is a Greco-Roman expert who changed his style to catch-as-catch-can before he sailed for America. He is holder of more than sixty medals and gold cups. He has been doing well since coming to America and is a great favorite not only with his own nationals but with American mat enthusiasts as well.

It has been a hard climb for Virag. Used to the European style of wrestling, he had to prove his worth and stand the gaff as practised in America. But the Hungarian has come through all right and this season should see him well up with the headliners.

* * *

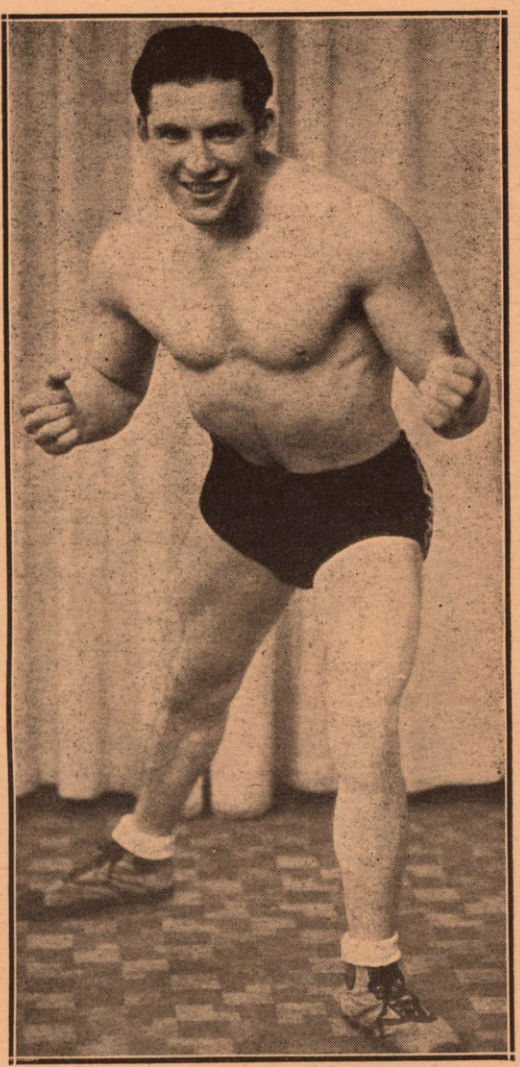
HENRY KULKOVICH—He is called the Polish Wildman. He is a one-man show. Born in Warsaw, Poland, twenty-four years ago, he stands five feet eleven inches and weighs 200 pounds. He is fast as a streak, fearless, has a good ring head, and is quick to take advantage of opportunities and make the best of them.

He was discovered, trained and coached by the world's former mat champion, Stanislaus Zbyszko, who took charge of him after Kulkovich won the national Polish wrestling tournament. Six months of strenuous coaching under his able master and Zbyszko was satisfied that his charge was ready to be launched on an active mat career.

First Zbyszko decided to send Kulkovich to South America to meet men his weight in the republics south of the equator, and at the same time to gain more practical experience. Kulkovich was no disappointment to his mentor. He won all his engagements, climaxing his mat work in South America by winning the international wrestling tournament held in Buenos Aires.

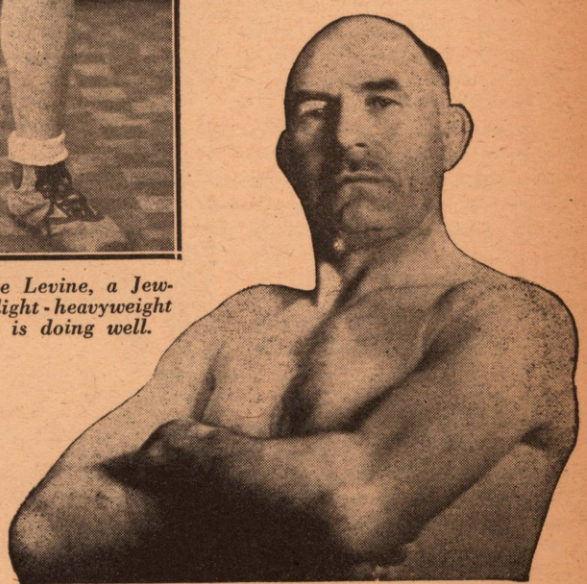
Shortly after this, he came to America and has been one of the big attractions of the present season. Kulkovich has a big future on the mat, he has just the right temperament for the rough game, and his showmanship in the ring cannot be surpassed.

The young Pole is in great demand by promoters in all parts of the country and he has more engagements than he can hope to fill—a real tribute to his popularity with wrestling fans in the United States.

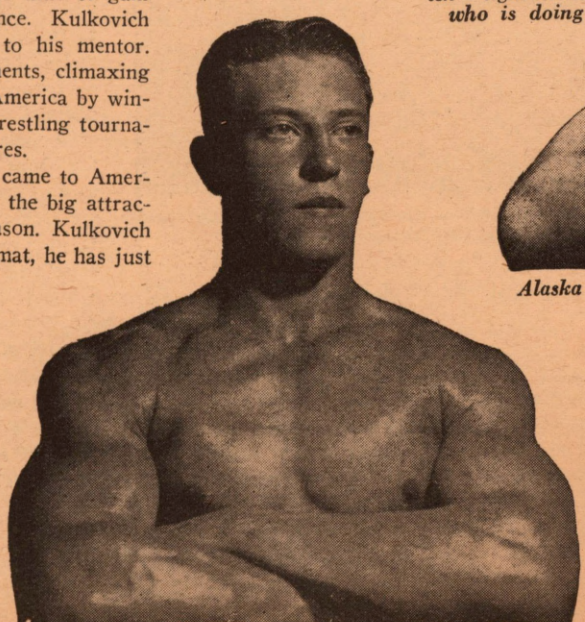


Yankee Levine, a Jewish light-heavyweight who is doing well.

Charlie Strack, former Olympic champion now starring in the East.



Alaska Pete Anderson, the heavyweight champion of Alaska.



Hans Schwarz, called the German Oak.

HANS SCHWARZ—Jack Pfeffer used to take pride in telling his friends that the discovery of new mat stars was a specialized trick and never cared to explain how he managed to discover and bring wrestlers from every part of the world. In the case of Hans Schwarz, Brooklyn iceman, however, Jack likes to tell the story of how he found Schwarz and how he became a mat sensation in a month. But perhaps Jack himself had better tell the story.

"I found Schwarz," explains Jack, "one night

on my way to Ridgewood Grove. I saw him handling cakes of ice off a wagon as if they were confetti. A friend of mine casually remarked that the lad might be a good wrestler, and I talked it over with Schwarz.

"I found out he was German, liked wrestling, and knew a few holds. That was enough. In a month he was matched at the Ridgewood Grove, and he surprised me—the boy seemed to know plenty. And what a hit he made with the fans."

* * *

CHARLIE STRACK—Has concentrated his wrestling to the West and Middle West, but now comes East to take a hand in the heavyweight situation. Strack, a former American Olympic champion, knows the wrestling game from A to Z and he is just the type of grappler needed in these parts just now. Rough and aggressive, with a world of experience, he is just the man to test newcomers and give us a good line on the new talent.

"Get past Strack" is a well-known axiom among wrestlers, and many of them will find that it's not an easy thing to do. Meanwhile, Strack has not invaded Eastern rings merely to stop ambitious ones, but he believes he can live up to the saying and that none will be able to "Get past Strack."

* * *

UP in Alaska, they have a wrestler who is being praised to the skies by his fellow miners. His name is Pete Anderson, and he is called Alaska Pete. He weighs 202 pounds, is the owner of considerable mining property, with more than sixty mining claims.

Pete is the owner of the Great Minnie Greek property and until a few years ago, was a world traveller. He knows his holds and how to apply them, and an effort is being made to have him show in northwestern Canada. He expects to make a four months' stay in the United States next summer.

* * *

YANKEE LEVINE, a young Jewish lad who scales about 178 pounds, is making considerable headway in the light-heavyweight ranks. He is far from being a champion, but is showy, has an abundance of speed, and has a splendid knowledge of the wrestling holds, new and old.

* * *

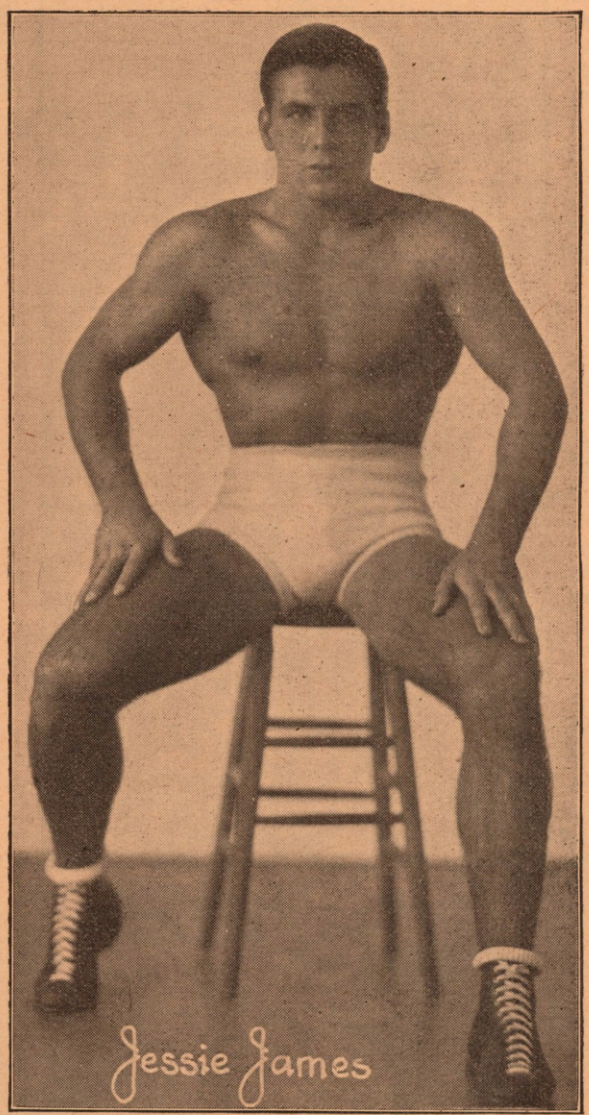
LEO DANIEL BOONE SAVAGE, wild man of the wrestling arena, is pining for the old home skiller, for the peaceful quiet of Hog Hollow and Shopes creek in his native hills of Kentucky, and for his ole "yaller" dog who lies in the shade and sees nothing strange about Leo's appearance.

He's intrigued with street cars, tired of crowds. He's afraid of automobiles, hungry for corn bread and bacon—and he's skeptical about women, so he says.

Leo, who stands six feet three and a half, and tips the scales at 245 pounds, might well have been named Thor, for he looks like nothing so much as the ancient Norse god of thunder and strength, whose powerful physique, flowing locks and beard, and ferocious mien have been pictured down the ages in the myths of the Teutonic race.

Savage is plumb tard of scufflin'. He'd ruther be back in them Cumberland hills whar he can hear his fox hounds abellerin' and abloopin', and whar the gals all has a natural strawberry tint to their cheeks. Leo Dan'l would like to go back whar they ain't no bright lights to blind his eyes—back whar he kin chuck rocks and hunt 'possums and swing from one holler to another on a grape vine. Yes, sir, that's jes' the way Leo Dan'l Boone Savage, the most powerful scuffler ever to his these parts, feels about it.

Leo—or Whiskers, as the sports writer fellers call him—has done a heap o' scufflin' lately, but he's plumb weary. He always wins, but that's small recompense for being away from the smoky Cumberlands. Leo has been away from the hillside farm for about a year now, and he's a powerful homesick feller.



Jessie James, one of the best wrestling prospects developed in this country in many moons.

In an interview for THE RING, he said:

"I tell you truthfully, I don't like the city. I'd ruther be back at some shindig at old Pap Jones' place, or settin' on a knob listenin' to my hounds follerin' a fox."

Leo is courteous and has a warm, friendly personality which one would hardly expect in a member of the scuffling fraternity. He is like a great, shaggy bear who wants to play. He chooses his words carefully and were it not for his frequent lapses into the idiom of the backwoods people—quaint, meaty words and phrases which could hardly be picked up by a city feller who wants to masquerade as a hill-billy—one might easily believe that he is not all that he claims to be. If he isn't a hill-billy, then Hollywood is missing a good character actor.

Leo—this is his story—grew up on a farm in Boyd County, Kentucky, forty-seven miles from the nearest town of any consequence and fifteen miles from a road fit to travel on. "We used ox teams and—" here he swelled with pride—"I had one of the finest in the county."

Though he lived deep in the hills, far from towns, there was plenty to do. "In the spring and summer we worked our crops and in the winter we cut cross ties and caught fur. We had plenty of fun, too. We'd go 'possum and coon huntin' at night—we'd go swimmin', and we'd chuck rocks, pitch horseshoes or scuffle.

"On Sunday mornin's we'd go to Sunday school and to church at night and on Thursday nights we'd have prayer meetin's. But," he added, "Saturday night was a wild one—we'd all gather somewhar for a shindig. In the winter we'd have bean stringin's and land clearin's or go visitin' or sparkin' some neighbor gal."

"This whittlin' business. I'm an expert at whittlin'. What fun in that!

"Whittlin' jest occupies one's time, and makes a feller happy. I likes ter whittle. Used to walk thirteen miles of a Sunday, jest to get to the railroad town to whittle."

Whatever else he is, he is original, new, old and different, all at the same time. Hollywood should get him, and get him quick.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 39)

At L'Elysee-Montmartre in Paris, a capacity audience watched Regis Siki, veteran Negro campaigner, win on a foul over Sandor Vary of Hungary. Each contestant had won a fall when Vary resorted to rough tactics and was disqualified. On the same card, Stan Karolyi, one of the cleverest light-heavyweights on the Continent, trounced Battling Nelson, Anglo-Saxon squirmer, in five minutes and six seconds of a one-fall match.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—As the "curfew" sounds for this issue, we hear that .... Whipper Billy Watson, the Canadian junior heavyweight, will return home shortly .... Watson, whose specialty is the Irish whiplock, has faced the foremost exponents of wrestling on this side of the Atlantic and will go back to America highly recommended .... other squirm stylists whose careers will bear close watching are Mike Demitre, Paul Lortie, Maurice Letchford and Rene LaBelle .... Harold Lane, prince of London promoters, is a former theatrical producer .... Ben Sherman, Rudy Sharda and Jack McLaughlin of Pacific Coast fame are in South Africa .... Gus Sonnenberg and Man Mountain Dean, ably assisted by members of the sporting fraternity, helped to add the final touch to the flicker, "Big City," starring Spencer Tracy .... Larry Labelle, Canadian veteran and a swell guy, is grappling over here under a nom-de-grunt .... Freddie Eberts, the pudgy Minnesotan, regards John Pesek, Nebraska's trust-buster, as the greatest of the greats .... Sergi Kalmikoff, the bearded Siberian, is back on the Continent for the winter season .... one of the finest junior heavyweights in Europe is Toni Baer, a young Scottish squirmer.

Clem Lawrence, handsome English wrestling idol, is a featured player at Warner Brothers London studios .... Bull Komar, Dan Koloff, Nick Mercurio, Antoine Parkin, Paul Shikat, Joe Devalto, Dick Perron and Joe Nawrocki are headlining over here .... Carl Van Wurden, who grappled with Dean Detton last year in New York, is in London seeking opponents .... add to my gallery of coming champions, Cliff Warner, a speedy welterweight from Oxford.

* * *

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG MEN—Karl "Stinky" Davis is going over big in the East .... How's this for a bright remark? Your correspondent stated to Mr. and Mrs. Chief Little Beaver that she had bought a new leopard coat, when Little Beaver, Jr., the twelve-year-old heir, chirped up with, "You sure will look good in spots" .... Don't forget to return to Texas, Frank Schroll .... The fans like your fast and clever grappling .... Frank, by the way, has the cutest little monkey named "Jeep" .... The question without an answer—has Art Mondt changed his name to Williams? .... Dick Lever, the kid the promoters used to treat like a stepchild, is now going over great guns on the West Coast .... He recently put up a grand battle against Champion Bronko Nagurski .... I wonder if Dick's grandmother is still such a rabid wrestling fan? .... Sid Nahars is back in the States after a successful tour of Australia .... Come out from behind that beard, Sheik Ben Abaad, I know you.

Hardy Kruskamp chews snuff .... Juan Olaquinel is making a hit in Salt Lake City, where Jack Washburn, ex-roughie, is promoter .... Marshall Blackstock, that petulant performer of the mat, no sooner arrived in Houston than he was suspended indefinitely for roughness .... In one of his "tamer" bouts here, he wrestled Chief Little Beaver and the match was nothing less than a brawl .... Marshall added a hectic finale by putting both Beaver and the referee on the ropes and then stalking out, leaving irate ringsiders to release the two unfortunates .... Personal nomination for one of the most promising young heavyweights of them all—Warren Backwinkle .... The New York mat moguls seem to share my opinion, too, for they've sent for him to appear on their winter shows .... Bob Wagner has a new nickname—it's "Strangler" Wagner.

Eddie Newman has studied art in the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York, and used to work in the Walt Disney "Mickey Mouse" studio .... He recently drew a clever wrestling cartoon for the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* .... Likeable big "Dutch" Hefner really has a fine voice .... Ed Don George's initial appearance here packed the house to the rafters .... He wrestled Roland Kirshmeyer and the pair went to an intense two-hour draw .... I never did get up enough nerve to ask him if the "Don" is his middle name, or part of his last name .... I've often wondered.

* * *

WRESTLING WRISTLOCKS, by J. Jimmie Amann—"Yankee" Levine, young Minnesota middleweight, is the latest of Billy Root's Great Falls importations .... Levine's striking likeness to movie star Robert Taylor has made him a top-notch headliner since turning professional last year .... Levine is a former dramatic stock player and is noted for his singing .... With the backing of the American Federation of Wrestling as world's middleweight champion, Henry Kolln, the Iowa veteran, has just returned from a two months' jaunt of Mississippi and Louisiana.

Will Johnny Stote get in touch with me at once? .... It is urgent! .... Duke Jordan's "Sportraits" in the Miami, Fla., *Tribune* have boosted the ability of Promoter Paul Bullard not a little .... Bullard packs that color that the late Jack Curley always possessed and Bullard's promotions are rapidly making headway .... Augustus von Schindler, German light-heavyweight, is being sought as a possible opponent for Red Berry by southern promoters .... Bronko Nagurski, Red Berry, Gus Kallio and Jack Reynolds top the heavyweight, light-heavyweight, middleweight and welterweight divisions of this month's release of my monthly National Wrestling Ratings .... These listings, which include over 2,000 of the leading wrestlers of these four classes, according to activity, can be had by enclosing twenty-five cents in cash and a self-stamped envelope to Jimmy Amann, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST AND NORTHWEST WRESTLING REVIEW, by Dave Cavadas, follows:

Bronko Nagurski, world's heavyweight wrestling champion, retained his title before 10,000 fans at the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium. Nagurski took one fall from Dean Detton, the former holder of the crown, in thirty-nine minutes with a flying tackle and body press.

* * *

The latest craze on the Pacific Coast wrestling is "mud wrestling." The boys battle things out in eight or ten inches of mud. Sandor Szabo tossed Prince Bhu Pinder (Harnam Singh) after ten minutes of grappling in sticky mud. The win was much debated since the wrestlers were working under Hindu rules, which prohibit any holds below the waist. The Hungarian is said to have tripped the Prince, thus giving him the chance to win the fall,

* * *

The newest import in the Northwest is one General O'Brien, who acts the part of a crazy man, although he seems sane enough to win his matches. He is responsible for starting riots in every city he appears in in this section of the country. His victims this month include Paul Boesch, Abe Yourist, Kimon Kudo, Pat Fraley and Silent Smith, among others.

* * *

Gino Garibaldi drop-kicked his way to a victory over Ernie Dusek at Jack Daro's squirm palace in Los Angeles. Dusek took the first fall with an airplane spin in nineteen minutes. Garibaldi came back to win the second fall in ten minutes with drop-kick and press. The Italian was awarded the third and deciding fall when Dusek slugged him out of the ring.

* * *

COAST CAVALCADE—Prince Bhu Pinder threw LaVerne Baxter .... Dory Detton and Del Kunkel battled thirty minutes in a fast and clean bout to a draw .... Pat Fraley beat Danny Dusek .... Sandor Szabo tossed Ignacio Martinez .... Nick Lutze won over King Chewaki .... Dick Raines disposed of Pat O'Shocker .... Ted Key fell before Prince Bhu Pinder .... Kimon Kudo beat Johnny Marrs .... Donald McIntyre won a decision from Herbie Freeman .... Danny Dusek tossed Abe Yourist .... Dick Raines threw Olaf Olsen .... Daniel Boone Savage body slammed LaVerne Baxter into defeat .... Gino Garibaldi pinned Jules Strongbow .... Dick Raines won and lost to Pat Fraley .... Pat O'Shocker defeated Pat Fraley .... Vincent Lopez threw Casey Colombo .... Cy Williams beat Ignacio Martinez.

* * *

Promoters in the Northwest, including Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B. C., and Tacoma are combining their efforts in staging a $2,000 tournament to decide winners to meet the world's champion, Bronko Nagurski. The tournament is now in its final stages, with such worthies as Dick Raines, Kimon Kudo, General O'Brien, Pat Fraley, Pat O'Shocker and Abe Yourist in the lead for the prize money and a shot at the title.

Gang Wars and Politics

(Continued from page 32)

like a tiger at Scannell. The latter met him with a straight left drive to the mouth that sent Mike staggering backward.

Owney Geogheghan leaped forward, whether to attack Scannell or intervene, cannot be said, but Scannell took no chances. A revolver suddenly gleamed in his right hand, and he stood smiling sardonically, as both Donahue and his pal shrank back from the shining barrel that covered them.

That ended the incident. Scannell, ordinarily one of the most peaceful of citizens, was not a man to be bluffed or taken lightly. He would have killed either, or both of the firm of Donahue and Geogheghan without the slightest hesitation.

* * *

FIVE months later, Donahue was matched with Amos Tyrell, a Brooklyn heavyweight. The battle took place on Long Island.

So confident was Donahue of winning, that just before the battle began, he offered to bet $500 of his own money that he would be declared victor. And as luck had it, Florrie Scannell, the one man he hated with an undying hate, accepted the wager.

In the first four minutes, Tyrell was floored three times. Donahue fought like a fiend incarnate, countered by Tyrell's straight, clean left, he merely shook his head and tore in for more. In the fourth round, with Tyrell rocking on his feet and nearly out, Mike rushed him to the ropes and sent him face-downward with a savage right to the jaw. Yet Tyrell, a dead game Celt, staggered up again, and was clutching the upper rope with one hand when Donahue again rushed him. This time it was a left on the chin that dropped Tyrell.

* * *

PRACTICALLY, the battle was ended right there. But Tyrell chancing to move and roll partly over, Donahue, apparently exasperated because there seemed to be still life in his opponent, deliberately kicked the fallen man on the head. Instantly a yell of foul arose from the spectators.

There was nothing for the referee to do but decide against Donahue, who had the additional mortification of knowing that his arch enemy, Florrie Scannell, was five hundred dollars richer as a result of the "dark lad" being unable to keep his hot temper in check. Disgusted with his ill luck, the swarthy-faced slugger consulted his pal, Owney Geogheghan, who gave it as his opinion that Mike had better forsake the professional ring.

And so it followed that Mike (Dark) Donahue formally announced his retirement from the squared circle, and presently blossomed forth as the proprietor of the Green Shamrock saloon at the corner of Second Avenue and Twenty-Second Street.

* * *

AMONG those who refused to pay homage to Bill Tweed and fought him fearlessly in the open was John Scannell, elder brother of Florrie. Physically and mentally he was a giant in strength, tall, straight and clean-cut, and never disguising the contempt he felt for the trucklers and boot-lickers of municipal politics.

He consistently opposed Tweed, yet, as a matter of fact, he was not greatly interested in city politics.

His affection for his younger brother, Florence, was probably the strongest influence in John Scannell's life. Florrie entered with a vim into both politics and sport. The Tweed ring bucked Florrie hard, but despite all obstacles, he had served one term as alderman. Also, with the Tweedites fighting him, he seemed assured of victory in his second canvas for the aldermanic post.

The Tweed-Tammany ring was desperate. Florrie Scannell as an alderman had repeatedly interfered with their pet schemes of looting. Something had to be done to check Florrie Scannell. If there was no other way, then he must be utterly eliminated.

* * *

LOCAL elections were then held late in December, and the preliminary roll-call was being made. The Tweed ring, with the use of repeaters, was busy inflating the registration. Donahue's grog den was headquarters for the ring repeaters scheduled to be used in that ward, where Florrie Scannell was running. And in the rear room of Donahue's bar, eighty repeaters were awaiting their turn for registration.

The two Scannell brothers, accompanied by four friends, visited Donahue's joint. They suspected fraud, and Florrie, walking toward the rear room, tried the door. It was locked. From behind the bar Donahue's bass voice bellowed insults at the Scannells, warning them to desist. Florrie Scannell stood against the bar with his back to Donahue.

The four husky followers of Florrie Scannell made a combined rush upon the door, which splintered and gave way. Once inside the rear room the quartet whipped short clubs from beneath their coats and began cracking heads with cheerful abandon.

John Scannell entered the rear room with the intention of calling a halt to hostilities. The New York newspapers were all supporting Tweed anyway, and denouncing the Scannells as thugs and ruffians, and John was averse to giving their critics any more material from which to compound lying articles against Florrie. While he was trying to allay the tumult, a shot rang out in the saloon. Donahue, seeing an excellent opportunity for carrying out the will of his political masters, had shot Florrie Scannell from behind, through the back. John Scannell, rushing in from the rear room, saw his brother lying at the foot of the bar.

"Donahue shot me," said the wounded man faintly.

John Scannell glanced toward the door and espied Donahue leaping into the street.

Down the street ran Donahue with Scannell in hot pursuit. The fighter never for an instant thought of pausing to confront his pursuer.

* * *

FEAR lent him wings and he raced as he had never raced before, for the shelter of a nearby police station. He knew the cops would protect him, for they were also creatures ruled by Tammany and Bill Tweed. So, breathless, he reached the station steps. And John Scannell, seeing his prey about to escape, took a long-shot chance and fired. His aim was good, and Donahue reeled in among the bluecoats nursing a shattered arm.

John Scannell saw Florrie safely deposited in the hospital, and then proceeded to give bail on a charge of shooting Donahue, who, of course, was not arrested. The newspapers, mostly in Tweed's pay, carried accounts of an unprovoked attack on Michael Donahue's place by the opposition, and detailed how in the free-for-all that followed, John Scannell had accidentally shot his own brother.

The election over, John Scannell made a call upon Peter B. Sweeny, the gray fox of Tammany and right-hand man of Bill Tweed. Sweeny was alone when Scannell entered and confronted him.

"My brother Florence was elected alderman," said John coldly. "But I understand your swindling board intends to count him out? You've got just one minute to promise that my brother will not be robbed of his office."

Sweeny, looking into Scannell's gray, implacable eyes, read what his fate would be, if he refused, and promised!

Scannell pocketed his weapon. "I guess you've got sense enough not to go back on your word," he said meaningly.

Florence Scannell lingered on for eight months. He was paralyzed, the bullet having injured his spine. Anxiety for his brother's future induced him to beg John constantly to forget his feud with Donahue, but the avenger as steadily refused. If Florrie died, he would kill Donahue. That was his fixed resolve from which no entreaty of the dying man could change him. Florrie finally passed away and John Scannell paid a visit to Donahue's saloon.

"My brother has died. You are his murderer. If you had killed him in a fair duel, I wouldn't interfere with you. But you never gave him a chance. You shot him in the back. It was cold-blooded murder. I won't shoot from behind, I'll give you a square deal. But you've got to fight. I'm giving you honest warning. You must kill me, or I'll get you!"

The following day John Scannell walked up and down Second Avenue, awaiting his chance to open fire. Suddenly he spied Donahue, and called to him to get ready, at the same time drawing his own gun. But Donahue turned and fled. There were too many people on the sidewalk for Scannell to risk a shot. He did not wish to injure some innocent bystander. Some day he would corner him!

Meanwhile the Tammany ring had not been idle. A mob of killers were ordered to trail Scannell. They waylaid him at 24th Street and Lexington Avenue. Their leader was none other than Donahue's pal, Owney Geogheghan. Scannell, hit by three bullets, went down.

Scannell recovered quickly, for as it chanced, his hurts were all flesh wounds. But the Tammany influence was strong enough to have him indicted and tried for inciting a riot. Fortunately the jury refused to bow to the Tammany orders, and Scannell was acquitted.

For a while Scannell disappeared from his accustomed haunts. He was supposed to have left the city, but there were rumors that he was still in New York, but disguised. However that may have been, three months after John Scannell was wounded, a mysterious figure approached Donahue on a quiet side street one night and sent a bullet into his body. Donahue was taken to a hos-

pital, where he lay between life and death. It could not be proved that Scannell shot him, nevertheless the Grand Jury, urged by Donahue's faithful political friends, handed down an indictment against him. He was not arrested as nobody knew where to find him.

But suddenly the District Attorney received a visit from Scannell at midnight. He offered to surrender himself, if allowed to give bail, and this was accepted. Scannell, out in the open, was daring the Tammany ring to do their worst. In the face of his determination they finally wilted and asked on what terms he would make peace.

Scannell in reply demanded that Donahue should be indicted and tried for his brother's murder. Otherwise, he would take the law into his own hands. His enemies met him halfway, and Donahue, on his release from the hospital, was duly indicted. But there the ring stopped. Three months passed by, but there was no prosecution. Scannell issued an ultimatum that he would wait three months more, but no longer.

Then Donahue disappeared from view altogether, shipped abroad, it was said, by the Tammany powers. Three years passed. Scannell, as cool and unemotional as ever, went on the even tenor of his way, never referring to his brother's assassin.

Then one evening John Scannell dropped into a basement poolroom at Broadway and Twenty-Eighth Street, and as he passed through the door he saw, standing before him, the man who killed his brother. It was an odd trick of Fate!

Donahue was about to leave the place. He had on his person a steamer ticket for Havana. The boat was due to sail within the hour, and Donahue, who had only returned to New York from Brazil the previous morning, had all arrangements made to spend the rest of his life in Cuba.

* * *

DONAHUE was armed. His right hand gripped the butt of a heavy navy revolver, concealed in his coat pocket. He saw death in Scannell's cold gray eyes, and frantically strove to draw his weapon. But the effort was in vain. Before he could move a muscle Scannell's gun roared and a bullet crashed through the ex-pugilist's brain. The long vengeance trail had come to an end!

John Scannell was tried twice for the killing of Donahue. The first jury disagreed, standing six for acquittal and six for conviction. In the second trial, a verdict of not guilty was returned. Said the versatile Mr. Owney Geogheghan when news of Scannell's acquittal reached him amid the flamboyant glories of his liquor-bower:

"'Twas a fair decision. 'Dark' Mike lost his scrap wid Scannell, an' the betther man won. Phwat was the use of makin' such a botheration about it all, anyway? Didn't Oi take a hack at Jawn meself and I was hollerin' whin me an' th' bhoys got th' worst av it? Whether yez loike him or not, there's no denying that Jawn Scannell is a thrue fightin' man."

An opinion which, on the whole, expressed the sentiments of a majority of New York's best citizens.

If in the days of Boss Tweed and Owney Geogheghan, the police of New York had at its head a commander like Jacob Hays, the high constable of the city, back in 1857, the type of unruliness that was so evident in Boss Tweed's times, would have been eliminated. Constable Hays, like Inspector Byrnes, in the early nineties, was one of the most feared officers that the city of New York ever had. The story of Hays' many battles with the dock clubs in the old days of New York would fill a book. In addition to being harsh with the hoodlums, Constable Hays was an extremely tough character in the breaking up of fights.

Mike Sullivan's Death

(Continued from page 35)

long before he did. The first two rounds were even and in the third the Baltimorean was bothered by Mike's long reach and height, but when "Sully" tried for the head Gans crossed him to the same spot. At the close Gans ducked under a right and landed heavily on the jaw.

Joe had a clear lead in the fourth and his superior science was evident. A heavy blow to the chin near the end of the round nearly put Mike on the boards and made him clinch.

The "Twin" was still alive in the fifth, much to the surprise of the majority. He kept pegging away, but Gans' defense was perfect. He showed Mike some wrinkles of the fighting game in the sixth. He drew "Tim" out and planted a right to his stomach. A moment later Joe forced him to the ropes with hearty rights and lefts to the face. A poke in the ribs made him more uncomfortable and forced him to clinch.

Sullivan almost went down at the beginning of the eighth. Gans began by blocking and ducking, Mike being unable to do anything against his wonderful defense. Suddenly Gans reached the chin with a right. The "Twin" fell in and clinched. Gans caught him with a hard right-hander and "Sully" dropped to his knees. The bell saved him.

Gameness saved him in the ninth, and in the tenth he did much better work, almost holding his own. Joe took the honors in the eleventh, but got careless in the twelfth and allowed Mike to land once in a while, which he did with a will.

Mike tried his best in the thirteenth and it was his round. The foxy Gans was still resting and never once did he let loose. He showed he was still there, however, by landing his trusty right at the close.

Joe decided that the fight had gone far enough by the fourteenth and let loose a terrific storm of blows with both hands. Mike fought back, but his power of injury was almost *nil.*

There was a great deal of grappling at the start of the fifteenth. After the break Gans sent Mike to the floor with a right cross to the chin. Another left and right landed Sullivan on his back. He got up at nine and Gans was at him like a flash. He shot a right to the chin and the fight was over.

Two months later, on St. Patrick's Day, they met for a third time. The bout was staged in Los Angeles and on that occasion, Gans didn't have to fight so long. He sent Mike into dreamland in the tenth with a well directed right to the jaw.

Mike was a great fighter. That, every one of his opponents said of him.

UPS 'N' DOWNS IN MIAMI

By KEN FERGUSON

MIAMI, for the past few years just an average spot on the world's pugilistic map, is definitely assuming big time proportions once more under the careful grooming of Captain W. H. Peeples, Jr., for years Miami's leading promoter . . . . And Ben Brown, Sam Soble's youthful Atlanta middleweight assassin, is in no small measure responsible . . . . The supremely confident Ben confounded the wise guys by belting big Buck Everett, Hoosier heavyweight, into insensibility with a right hand that snaked out of nowhere, landing flush on old Buckaroo's jaw, and sending the folks home to bed early, before termination of the third canto . . . . Brown didn't even work up a sweat in this one and at no stage of the mêlée did Everett show to advantage.

Bobby Britton, a champion's kid who looks like the real McCoy, sent 'em home in raves recently after outpointing the aggressive, hard punching Yucatan Kid, Louis Parga's pride and joy, at the Coliseum before Miami's largest fight crowd in years . . . . Previously, Britton decisioned Johnny Cruz, dapper Cuban lightweight . . . . and Yucatan Kid kayoed Cruz in two rounds, and put the damper on Dick Hernandez and Augie Zabisch.

Shortly after his kayo at the hands of Yucatan Kid, Johnny Cruz announced his retirement from the ring . . . . Johnny, incidentally, has been one of Miami's most popular sons for years and his retirement was no surprise to Johnny's legion of friends, who knew he was as smart as they come.

Another clever kid who bears watching is Joey Raymond, Tampa lightweight, who inaugurated "Snag" Trowbridge's return to the Miami wars after an extended Eastern sojourn, by eking out a disputed decision over 10 rounds at the Armory Arena . . . . and at this writing the boys are scheduled to settle the dispute at the same club . . . . Prior to that, Govan Rhodes, another Miami Winter Face, returned from New York clubs and gyms greatly improved, to trounce an old foeman, Ray Woodward, in 10 frames at the Armory . . . . Which reminds us that Abe Schneider and Jackie Brown, two promising semi-final boys, battled to a draw decision in eight stanzas after Schneider had gained an unsavory nod over the Georgia welter on the Brown-Everett card.

Stanley Harsato, clever eastern light-heavy, has compiled quite a victory string since coming South by defeating Ray Lyle, Roy Bailey, Bill Mitchell and Tex Collie . . . . Later he was held to a draw by Ray Lyle, Dale Gardner's transplanted Ohio Cracker . . . . Bill Mitchell turned in a sparkling kayo of big Tex Collie on the Brown-Everett card . . . . and Buddy Hayes, Miami's sensational bantam, continued his victory march by dumping another boy into the resin and decisioning Henry Raymond, Joey's kid brother . . . . This Hayes looms as Miami's most promising native son . . . . Young Figuerado, veteran Key West welter, surprised by drawing with Abe Schneider and Eddie DeLupo, Boston strong boy with the big right hand.

West Palm Beach, fifty miles north of Miami, opens her American Legion Arena Armistice night, November 11th, with Bob Godwin, veteran light-heavy, returning to the wars against young Stanley Hasrato . . . . Jack Manges, Palm Beach impresario, is one of the finest gentlemen in the business . . . . and his club is one of the country's best weekly fight palaces . . . . Which reminds us that Warren Murray's "Rain Bowl" at Miami Beach is due for a roof . . . . which will prevent last year's debacle, we hope . . . . when some twenty fight cards were rained out, many of them in succession, leaving the Bayer Aspirin people lone survivors.

Any fighters unencumbered with managerial affiliations and anxious to become located in south Florida, can get in touch with the writer at Box 448, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.

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Europe Menaces Louis

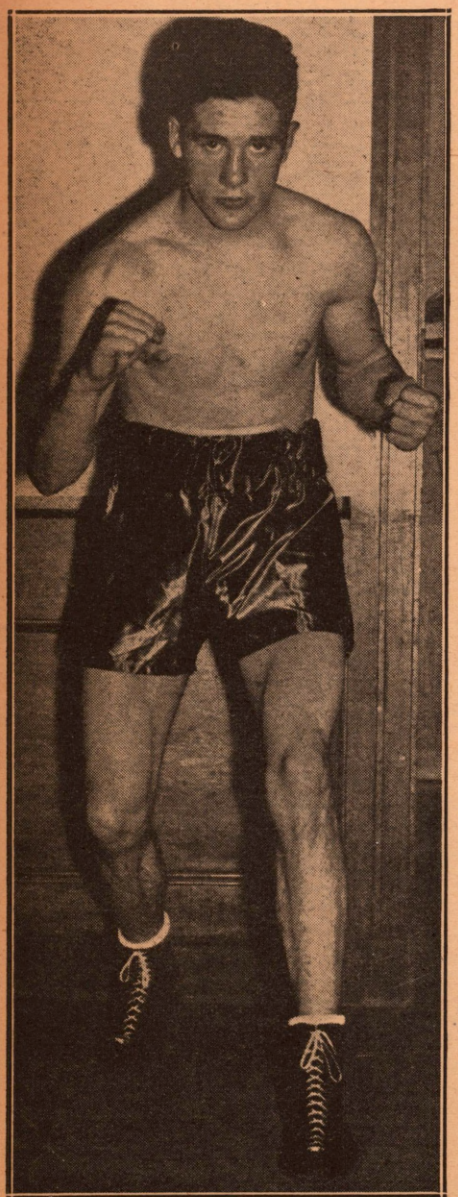
(Continued from page 3)

developing Bob Pastor, Nathan Mann, Johnny Withers, Tony Galento, Jimmy Adamick and Maxey Rosenbloom, Bob Nestel, John Henry Lewis, Leroy Haines, Roscoe Toles, Eddie Blunt and Harry Thomas.

We must add Arturo Godoy of Chile, Alberto Lovell from the Argentine, and Isadoro Gastanaga of Spain and Gunnar Barlund of Finland.

* * *

WHILE it is quite true that at this writing these men do not threaten the positions of Joe, Max and Tommy, you never can tell what a few months will bring.



Billy Conn, young Pittsburgh middleweight, who is a serious threat for titular honors.

Louis himself came out of nowhere. Schmeling came to the United States begging for a fight, Farr was laughed at when he went into the ring with Louis. Pastor developed in a very short time from a college football star into a man considered rating a match with Louis, against whom he lasted ten sprinty rounds in Madison Square Garden.

We have learned this much in the fight game—not to sneer at a young, earnest fighter with determination and a certain amount of God-given talent.

It is conceivable that among those we now rate as the No. 2 and No. 3 grades, there is a man who before the 1938 year is out, will make us sit up and take notice.

Certainly the situation is an inviting one.

Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rican, who is continuing his quest for lightweight honors.

Wide open. A fortune beckoning to some youngster who can knock over the champion and the contenders—especially some white American of the new school, who can intrigue the public, think for himself, and sock with that hard right.

The riches of Golconda call to such a youngster. The golden era of Rickard would come back—and then some—for this fistic virtuoso.

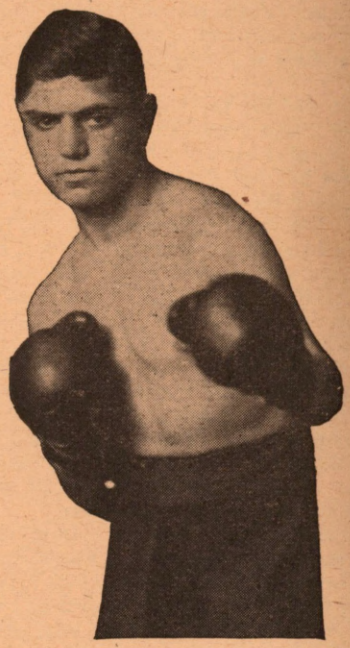
In the meantime we are confronted with a situation. Europe wants that title. Louis means to keep it. But the combined threat of Schmeling and Farr is no mean one, and it might be well to throw up the barriers and get ready for serious trouble.

New Faces

(Continued from page 27)

Hassett to again re-establish himself with his admirers.

Approaching his majority, Knox, somewhat of a playboy, realized that boxing was a tough grind for which he had to be in condition at all times. He accepted a fight with Leroy Haynes and in a sensational fight, which saw him get off the floor after being dropped twice, he fought savagely and appeared to have an edge in the proceedings when a punch opened his eye and caused the referee to stop it. It was a heartbreaker to lose, of course, but Buddy didn't let it discourage him.



Frankie Wallace, rugged lightweight from Cleveland, fighting in good form.

He went on to whip Wenstob in a grand fight in Detroit, and then went to Chicago to score a scintillating victory over another good youngster, Art Oliver.

Knox seems to have found himself at last. A youngster who can meet men of the calibre he has boxed and won over at his tender age, must have real fighting ability.

Armstrong Reminds Igoe

(Continued from page 9)

Johnny defeated Eugene Crique for the feather title he found it impossible to keep down to the weight. Therefore it will always be as a lightweight that he will be remembered, one of the greatest of all time.

Henry Armstrong, after all the great lapse, has come along to polish the old crown until it glistens in the limelight. He won't be a featherweight long if I am permitted to guess. True he made 124¾ for Petey Sarron but despite the fact that Henry made that low weight, I still think that it hurt him and that he will invade the lightweight division.

So, you see, this sudden impetus which Henry has given the class may be but a momentary splurge. He'd be foolish to stick to 126 pounds if he can whip lightweights or even welterweights. Abe Attell used to do it, so why not Henry?

Jack McAuliffe, "Napoleon of the Ring"

(Continued from page 12)

FIGHTS in filthy, rat-laden, candle-lit cellars; contests on dirty black coal barges in some out-of-the-way inlet where the cops were thrown off the scent; bar-room brawls at which only those "in-the-know" were permitted to gain admittance; hurried fights for purses less than the preliminary boys get today on a championship card—that's what made ring romance and gave the fans the thrills that grandpa enjoyed in the "good old days" of boxing—the days of Sullivan, Dempsey and McAuliffe—the "Three American Jacks."

Proud, natty and an impressive dresser—that was Jack McAuliffe. In fistic circles he was the lightweight champion, the Beau Brummel, the dandy of 'em all. Other than Sullivan and the present Jack Dempsey, there never was a fighter in American history with a more picturesque and interesting past than McAuliffe. None of them except Sullivan went the clip he did both in and out of the ring.

In all respects he was a pocket edition of the "Mighty John L." McAuliffe went in for the same sort of things as did the Bostonian except to resort to the rough bar-room tactics that made Sullivan notorious.

McAuliffe was more subdued and better gaited than the big 'un, was more polished in his manners, was a witty, authentic talker who could always keep an audience interested, but like Sullivan, he had exactly the same idea about what money was made for and never obstructed its circulation.

He had one vice which Sullivan lacked, and that, as already told, was gambling. He was a reckless gamester, and would take a chance on anything and everything. His limit was all he had and often, a "marker" on top of that. He was as daring and reckless at faro and roulette as he was a horse player and not even the genial Nat Goodwin, known the length and breadth of America as the kingpin of faro wizards, had anything on McAuliffe.

* * *

THE last big money that he earned in the ring was when he beat Billy Myers, the Streator Cyclone, for the lightweight championship of the world in 1892, during the famous New Orleans championship carnival in which George Dixon knocked out Jack Skelly and Jim Corbett ended the career of Sullivan. The day after his fight with Myers, McAuliffe, to show his faith in the man whom he was seconding, John L., bet the entire purse on the Strong Boy.

We talked about Dempsey and we talked about Sullivan—those two ring gladiators being his idols—and of Sullivan this is what McAuliffe said:

"If it weren't for Corbett's kidding, I don't think he would have licked Sullivan as poorly trained as 'John L.' was. Corbett was the first man who dared to kid Sullivan before and during a fight and that being something new for Sullivan, he just didn't know how to take it and lost his nerve.

"Corbett just got the old boy's goat, something I didn't think anyone could do. By pursuing those methods—which he acquired from Bill Brady, his manager, he had John L. licked before the fight started, yet I bet all I had, every cent of my money on my idol and would have had to borrow carfare back to New York were it not for my friend and adviser, Dick Roche.

"When Corbett fought Sullivan he didn't fight the Sullivan that I knew. That Sullivan would have made hash out of the California bank clerk. The Boston lad was through long before he met Corbett. He knew it and his friends knew it, but we couldn't believe that even as bad as he was, there was any one in the boxing game who could take his measure. That's how much we thought of Sullivan.

* * *

"JUST think of the many unknowns Sullivan knocked out in his tour of the country! More than eighty—some good, some bad, but most of them better trained than was Sullivan because they were eager to whip him. And when he fought Corbett he tried to do against that clever fighter what he did against those eighty or more other opponents in his one night stands—he tried to chase Corbett instead of making him come to him as I pleaded.

"He was bent on annihilating Corbett as he had done to others, but he failed to realize that in Gentleman. Jim, he had a well trained, in fact I might say, a super-trained athlete, fit as a fiddle, rarin' to go and the championship bee in his bonnet. I knew that Sullivan's legs would go back on him in a few rounds, but he couldn't believe it and that's just what happened.

"I've often wondered how he was able to stand up against that Corbett bombardment of jabs and hooks for twenty-three rounds! When he went down in that packed sawdust and sand ring, the heart of many a Sullivan supporter went out with him. I know mine did.

"I was his pal—his crony—his greatest admirer and I felt that sting just as much as he did. I worshipped the very ground on which he walked and even in defeat, to me he was still the Champion of Champions."

With that off his chest, McAuliffe discoursed on his other pal, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey.

"I'll never forget the night of his fight with Fitz," he said. "It was a nightmare, and every so often, the scene comes back to me. There was my buddy, Jack, sitting in his chair when into the ring hopped the nimble, freckled Fitz. When he walked to his corner, both Dempsey and I laughed at the big, gawky fellow who looked more like a hayseed than he did a fighter, until he started to strip. Well, to say we were shocked, would be putting it mildly.

"As was the case in those days, Fitz came into the ring with his trousers over his trunks and when he started to strip, he balanced himself on one leg and easily slipped one trouser leg off and then the other. The ease with which he balanced himself took me by surprise. I turned to Dempsey and remarked:

"Jack, he's got something! Look how he balances himself! I'm afraid you're in for a tough time!"

"Yes," he replied. "I'm licked, Jack. Look at those heavyweight shoulders!"

"Though I always thought that no man his weight existed who could take the measure of Dempsey, this time I realized that the end had come. I never saw a man take a more severe trouncing than did Dempsey that night. As his chief second I was besieged by my pals to toss in the sponge, but how could I, knowing the greatest middleweight up to Fitz's arrival, was the victim.

* * *

"YET, I finally found it necessary to do so. The fight was a winner-take-all affair and I knew what that bout meant to poor, sick Jack. He was attacked by tuberculosis and he needed the money. To make sure that he would get something out of it, I bet the $1,400 that was coming to me, win, lose or draw, as expenses and I put that up against $1,000 that Jack would last at least ten rounds and that was one of the reasons why I wouldn't throw in the sponge.

"Fitz broke Jack's nose in the first and for seven rounds, poor Dempsey was a sight! Blood streaming from nose, mouth and eyes, he was battered from pillar to post yet wouldn't give in nor let me do so! But after he had won that bet and the thirteenth round had been reached, and he had been floored with a mighty hook to the body, I hurled in the towel to save Dempsey from further punishment.

"What a fight! What a magnificent exhibition of true Irish courage!

"The saddest shock I experienced in my entire career was the pitiful end of the fighting days of my two cronies—Dempsey and Sullivan. The world will never know the grief that I suffered and that which these great men of the prize ring suffered, through their respective knockouts."

And now the last of the three famous "Jacks" has joined his pals in Valhalla. His death removes another of the few remaining links between the "Good Old Days" and the present—the days of "Ring Romance" that never again will return. As McAuliffe so often said on the stage, when he presented his monologue, "A fighter had to be a fighter in my days. No stalling—no holding—no hedging—it was fight! fight! fight!"

McAuliffe fairly revelled in the surroundings of the musty past. He snickered at the present day stars because he honestly believed that the majority of the great lightweights and welterweights of his day could have whipped the best of the heavyweights of today, and if ring records are a criterion, I don't think he was far from wrong.

McAuliffe was copy to every sports writer he visited on his many trips around the vaudeville circuit. I accompanied him on one up to Boston and I was amazed at his line of talk. Loquacious Jack, "the only retired, undefeated world champion," as he announced himself when he entered the sanctum of the sports department, held the attention of the scribes.

Looking at the papers the next day, he found himself and his appearance in the city publicized far better than any publicity agent could have done for him.

In the next issue—"McAuliffe—the Story Teller."

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

THE late Jack Curley, in his article on "Wrestling in Europe," in the June RING stated that Jack Sherry's claim to the title of world wrestling champion was upheld in the High Court of Justice in England; the court ruling that he gained it from Ed Strangler Lewis, when the latter was undisputed world champion, at Philadelphia, Pa., and that, having always held high opinions of English courts of justice, he wonders why and how such a decision was arrived at.

I cannot find that the English High Court of Justice has at any time upheld Jack Sherry's claim. There was a case in the High Court of Justice in London, in which Jack Sherry, jointly with a British wrestler, brought an action for damages for criminal libel against a British wrestling promotor, and they were awarded a substantial amount of money by way of damages against the promoter. Later, the promoter went to the English Court of Appeal, which had power to reverse the decision, but such Court of Appeal upheld the judgment of the original court.

It appeared that Sherry and the British wrestler—one Bulldog Bill Garnon—met in a bout advertised as for the championship of the world, for a rival promotion to the promoter concerned in the case, who in certain unwisely worded notes in a program he published and sold at his own wrestling promotions, suggested that Sherry, by allowing himself to be billed as world champion when he was not, nor ever had been champion, was a party to an attempt to obtain money by "false pretences," which was tantamount in English law to accusing Sherry of a crime.

It cannot be said that the court, by awarding the substantial damages against the wrestling promoter, upheld Jack Sherry's claim to be champion of the world or otherwise.

DOUGLAS R. ELLIS,
Marylebone, London, Eng.

[*Jack Sherry never held the world title. The man from whom he claims he won it by default, Strangler Lewis, beat him several times. Sherry is a good wrestler, one of the world's best, but when he is advertised as the world champion, the public is being hoodwinked.—Editor's note.*]

* * *

ONCE again the old firm of Stadiums Pty, Ltd., are in control of the famous Rushcutters Bay Stadium, where, since 1908, when Jack Johnson swept the world's championship away from Tommy Burns, many a bitter battle has been fought to the tumultuous cheers of thousands.

For the past four months wrestlers have been to the fore at this historic arena and have been attracting mighty crowds, attendances of 10,000 fans being a common occurrence. But with the end of the season in sight the sporting fraternity are turning eyes towards the boxing season, which will open December 6 and continue until April next year, and Stadiums Pty, Ltd., will be booking American boys from the Coast.

In Australia at the moment are Vic Christy, Joe Savoldi, Chief Little Wolf, Jack Forsgren, Don Noland, Sammy Stein, Donald McIntyre, and Hal Rumberg, among many other matmen, who are regularly attracting $5,000 houses at both West Melbourne and Rushcutters Bay Stadiums.

Stadiums, Ltd., control the three main stadiums in Australia; that is, the Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, the West Melbourne Stadium and the Brisbane Stadium, so they can give plenty of work to any visiting boxers with these three arenas under control. Sydney Stadium seats 15,000 indoors; West Melbourne, 10,000 indoors, while Brisbane accommodates 8,000, also under cover.

It is proposed to bring out boxers for the following boys:

Middleweights—Fred Henneberry, Ron Richards, Max Raynor, Jack Wilson.

Welterweights—Hockey Bennell, Dick Humphreys, Jack McNamee and Herb Bishop.

Lightweights—Joe Hall, Hughie Mehegan, Jackie Burgess. In this division there are a number of boys nearing the top of the tree.

Featherweights—Mickey Miller, Harry Summers, George Elliott, Maxie Richards, Young Farrington, Stan Smith, Harry Cohen, Don Melville, Mike O'Connor and Joe Gill. All these lads are under the twenty-year mark and have plenty of boxing in front of them.

In the bantams we have few boxers who would be capable of holding a club fighter. Mickey Miller can make the limit, and we also have Vic Vaisey and Max Richards.

A well conducted boxing season promises to pack the fans in. Only a year back Leo Kelly and Ambrose Palmer drew $16,000; Maxie Rosenbloom and Leo Kelly, $12,000; Leto and Carroll, $15,000, whilst among the smaller men, Mickey Miller and Snowy Clark drew $3,000 in a small club at a dollar tops, whilst not so long ago Speedy Dado drew a $5,000 house against a mediocre opponent.

The wrestling season has enabled Stadiums Pty, Ltd., to build up many a promising youngster. They are the only promoters to insist on three-minute rounds for their bouts and in consequence have weeded out any unlikely boys.

The stadiums in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane are the only ones that can house great crowds. The local boxers realize this and clamor to Stadiums Pty, Ltd., for matches, as they know that they can get real money here.

The coming boxing season augurs to be a great success. Already newspaper men are boosting it and any American boy who is brought here is sure to attract good money.

Joe Wallis, world famous referee, is the third man in the ring and will stand for no funny business. Joe's name is respected by every fight patron.

Mr. Richard Lean, general manager of Stadiums Pty, Ltd., and who is in charge of West Melbourne Stadium, will shortly make a trip to America for the purpose of selecting boys for future seasons. In the meanwhile, it is the intention of Stadiums Pty, Ltd., to import fighters to be in Australia before the middle of November.

This organization must not be confused with the National Boxing Club of Australia. This is the old firm that staged fights away back in 1920-30, and brought our Fernandez, La Barba, Criqui and other world-famous fighters. With the good name and financial backing of Stadiums Pty, Ltd., boxing and wrestling will once again enjoy that prestige which was associated with it a few years back.

Through your good journal, I would like to say "Hello" to the many American boxers and wrestlers with whom I have come in contact during my association with boxing and wrestling in the past five years.

HARRY L. MILLER, Manager,
Sydney Stadium.

* * *

I HAVE taken this opportunity of congratulating you on the fair way you speak of our fighters. Most people even in our country would call them dumb guys, but you just speak of them as you know their ways of fighting. Well, Nat, I want to ask a great favor. Please, could you send me your autograph so that I could put it up in the gymnasium, with other famous sportsmen. My sister is crazy over your work as editor and your notes in THE RING are the most interesting bits of boxing news in the world. I have encouraged all my pals to buy THE RING and they, too, enjoy it. Well, Nat, I must close, so please drop me a line with your autograph if you could, and I will be delighted. I hear, Nat, you save foreign stamps, old and new. If I do come by some I'll send them on. I have had your book for years and I hope for years more, so long as you run it. Well, cheerio, Nat. All the best of luck to you and American fighters.

JAMES RANER,
Oxford, Surrey, England.

I JUST read an article in the October issue of THE RING which burns me to the boiling point, and I must have my say now. The article in mind was in regard to a letter received by you from an officer in the Trenton District of the C. C. C.

I do not believe I would have bothered to look in the back issues or future issues for that matter, for anything offensive, unless to some taste it might be obscene to publish the photograph of well-developed males in boxing trunks, and for reading matter, I wish to state that I have been a constant reader of this magazine for a number of years and I have found nothing but the best for a healthy mind to enjoy.

I only hope that I might some day be the father of a son whose only vice will be to read this same magazine and to pattern his life after the standards and mode of living it conveys.

ROBERT STUART,
Geneva, N. Y.

* * *

YOU will be surprised to learn that after leaving Honolulu we called at Suva, a small island in the Fijian group, and the first thing that I looked for, of course, was your magazine, THE RING, and found it. Now, this was a great surprise to me as there is only a few hundred white people there.

On arriving in New Zealand and Australia, I also found your magazine was still to be procured, even in the small towns. I had a very successful season of four weeks in New Zealand, which drew tremendous houses, and turned many people away, as it was the first time that an American Indian had visited that country. Both in New Zealand and Australia I have worn my Indian costume, which proved a great attraction. I have lectured in public schools, hospitals and different clubs and organizations, and the people all seem very interested, as the only place they read and hear about our race is in magazines or in the movies.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

It may surprise you that the little kiddies in these countries also play cowboys and Indians; in fact, the first Christmas present the small boy wants is an Indian suit. I had a good time in New Zealand, and am at present enjoying my stay in Australia. Now back to wrestling. Well, it is going over with tremendous success and the Stadium is packed practically every week here. The wrestlers at present in Australia are: Sammy Stein, a Jewish champion; Hal Rumberg; King Kong Cox; Jack Forsgren, the Canadian champion, and Strangler Lewis.

"Strangler" is on his way to India to wrestle against the big Hindu, Gama, but the promoters have prevailed upon him to have two matches here before sailing.

You will be interested to know, and I think you do know, that your magazine is popular both here and in New Zealand, and the wrestler who is fortunate enough to be mentioned in your pages is considered a "top-notcher."

Since I have been in Australia I have had four matches, winning one and drawing three. At each and every one we had bumper houses, packed full, and turning many people away. Like I said before, I have made a big hit in this country.

I will remain here until November 1, then begin my way home, staying for a couple of weeks in Honolulu, and arriving in good old U. S. A. about Christmas time.

I think I have said all for this time. With best wishes to yourself and all my fans, including the staff of THE RING.

CHIEF LITTLE WOLF.

* * *

BEING a regular reader of your very interesting magazine, THE RING, I thought I would drop you a line and let you know how much I appreciate the reading in it. Wrestling here in New Zealand is on a boom at the present time and a lot of American matmen are here at present. King Kong Cox has been doing very well here, and also Chief Little Wolf, but unfortunately both men have had their licenses cancelled by the police through very rough tactics, and consequently have departed for Australia.

Strangler Lewis is also here at the present time and has met with varied success. He has met Earl McCready but has lost on both occasions, and the last bout only went four rounds, McCready dumping him so heavily he could not continue. Doubtless, as you know, out here the bouts are scheduled to go eight ten-minute rounds with a minute interval, not as yours are, wrestling until one man obtains a fall.

John Spellman, Matros Kirilinko, Glen Wade, Frank Judson, Rusty Westcott, Joe Kopack Woods are a few of the visiting matmen here in this Dominion. What is your rating of Earl McCready, and is it true that Lewis was unbeaten before leaving the States?

New Zealand is only a small spot on the map, but we are keen sport fans and your magazine, THE RING, has a larger circulation than what you would imagine. If I might say so, a few photos of wrestling holds would be worth seeing in your paper. I noticed one of Ole Andresen's in the August edition. Ole was over here two seasons back and was very popular.

J. STEVENS,
Wanganui, New Zealand.

* * *

I AM pleased to forward you some cigarette picture photos of famous boxers of days gone by. I noted your advert in THE RING Magazine, of which dad and I are regular readers, and I take this opportunity to compliment you on your wonderful book, the style of which is great, and you give us real, interesting articles each month. I trust the photos enclosed will be of some small use to you in your RING Museum.

I should like to say how very much I appreciate the sportsmen of New York. I was the youngest member of the British amateur team to visit New York in 1935, when I beat Murray Kravitch, of which I am very proud. What a wonderful time we had amongst your people, the finest time of our lives.

I am pleased to say I beat Marcus Cohn over here in the Wembley match, and it's a great pity these international matches have not been continued.

I am delighted to see Petey Scalzo doing so well as a pro. He is a great little fighter, without any doubt. Well, once again, hearty congratulations, Mr. Editor, and the very best of good wishes.

FRED J. SIMPSON,
Amateur Lightweight Champion
of Great Britain, 1936.

* * *

AFTER reading your article, "Ring Tragedy," I want to extend my congratulations. As a former boxer, I realized every word was true. Especially did I like the part suggesting a special gym supervisor in the person of Mannie Seaman.

Some time ago, a Major Miller wrote an article in a local paper, an idea of creating a national home for indigent fighters. It is apparent that there are other men, besides yourself, in this country who realize something has to be done for luckless fighters.

STANLEY J. MILLER,
Boys' Club of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

IN a previous month's issue of THE RING, you stated in an article that, in your opinion, and as regards the record books, the Sullivan that Lord Lonsdale claimed to have beaten was not the great "John L."

Well, as you will see from the enclosed paper, it happened to be that very man that Lonsdale K.O.'ed, though it occurred to me that the name in the record books may be Lowther.

As a regular reader of THE RING, although the editions are always a month or two behind, I may add that my national pride is hurt by the references in the magazine to England instead of Great Britain in the boxing news. As you know, the flyweight champion of the world is a Scot, the British featherweight and welterweight champions are also Scotsmen, and Tommy Farr is Welsh, so that you see that all the cream of boxing in this country is not necessarily English.

JAMES MILLER,
Edinburgh, Scotland.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE past month witnessed one of greatest upsets in boxing circles when Isadoro Gastanaga, hard hitting Spaniard, entered the month's rankings by virtue of his spectacular three knockdown, ten-round decision over John Henry Lewis, ruler of the light-heavyweight brigade. It also saw the crowning of Henry Armstrong as the undisputed featherweight champion of the world following his knockout over Petey Sarron in six rounds in what was the Birmingham boy's first defeat via the knockout route. Benny Lynch retained his flyweight title by virtue of a thirteen-round knockout victory over England's Peter Kane before an estimated attendance of 37,000 spectators.

Leading off with the heavyweights, Maxie Rosenbloom decisioned Bob Nestell. Isadoro Gastanaga surprised by whipping John Henry Lewis. Arturo Godoy kayoed Eddie Mader in five, who was also stopped by Joe Wagner in four, who also kayoed Jack Lynch in two rounds. Eddie Blunt scored over Al Gainer. Jimmy Adamick knocked out Lou Thomas in three. Gunnar Barlund finished Eddie Coderre in one heat. Walter Neusel defeated Maurice Strickland.

Red Burman knocked out Joe Sekyra in two rounds while Sekyra in turn stopped Barney Brock in six. Marty Gallagher was declared winner over Andre Lenglet in the eighth round when the latter was disqualified. Lee Ramage and Sonny Boy Walker drew. Big Boy Bray beat Jack Roper. Johnny Whiters kayoed Rush Huyce and Hank Hankinson in two and one rounds, respectively. Al Delaney knocked out Harry Staal in five and then beat Norman Barnes.

Buddy Knox beat Art Oliver, knocked out Eddie Coderre in nine and Barney Brock in seven. Johnny Erjavec beat Jim McVey. Italo Colonello stopped Eddie Shelby in the second and Louis Le Page in the same session. Junior Munsell knocked out Ralph Carpenter in one round. Freddy Fiducia whipped Buddy Ryan.

Tiger Jack Fox continues to lead the light-heavyweight division. He knocked out Red Bruce in two rounds. Jock McAvoy kayoed Jack Hyams in eleven heats. Eddie Wenstob beat Sonny Buxton. Ray Actis beat Jack Gibbons, who in turn kayoed Johnny Sykes in six. Ralph De John knocked out George Nichols in one. Melio Bettina beat Swede Berglund, who in turn won over Hal Dettman. Bob Godwin disposed of Stanley Hosrato in one round.

Marty Simmons beat Honeyboy Jones and Bobby Millsaps. Tiger Warrington kayoed Jack Tebo in the fourth. Ron Richards beat Max Raynor and stopped George Simpson in two rounds. Buddy Ryan kayoed Tom Kopsack in two and drew with Roscoe Manning. Herbie Katz stopped Ralph Chong in round one. Frank Zamaris kayoed Billy Ketchell in eight and Jimmy Mendes in one. Frank Donofrio beat Bob Scally and stopped Sam Finazzo in five. Lou Presto knocked out Schoolboy Andrews in round six.

Fred Apostoli heads the middleweight contenders by virtue of his two-round knockout victory over Tony Celli. Billy Conn whipped Young Corbett. Al Hostak kayoed Otto Blackwell and Bob Turner in three and two rounds respectively. Ben Brown kayoed Buck Everett in one. Lou Brouillard beat Roy Kelly. Ken Overlin kayoed Roy Williams in four and Joe Butch Lynch in seven. Walter Woods defeated Harry Balsamo.

Allen Mathews whipped Joe Smallwood. Eddie Pierce beat Ernie Simmons and won on a foul in the fourth round over Kid Tunero, who in turn kayoed Nestor Charlier in five and lost to Joe Besselman on a foul in the tenth, who also stopped Charley Parkin in the eighth. Glen Lee kayoed Baby Salvy Saban in seven. Solly Krieger knocked out Eddie Maguire in the seventh. Paulie Walker stopped Dave Bungy in four, Toots Bernstein in five and also whipped Andre Jessurun.

Dale Sparr drew with Dick Fostor. Gorilla Jones whipped Andy Miller. Fred Henneberry decisioned Jack Vaughan. Atilio Sabatino beat Paul Schaeffer. Honeyboy Jones beat Al Quaill. Wendall Bubp whipped Sammy Slaughter. Bobby Jones won over Johnny Rossi. Roxey Forgione decisioned Jimmy Jones and kayoed Jimmy Belmont in one. Tony Ciaccio kayoed Freddy Fitzgerald in five and defeated Jose Souta.

Gustave Eder won over Oldoini in the welterweight class. Saverio Turiello beat Eddie Conley. Holman Williams whipped Tony Rock, Remo Fernandez and Gene Buffalo. Frankie Blair decisioned Jimmy Leto. Fritzie Zivic kayoed Frankie Portland in two. Al Manfredo beat Henry Schaft, who in turn decisioned Scott McLean. Sonny Jones kayoed Werther Arcelli in five, who also lost to Tommy Bland. Jones also whipped Wicky Harkins, who in turn beat Frankie Cinque.

George Daly licked Paul Junior. Milt Aron drew with Vittorio Venturi. Kenny LaSalle defeated Andre Jessurun. Bobby Pacho beat Frankie Cavanna and Phil Furr, who in turn kayoed Mickey Makar in two rounds. Jack Kid Berg knocked out Jake Kilrain in five and was in turn stopped by George Odwell in the seventh round. Dem Wakerlis beat Frankie Bruno. Jackie Burke kayoed Dick Newton in one and Luke Wallace in three rounds. Willie Fool whipped Nick Pastore and Joe Pennino. Johnny Lucas beat Frankie Britt.

Sammy Luftsprung kayoed Billy Townsend in nine heats. Harold Brown beat Georgie Salvatore, who in turn beat Chuck Woods. Young Peter Jackson kayoed Johnny Smith in two. Leon Zorrita won over Pete De Ruzza. Eddie Dolan whipped Lornezo Lovings and Tony Falco. Billy Barnes kayoed Bert Colima in nine. Ralph Voan won over Pete Koloff. Eddie Carroll decisioned Gordon Wallace. Pete Cara kayoed Lew Raymond in round seven. Baby Miller whipped Ray Sharkey.

In the lightweight division, Pedro Montanez kayoed Ray Nash in one, Joey Straiges in four, and whipped Pete Cara. Davey Day beat Enrico Venturi. Eddie Cool kayoed Luis Angel Rodriguez in six, whipped Felix Garcia, drew with Johnny Bellus and decisioned Freddy Foran. Bellus whipped Johnny Bonito. Johnny Rohrig drew with Felix Garcia and beat Augie Gonzales.

Paul Junior kayoed Jimmy Fantini in four rounds. Norment Quarles stopped Tommy Bartin in four, whipped Red Cochrane, who in turn defeated Tommy Speigal. Eddie McKeever beat Leonard Del Genio. Enrico Venturi whipped Tommy Rawson. Aldo Spoldi won over Vittorio Tamagnini. Chino Alvarez kayoed Snag Trowbridge and Johnny Jones in three and one rounds respectively. Al Roth kayoed Jack Lydon in the fourth.

Tommy Cross beat Midget Wolgast, who in turn whipped George Daly. Sammy Angott beat Wishy Jones, Johnny Pena and Jimmy Vaughn, who in turn stopped Chuck Vickers in round two. Red Guggino beat Johnny Morro. Joe Ghnouly kayoed Al Dunbar in five. Howard Scott whipped Johnny Dean. Frankie Terranova drew with Patsy La Rocco. Terranova in turn lost to Lew Feldman. Tony Morgano beat Johnny Dube. Tippy Larkin whipped Maxie Fisher.

Dave Castilloux kayoed Kiki Stanley in five. Nick Camarata beat Augie Gonzales. Irving Eldridge whipped Julio Gonzales. Mickey Farber decisioned Julio Gonzalez and Johnny Pena. Ritchie Fontaine beat Umio Gen. Charley Baxter stopped Norm Cordaro in three. Honey Mellody whipped Al Casimini. Charley Gomer knocked out Luis Angel Rodriguez in two. George Zengaras drew with Johnny Rohrig. Tod Morgan kayoed Jimmy Dundee in four rounds. Bobby Britton beat Yucatan Kid.

Henry Armstrong became undisputed ruler of the featherweights by his six-round knockout over Petey Sarron. He also stopped Joe Marcienti in the third. Young Rightmire beat Jackie Wilson. Ginger Foran kayoed Karl Beck in the ninth. Johnny Cusick scored over Billy Charlton. Kid Chocolate whipped Young Chappie, who in turn defeated Jimmy English. Bernie Friedkin defeated Jimmy Lancaster, Willie Davis and knocked out Nickey Jerome in two rounds.

Johnny McGrory beat Spider Kelly. Benny Caplan whipped Joe Bradoms. Benny Sharkey kayoed Dick Titley in four. Dick Corbett won over Tommy Hyams. Johnny Hutchinson kayoed Armanda Sicilia in seven and Joe Dempsey in four. Victor Vallee won on a foul in the eighth round over Joe Jassante. Al Reid won over Ray Ingram and Johnny De Foe. Lou Gevinson scored over Danny London, who also lost to Jimmy Perrin. Young Casanova whipped Roy Compo.

World's Bantamweight Champion Harry Jeffra decisioned Biff-Bang Lemieux. K.O. Morgan won over Jackie Collura. Lou Salica stopped Joey Wach in four and decisioned Jackie Corcoran. Indian Hurtado whipped Panchito Villa. Johnny King kayoed Young Chocolate in four. Al Brown stopped Augier in the second. Baltasar Sangchili kayoed Maurice Dufries in six and won over Young Perez. Jackie Brown stopped Pat Palmer in the sixth. Len Hampston knocked out Joe Hardy in the third. Jim Brody in turn whipped Len Hampston. Johnny Marcelline whipped Sammy La Porte.

Benny Lynch retained his flyweight title by knocking out Peter Kane in the thirteenth round. Tiny Bostock kayoed Charlie Wilson and Petit Biquet in four and six rounds respectively. Small Montana drew with Jackie Jurich. Ernst Weiss beat Joe Albert. Valentin Anglemann scored over Jim McStravick. Mickey O'Neil kayoed Billy Tanser in seven. Tut Whalley kayoed Benny Jones in four and defeated Maurice Filhol. Dave Kellar stopped Charlie Wilson in four, while Dick Lewis defeated Kellar and Pat Palmer. Fortunato Ortega scored over Pal McStravick.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Jimmy Webster, South Africa.
Bantamweight—Tommy Stewart, England.
Featherweight—Matty Perfetti, Amsterdam, N. Y.
Lightweight—Lorenzo Delgado, Mexico.
Welterweight—Albert Lawley, England.
Middleweight—Mickey McMullen, Muskogee, Okla.
Light-Heavyweight—Gotthard Stein, Germany.
Heavyweight—Fred Harris, Philadelphia, Pa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for month ending November 11:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Tiger Jack Fox	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
2—Tommy Farr	Al Gainer	Billy Conn	Jack Carroll
3—Bob Pastor	Jock McAvoy	Teddy Yarosz	Gustave Eder
4—Alberto Lovell	George Black	Marcel Thil	Saverio Turiello
5—Maxey Rosenbloom	Eddie Wenstob	Young Corbett	Izzy Jannazzo
6—Nathan Mann	Ray Actis	Al Hostak	Holman Williams
7—Tony Galento	Ralph De John	Ben Brown	Cocoa Kid
8—Isadoro Gastanaga	Gus Lesnevich	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy Leto
9—Roscoe Toles	Jack Gibbons	Ken Overlin	Fritzie Zivic
10—Arturo Godoy	Melio Bettina	Walter Woods	Sonny Jones

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Harry Jaffra	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Petey Sarron	Sixto Escobar	Tiny Bostock
2—Billy Beauhuld	Freddy Miller	K. O. Morgan	Peter Kane
3—Davey Day	Young Rightmire	Lou Salica	Small Montana
4—Wesley Ramey	Leo Rodak	Indian Quintana	Jackie Jurich
5—Eddie Cool	Jackie Wilson	George Pace	Jim Warnock
6—Johnny Bellus	Tony Chavez	Spider Armstrong	Ernst Weiss
7—Paul Junior	Ginger Foran	Henry Hook	Valentin Angleman
8—Norment Quarles	Johnny Cusick	Baby Yack	Mickey O'Neill
9—Frankie Wallace	Kid Chocolate	Johnny King	Jim Campbell
10—Eddie McGeever	Bernie Friedkin	Aurel Toma	Dick Lewis

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

WE had a fistic surprise here in Boston during October—in fact, a couple of 'em. First of all, the Goodwin A. C., which is keeping the "pro" game going in this section of the Bay State, actually staged Lou Brouillard, ex-world's welter and middle champion, against Roy Kelley of Brookline, a prelim boy with but eight "pro" bouts under his belt, in a 12-rounder for the N. E. light-heavy title at Boston Garden. Few thought the attendance would amount to anything—but fully 5000 turned out to witness what seemed likely to be Kelley's definite finish. An ex-amateur, but six months out of the "pures," pitted against a veteran southpaw—a game, tough, hard hitting chap like Brouillard, shaped a massacre. But—there was no massacre. To the amazement of the beholders, Kelley not only lasted the entire route but had he more experience and confidence very probably would have defeated Brouillard—perhaps kayoed him.

Kelley lost the decision—was down twice for counts of nine, and Brouillard won the N. E. "cruiser" crown. But—considering all of the circumstances, the win was no triumph for Lou and the bout made Kelley. Thanks to Jack O'Brien and Al Clemente, his co-managers, Kelley went into the ring thoroughly drilled in how to fight a southpaw—that is, to work to his own left and opponent's right. So, when Lou rushed him in his usual aggressive style, Kelley stepped to the left and met him with either a right, or crossed a straight left over the veteran's extended right. And Lou frequently ran pell-mell into these blows, while his own crashed nothing but the air.

The contest throughout was an excellent illustration of how a southpaw can be disarmed and confused. Many boxers, figuring that the southpaw stance gives them an advantage, have adopted it. In many cases their "dope" is absolutely correct as many performers, particularly the newcomers, do not know how to meet this unorthodox style. While there have been exceptions, also always will be, we have always regarded a southpaw boxer a cinch for an opponent who had thoroughly mastered the art of countering against the stance. In our time we have seen many instances wherein an orthodox style performer, working to his own left and to the right of the right-hand jabber, has whipped the latter to a fare-the-well. We recall a particularly notable occasion—the second fight between Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler—both master ringsters, in New York, when Benny, keeping to Lew's right, won 13 rounds out of 15 and retained his title. Years ago our great lightweight, Matty Baldwin, met "Knockout" Brown of New York, the latter then at his tops and very dangerous, and similarly whipped him. Up to that fight, which was staged in Boston, a 12-rounder, Brown had been having a lot of fun "mowin' 'em down" as his southpaw stance had proven a puzzle to many.

Pardon the digression. Returning to Boston Garden, the card under the Brouillard-Kelley fight was a very good one. In the semi-final, a 10-rounder, George Martin, Boston, scored his second win over Freddy Camuso, Fall River, both welters. In a six, Salvatore Bartolo, E. Boston, who made the mistake of trying to trade with a swapper, lost to Eddie Haas of Worcester. Bartolo, an ace featherweight in the amateurs, seems to be flattening out a bit. However, he has plenty of youth, is willing to learn, and may yet get back into his stride.

An outstanding lightweight on the card was Mike Kaplan of Roxbury, a Jewish boy who has not met with a defeat since he quit the amateurs about eight months ago. He met and outboxed Tommy Brouillard of Worcester, Lou's brother, winning all the way. It was Kaplan's 14th win since he quit the "pures." He is a small boy of slight stature, but can pick his spots, shoot 'em straight with either paw and beat his opponents to the punch. He seems to be on his way to real places.

The "house" attracted by the foregoing show, also the real interest now being taken in the various amateur tourneys being staged in Boston and vicinity, has given Matchmaker "Rip" Valenti of the Goodwin A. C. the courage to keep on with his offerings, also seek abroad for talent of the big league variety. At present he is working on bouts between John Henry Lewis and Al McCoy, also Henry Armstrong and Paul Junior of Maine, either of which would jam the Boston Garden to the doors. A Terry "Tiger" Warrington vs. Lewis encounter also is being negotiated. While awaiting developments, the Goodwin A. C. will shunt in Bobby Pacho, the Mexican welter, recent winner over Phil Furr in New York, against Ralph Zannelli of Providence, R. I.—a 10-rounder.

Zannelli, who a few weeks ago barely got past Young Peter Jackson, was given a much needed layoff following that affair. He had been worked too much and had gone stale. After a month of rest and recreation up in the White Mountains country, he is back again looking like his old self. It is expected that the veteran Pacho will give him plenty of trouble—probably will rule favorite.

Mike "Twin" Sullivan, famous welter in his day and who, with his brother Jack formed a picturesque team, passed on to his fathers Sunday, Oct. 31, following a long illness. He was 57 years old and a native of Cambridge, Mass., in which city he had resided at 25 Willard Street throughout his entire life. Mike broke into the fight game in 1901, and did not retire until the latter part of 1913. He fought many of the noted lightweights and welters of his time, among the number being Joe Gans, Jimmy Gardner, Rube Smith, Jack Dougherty, Stanley Ketchel, Paddy Lavin, Jack Dillon and others. On April 23, 1907, he won a 20-round decision over Honey Mellody of Charlestown, Mass., at Los Angeles, Cal., and for a time held the world's welter crown which the former had won from Joe Walcott. Sullivan outgrew the class and was forced to relinquish the title. Mike is survived by four brothers, Jack "Twin", Joseph, Daniel and Jeremiah, four sisters, and his mother, Mrs. Ellen Sullivan. Following funeral services at St. Peter's Church, Cambridge, on Nov. 3, Mike was laid at rest in Calvary Cemetery, Waltham.

Another sport leader to pass out in October was George V. Brown, manager of the Boston Garden and Boston Arena, and former athletic director at the Boston Athletic Association. It was Brown who made the annual marathon run on April 19 an institution. He also was a boxing enthusiast and a supporter of many other sports. Brown was overcome in August by the terrific heat and suffered a shock from which is seemed for a time he might recover. However, after many weeks of illness he died at his home in Hopkinton, Mass., Oct. 17. His son, Walter, for several years his assistant at the Garden and Arena, has been promoted to the post of manager.

While "pro" boxing is getting back into its stride, the amateur end of the game has been booming, largely due to the efforts of the Irish-American A. A., now the foremost promoter of the sport in New England. At this writing the annual eliminations for the All-America championships, to be decided later in Boston, are on. Two of these particular tryout tourneys have been staged thus far with boxing in all eight championship classes, also four novice divisions. Amateur boxers from all parts of New England are in the competition. It is likely that the annual senior national championships, also New England and other similar events will be staged here during the present indoor season.

The Canadian Federation having lifted its ban on Al McCoy, N. E. heavy champion, because of his failure to box Andre Lenglet, the French heavy, at Montreal in September, it is likely that the fight will be staged during the present (November) month.

Jack Dempsey was in Boston and made his initial bow at Boston Garden as referee of the feature bout of Promoter Paul Bowser's mat show. The match brought together Steve Casey of Ireland and Tor Johnson, the Swedish giant, and was won by the former in about 37 minutes. One fall settled the argument. Bowser plans to stage his matmen at the Garden every two weeks throughout the season.

Messrs. Sam Price and Frank Dellamano, formerly promoting wrestling in Boston, put on a comeback show in Mechanics Building, featuring Ali Baba, former world's mat champion, against Cowboy Hughes. It is their intention to put on mat events every Tuesday night.

Meanwhile Promoter Gordon is clicking every Wednesday night at Boston Arena. Nov. 3 he observed his sixth anniversary and 312th consecutive show, with Jack Sharkey, ex-ring champion, in there as referee in the "battle royal" feature. As usual Sharkey had a mêlée with the grapplers and got tossed around, but was on his feet and in good working form at the termination of the scrap. It is possible that he may try some wrestling himself as a principal, Gordon having made him a very good offer to grapple under his direction for a limited period. In an interview, Sharkey stated he might accept the offer as he enjoys the fun and excitement.

Charley Miller, the Maine guide, who got cut up in a camp fire near Manchester, N. H.—rescued five boys from the place—now is in military hospital at Togus, Me. He cut a tendon or so in his leg in a crash through a window. The camp, a two-storied building, burned to the ground. Fire started at night around a fireplace in the living-room.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

TOMMY BURNS, Springfield bantamweight, boxed Johnny Compo such a good fight at Bridgeport, Conn., that they were rematched on the Gainor vs. Blunt show.

Mickey Makar of Bayonne won a technical K.O. over Dave Bundy of New York. Bundy's second threw the towel in to save him early in the seventh round of a ten-round main bout at the Valley Arena.

Babe Lancaster of Albany scored a technical K.O. over Sammy Athas of Springfield in a six-round semi-final, Referee Jack Dekkers stopping the fight in the fourth to save Athas from more punishment. Athas took the fight as a substitute and was in no condition.

Red Hutchins of Hartford won a decision over Bobby Martinez of Albany in a six-round bout. Tommy Burns of Springfield lost a close decision to Jerry Dillon of New Haven, Conn., in another six. Johnny Baker of Meriden won a technical K.O. over Joe Missouri of Deerfield, Mass., in the third round.

Phil Furr of Washington, D. C., made a decided hit in Holyoke when he stopped the rugged Mickey Makar with a sizzling right to the jaw in the third round.

Abe Denner of Boston won a decision over Gene Gregory of New Haven; Eddie Hass of Worcester won over Eddie O'Tash of Boston in a six-rounder; Oscar Suggs of Newport stopped Johnny Sullivan of New Haven in the fifth round; Joey Waishnis of Agawam, Mass., won the four-rounder over Tony Souza.

Wickey Harkins of Philadelphia won a decision over Frankie Cinque of New York in the main bout of ten rounds at the Valley Arena.

Al Ryll of Holyoke, heavyweight, scored a K.O. over Jimmy Piasta of Worcester in the fourth round of a scheduled six. This was Ryll's first pro fight. Andy Bundy of Albany scored a K.O. over Tommy Dorsey of New Haven (a last minute sub) in the second round of a six. Buster Carroll of Boston won a decision over Jack Haggerty of Worcester in a six-rounder. Danny Buckley of Holyoke, making his debut as a pro, won by a K.O. in the third round over Joe Sobie of Albany in a scheduled four. Sobie subbed for Johnny Parker of Chicopee.

Eli Bourdon, veteran boxing promoter of Claremont, N. H., is now doing the matchmaking for a club in White River Junction, Vt., the place being near Hanover, N. H., home of Dartmouth College.

Donald "Red" Barry married Marie Brosnan of Washington, D. C., at Alexandra, Va., last month. They will make their home in Washington.

The Bijou Gym has closed up. The boys in Holyoke now have the Boys' Club to train in. Johnny Moore is in charge of boxing there.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

JIMMY MENDEZ, New Bedford knuckle pusher, suffered a knockout in the first round of a scheduled ten-round star bout when Frankie Zamaris of Orange, N. J., caught Mendez on the jaw with a hard right which spilled him to the deck to be counted out.

The hit of the evening was the semi-final between Ruby Bradley of Holyoke and Johnny Compo, New Haven featherweight, in six fast-punching rounds with the decision being a draw. In his first professional go, Jules Kogen came through in good fashion when he triumphed over Jimmy Armstrong, Philadelphia scrapper, by a four-round decision. Both are featherweights. A technical knockout victory was gained by Tony Gregory, New Haven ringster, over Joe Rosa of New Britain in the fifth round. Snooks Lacey, New Haven battler, halted Nick Cocozza in the first round with smashing punches to the chin.

Al Gainer, the leading light-heavyweight contender, socked away to a unanimous decision over his opponent, Emil Scholtz, in a ten-round attraction of Al Caroly's professional boxing show at the New Haven Arena. Gainer outfought Scholtz all through the fight.

The semi-windup of eight rounds was packed with action as George Fitch, New Haven, and Johnny Lasinski, Meriden's hard-hitting light-heavyweight, smacked each other around with hard socks. Fitch won the decision. A crashing right-hand uppercut delivered to Walter Marceizyk, the Providence, R. I., middleweight, in the second frame by Cilco Kid, Bridgeport warrior, put Marceizyk out for keeps of a billed eight-rounder. Frankie Young, New Haven, and Lou Fico of Providence fought four rounds to a draw. After having his foe, Red Dupre, New Bedford lightweight, on the canvas twice for the counts of nine, Julie Kogan, New Haven boxer, failed to put over the kayo wallop and was forced to be content with a victory on points.

Irish Eddie Dolan, Waterbury welterweight, who is steadily winning, defeated Tony Falco in ten rounds at Philadelphia, then punched away with both hands to victory over Lorenzo Loving of Chicago at Buffalo.

Al Gainer tried to concede thirty pounds in weight to Eddie Blunt in their ten-round scrap at the New Haven Arena but came in second best. Blunt hammered away at his smaller opponent and won seven of the ten rounds.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

HENRY ARMSTRONG lifted the veil of uncertainty in the featherweight ranks to become undisputed world's champion among the 126-pounders, when he stopped Petey Sarron, recognized title-holder, the finish coming in the sixth round of a scheduled fifteen-round contest when the Birmingham, Alabama, ringster collapsed under the steady, rapid fire of the California Comet to listen for the first time in his career to a referee's chant of ten.

Contrary to reports that Armstrong would have trouble making the class limit, when it seemed that Henry had grown into a legitimate 130-pounder, the remarkable Negro confounded boxing critics by coming in at 124 pounds and exhibiting one of the greatest fights of his career to slip into the purple robe emblematic of world supremacy. Sarron weighed in at 126 pounds.

A short, right-hand punch to the chin after he had been visibly weakened with an incessant body attack, sank Sarron into the resin covered canvas of the Madison Square Garden ring, a game but helpless figure.

A true champion to the last, Sarron tried to match Armstrong's blazing attacks with rallies that bordered on the sensational in a fight that threw some fifteen thousand spectators, who had paid a gross of $34,708.28, into a state of frenzy, but in the end the twenty-nine-year-old Petey wilted before the withering onslaught of his younger opponent, and a body that had been battered pink, and head dazed with thundering blows, smiled weakly as he left the ring to the thundering applause of the onlookers, a mighty tribute to a man who had bowed out like a true champion.

After winning the first round by slipping under Armstrong's leads and countering with a volley of blows to the head, Sarron was never in it. He won the third round on a foul, but it was just a matter of time until the dynamite charges that Henry threw into Petey's mid-section would set him up for the finish. In the fourth round, Armstrong set Sarron down on his haunches for a nine-count.

The fifth found Sarron fighting desperately in spurts as Armstrong pounded the body, but it was apparent that it was just a question of time and after relentlessly shooting volleys of punches to the body mid-way in the sixth round, the Californian shot over a short right to the chin and it was all over.

In the semi-final eight-round contest, Jimmy Leto went out of his class but couldn't spot Frankie Blair the weight and lost a hard-fought decision. In another eight, Milt Aron got up off the deck to earn a draw with Vittorio Venturi, the Chicagoan being dropped and badly stung for a no-count in the first round. Mickey Farber continued on his winning ways by scoring over Johnny Pena in the opening eight-rounder. The curtain-raiser of four rounds went to Al Davis on a decision over Benny Rubano.

In one of the real upsets of the month at the New York Coliseum, Irish Eddie McGeever was awarded the decision over Leonard Del Genio after eight hard-fought rounds. Del Genio started at a fast clip, winning the first and seventh rounds by a wide margin, but Irish Eddie came roaring down the stretch to earn the award. In the semi-final contest, Eddie Alzek scored a technical knockout victory over Nunzio Bisagno when the latter couldn't come out for the fifth round due to a badly cut eye.

In a savagely contested middleweight bout at the New York Hippodrome, Walter Woods, the new pride of the Gas House district, matched right-hand bombshells with Harlem's Belting Brakeman, Harry Balsamo, for ten rounds, and though neither gave before the finish, Walter went home with the decision, to establish himself in no uncertain terms as a challenger worthy of championship consideration.

They felt each other out in the first round and in the next session Balsamo got to Woods with a right to the jaw that dropped the familiarly known Pop Eye for a no-count just before the bell. Woods got going from the third round on, and in a beautiful boxing exhibition, smeared blood over Balsamo's face when he cut his left eye with a ripping jab. Walter continued to torment Harry with his rapierlike jab and occasionally followed through with jarring right-hand punches to score with ridiculous ease.

Balsamo came out fast in the last round intent on scoring a knockout, and managed to win the round when he stunned Woods with a beautiful body belt, but Walter was fighting back at the finish, and near the end of the round he hurt his right hand coming out of a body exchange. The receipts were $10,107.68.

In six-round bouts, Johnny Cabello drew with Lou Camps; Jack Sharkey, Jr., defeated Joey Fontana; Tony Ciaccio whipped Jose Souta, and Augustine Arellano, better known as Tiger Pelon, won over Frankie Butler. Ben Wojack whipped Frankie Slevin in a four.

Detroit was treated to a surprise and what may go down in boxing as the upset of the year, when Isadoro Gastanaga, a mediocre heavyweight, turned in a startling victory over John Henry Lewis, world's light-heavyweight king, in an overweight match of ten rounds, a contest that saw the 175-pound ruler just stagger through to the limit.

In a fight that was nothing more than a tune-up affair, the Spaniard twice dropped Lewis in the first round for no-counts, and in the third round dropped the Negro for a nine-count. Only by a super-human effort did John Henry manage to arise then, and in a brilliant display of ring generalship, lasted the round. But he never got over the effects of that knockdown, and although he made a game rally in the seventh round, it faded out as Gastanaga quickly took the play away from him to coast in to an easy victory.

Andre Lenglet was disqualified in the eighth round of his scheduled ten-round bout with Marty Gallagher at the New York Hippodrome when he used tactics unbecoming a gentleman in roughing, using the head, and hitting out of bounds throughout the fight. Gallagher's caginess in avoiding the Frenchman's leads so infuriated Lenglet, he employed all means he could think of to open up the Washington heavyweight for a knockout punch, but Marty was too smart, and after Andre insisted in his rough-house tactics, the referee called a halt in the eighth round and awarded the fight to Gallagher. Gunnar Barlund came back to the wars in the semi-final contest and won in quick and decisive fashion over Eddie Coderre, the Gunner scoring a knockout in the first round. In another fight, George Nicholson knocked out Oliver Shank in the third round.

Bobby Pacho beat Frankie Cavanna in eight hard-fought rounds at the Royal Windsor Palace. In the semi-windup, Paulie Walker scored a two-round knockout over Dave Bungy. Joey Wach scored a real surprise victory in whipping Vincenzo Dell Orto—Johnny Bellus continued to win at the New York Coliseum when he whipped Johnny Bonito over the eight-round route. Johnny Rinaldi drew with Freddie Foran in a six—Herbie Katz scored a one-round knockout victory over Ralph Chong in the Broadway Arena, and on the same card, Young Chappie scored over Jimmy English in six rounds.

Davey Day won a ten-round decision over Enrico Venturi in a bitterly-fought contest at the Hippodrome. Day's harder and sharper punching with a right-hand uppercut, shaded Venturi's forcing and more rapid-fire punching. At 136 pounds, Day spotted Venturi three pounds on the show that drew a net of $4,484.37.

Irving Eldridge whipped Julio Gonzales in eight rounds. Pete Scalzo scored a six-round technical knockout victory over Red Hutchins when the referee stopped fight because of a badly cut eye. Nick Camarata scored in a sensational six-rounder over Augie Gonzales in a fight that was easily the best of the evening. In the opening four-rounder, Roy Vallee whipped Jackie Nelson.

Bernie Friedkin, the rapid rising Brooklyn Schoolboy, got off the deck in the first round to score a sensational two-round knockout over Nickey Jerome in the most thrilling battle witnessed at the Broadway Arena this year. Friedkin dropped Jerome twice before he was counted out. Pete Cara won on a technical knockout over Lew Raymond in the seventh round when Raymond couldn't continue because of a cut eye—Lew Feldman won in eight rounds over Frankie Terranova at the Ridgewood Grove. Joey Fontana kayoed Johnny Schibelli in four—Jack Barro is fast rising into the boxing limelight with his fine gymnasium in Brooklyn. Around long enough to know his fighters, Barro is looking after a good crop of amateurs, while seconding his professional boys.

Solly Krieger entered the middleweight picture again when he knocked out Eddie Maguire in the seventh round of a scheduled twelve-rounder at the Broadway Arena. Maguire was down six times from the punching Brooklynite before the referee mercifully intervened to save Eddie from further punishment. Willie Fool scored in eight rounds over Nick Pastore. Jim Robinson, promising young heavyweight, scored a one-round knockout over Gene Muhlmeyer—Al Reid scored a no-count knockdown over Johnny DeFoe in the seventh round to win an eight-round decision over the West Sider at the Royal Windsor Palace. Reid won in decisive fashion. Joey Fontana drew with Johnny Mirabella in six slashing rounds.

Red Guggino won an eight-round decision over Johnny Morro at the New York Coliseum. On the same card, Joe Lemieux knocked out Mickey Juliano in six rounds—Enrico Venturi, weighing 140 pounds, used a 4½-pound edge to good advantage in winning over Tommy Rawson in eight rounds at the Royal Windsor Palace. Mickey Farber defeated Julio Gonzales in another eight-rounder—B. T. Pate is looking for fighters who are not tied up to anyone, and he can be reached at 509 Flamingo Drive, West Palm Beach—Pinkie George has given up the promoting business and will hereafter confine himself to managing Henry Schaft, a Minneapolis welterweight.

Bobby Pacho whipped Phil Furr in a stormy eight-round bout at the Royal Windsor Palace. Away to a fast start, Pacho tired in the later rounds as Furr began to play the mid-section, and a low punch that cost Phil the seventh round may also have cost him a draw decision. Paulie Walker knocked out Toots Bernstein in the fifth round of a scheduled eight-round event. Walker dropped Bernstein twice in the fourth round and Toots was making a game effort in the fifth until hit with a snappy right that felled him. Lou Salica pulled one out of the bag when, after being outpointed for three rounds, he nailed Joey Wach with an inside right that dropped Joey. Twice more Salica dropped Wach in what was the Broadway Arena eight-round feature, before the referee stopped the proceedings. Eddie Alzek drew with Joe Boscarino in a six-round affair.

Benny Lynch handed English boxing a severe jolt when he knocked out Peter Kane in the thirteenth round in defense of his flyweight title. Forty-five thousand people paid $87,000 to see this struggle between Europe's major titans of swat, a contest that saw Kane unable to cope with the cleverness of the champion—Eddie Wenstob won the Canadian heavyweight title when he bested Sonny Buxton over the twelve-round route. The show drew $3,500, and was promoted by Ted Moore—San Jose witnessed a boxing revival when the match between Small Montana and Jackie Jurich drew $5,900, important money for little fellows anywhere.

The Royal Windsor Palace was the scene of a big upset when George Daley defeated Paul Junior in the most thrilling fight the midtown arena has witnessed this year. For eight rounds it was give and take, with gore being spilled all over the canvas. Italo Colonello scored a knockout over Luis Le Page in the second round—Joe Chimboly and George Sheppard teamed up as promoters at Columbus Hall in Stamford and in their first presentation, Saverio Turiello whipped Eddie Conley in ten rounds.

Johnny Bellus, New Haven lightweight, and Eddie Cool, Philly lightweight, went eight stirring rounds to an even break at the New York Coliseum. Opinion was divided equally as to the actual winner, so the officials played it safe by calling it a draw. Ralph Vona scored over Pete Koloff in the eight-round semi-final—Arturo Godoy, Chilean heavyweight, finished Eddie Mader in the fifth of a scheduled eight-round affair at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Mader did well for two rounds but wilted under the body battering of Godoy, who scored a knockdown prior to the termination of the bout. Willie Fool scored over Joe Pennino after eight savagely fought rounds in the semi.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

THE fighting industry in the Windy City has been moving along at a brisk pace. The Marigold Gardens Arena, with Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun at the controls, displayed a scorcher in a welterweight shindig between Milt Aron and Chuck Woods of Detroit. Aron, after having been floored for three consecutive rounds, proved beyond any doubt his prowess, when he annihilated the bronze Italian in the fifth round of a tenner. Woods was beaten in a subsequent match by George Salvadore of Houston. Salvadore, in turn, was bested in a closely contested match by the up and coming West Side Jewish sensation, Harold Brown.

Pete Lello, Gary, Ind., belter, is winning with consistency, chalking up twenty-seven victories to date. Izzy Kline, manager of Lello, has taken over the reins of William Joyce, 1937 Golden Gloves featherweight champion. Joyce will do his campaigning in the 135-pound division, scaling 130 at present.

Lem Franklin, dusky "Brown Panther," took the measure of Max Zona, C.Y.O., in two rounds, scoring five knockdowns before writing finis on his antagonist. Al Manriquez, Sioux City, Ia., Mexican, lost a busy eight-round encounter to Everett Simmington, Poplar Bluff, Mo. Harvey Woods, talented puncher from St. Paul, Minn., after his losing gesture to Pete Lello, went about his usual victory rampage, scoring a win over Henry Huert in the first round due to a cut eye, and beating Paul Lee of Indiana in a main event.

Bob Capocy is the busiest manager in town, doing well with Bob La Monte, welter star, who is in great demand hereabouts; also readying Danny Valerio, promising lightweight, who will go places. Capocy can be reached at 1101 So. Winchester Avenue. Holman Williams, 147-pound colored flash, who is rapidly forging to the front, thrashed Remo Fernandez of San Diego, Cal., twice at White City, where Billy Cepak holds forth. If this colored dynamo is ever given an opportunity of meeting the topnotch caliber of pugilists, "Watch out!" Johnny Barbara, fast-rising welter, continued his winning streak at the expense of Chester Rudy of California and Cecil McClellan of Detroit, whom he kayoed in six rounds. Barbara hails from South Bend, Ind. Al Netlow, cagy C.Y.O. artist, formerly of Detroit, won his last out handily from the two-fisted Filipino, Varias Milling, from the Coast. Sammy Angott, Louisville, Ky., biffer, emerged victorious in a hot ten-rounder with the one-time formidable Johnny Pena. This headliner was another feature which received the fans' approval by their appearing on the scene of fistic combat in droves.

Davey Day, our pugnacious lightweight representative, removed Enrico Venturi of Italy as an obstacle in his quest to a titular embroglio with Champion Lou Ambers, "Herkimer Hurricane." This mêlée was a tenner at New York. Johnny Helstrom, North Side 138-pounder, proved his staying powers, as well as a rejuvenating power to scramble to a draw in five rounds with the publicized Andy Scrivani, on one of the Marigold cards. Helstrom was dropped by a left counter early in the battle, but his ever-rapid firing earned for him a well deserved draw. He also beat Sam Scully and lost a thriller to Frankie Agnes, redheaded Irish two-fisted stylist, who in turn triumphed over brother Eddie, Chief Webster, Indian from Milwaukee, Charlie Hudson and Battling Raymond. "A busy battler," I would say.

Buddy Knox, Dayton, O., 200-pounder, who is now making Chicago his headquarters, is, in reality, "going to town." He decisively whipped Art Oliver, 1937 heavyweight Golden Gloves champion, and battered into submission Eddie Coderre of New York in the ninth round. Nate Bolden, another 1937 Golden Gloves finalist, scored his most convincing and prominent win, with a spirited five-round verdict over the dynamic punching Tony Zale from Gary, Ind. Bolden has class, make no mistake about it. Fight fans enjoy his style of execution as he doesn't utilize his boxing and hitting finesse to exhaustion at the very beginning, but bides his time and lets go when the opportunity presents itself.

Billy Marquart, Olympic representative of Canada in the last international affair, ran into a tartar in opposing the veteran Kid Irish in a ten-round skirmish at the Marigold Arena. Marquart didn't possess a commanding lead at any particular time throughout the contest. Fight-goers had expected a K.O. via Marquart's hands before five rounds would have elapsed. Kid Irish hasn't appeared here in over four years and I don't believe he could have selected a more opportune moment. This Italian with the Irish sobriquet can get all the action he desires heretofore. Bob La Monte, 155-pounder, has returned from Texas rings and displayed himself to advantage in his last two local appearances, beating the diminutive but rugged Mike Pereira, and bested Phil Rosenberg, who is attending Illinois University at present, four and six rounds, respectively. The former at the Marigold and the latter at the Park Casino, where Promoter Walter Anderson and Matchmaker Howard Carr direct activities.

RANDOLPH STREET RAMBLINGS—George Trafton's gymnasium of swat is the only pro gym in existence, outside of the C. Y. O., which is restricted to Catholic Youths. At the former, 180 W. Randolph St., you can view in training such ring luminaries as: World's Welter Champion Barney Ross, Milt Aron, Harold Brown, George Salvadore, Buddy Knox, Pete Lello, Barney Brock, Nate Bolden, Harry Thomas, Illinois heavyweight champion; and George Dixon II, Tony Musto, Jack Fargo, Carl Vinciquerra, Emil Campagna, Mike "Little Pal" Primitch, on the comeback trail; and Tommy Howell, Joe Chisar, Johnny and Eddie Helstrom, Frankie Agnes, Davey Day, Leo Rodak, Harvey Woods, Al Manriquez, Everett Simmington, Lem Franklin, and a host of others.

Jack Weinhaus and Oscar Manacof are the advisory council for Buddy Knox, and as exemplified in his conquests, proves the shrewdness of these two arbiters. Nate Lewis, boxing mogul for the last twenty years or more, is the efficient mentor of Harry Thomas and Leo Rodak, who, in his most recent fistic combat, glorified himself with a well-deserved draw, opposing the Pittsburgh featherweight contender, Jackie Wilson, in fifteen rounds of fast gloving.

Don't forget to have all news of interest in no later than the first of any month, in care of yours truly at 5340 Winthrop Avenue. If you are not able to obtain a copy of THE RING publication at your local dealer, you can secure a subscription at a discount from the home office. Address: THE RING, Madison Square Garden, 307 W. 49th Street, New York City. See you next month. Until then, adios.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

ROSENBLOOM wins questionable verdict over Adamick! Thus was the headline in the papers the day following Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom's ten-round bout with Jimmy Adamick, the young slugger from Midland, Mich. They headlined Jack Kearns' last card in the Olympia, and played to a capacity house of approximately $30,000. Adamick, who had stopped everything they had put up against him in recent months, faced the most eccentric fighter in the business, and although he dropped Maxie in the second and sixth rounds, saw Referee Elmer "Slim" McClelland raise Rosenbloom's hand at the finish.

Roscoe Toles, Detroit's colored heavyweight ace, turned in a good performance when he stopped Izzy Singer of New York in the fourth round of their headliner at Arena Gardens. Roscoe dropped Singer six times before Referee Sam Hennessey halted the bout.

Mickey Misko, Michigan light-heavyweight champion, punched his way to a clean-cut victory over Chester Palutis, Scranton, Pa., in another bout at Arena Gardens.

Billy Bengal, Dearborn 138-pounder, has been making rapid strides of late in his last three bouts. Billy knocked out Major Brown twice, and took a decision over Speedy Johnson.

The Hazel Park Arena, Michigan's steadiest small club, is still going strong. They hold boxing every Friday, and haven't missed a week in seven years. Matchmaker Walter Sharp has been presenting swell shows of late, and drawing good houses.

Pat Thomas, Detroit's Irish lightweight contender, turned in a nice performance when he went the route with Bobby McIntire and gained a draw. In the early rounds it looked like Pat wouldn't be able to finish, but he did, and waged an uphill battle that took the eye of Referee Frankie Dailey. McIntire seemed to have won the bout, but Daily raised both hands at the conclusion.

Commissioner Frank MacDonell, tsar of Michigan boxing, had judges help give decisions on the Toles-Singer card. Michigan has had referees' decisions for some ten years, but in view of the squawks made at recent bouts, MacDonell figured if the fans wanted judges, they should have them, and in the future two judges and a referee will give decisions at the big clubs.

Bobby McIntire, Detroit lightweight of promise, advanced a step nearer the top rung of the ladder when he turned in a sparkling performance to vanquish Alex Yanes, who came to Detroit hailed at champion of Cuba. McIntire made a lot of friends in beating Yanes, and Yanes, a strong, two-fisted puncher, will be welcomed back also.

Norman Hinton's winning streak was snapped when Nick Torres gained a close decision over the clever Toledoan at the Hazel Park Arena. Pat Thomas survived a knockdown in the first round to defeat the smart and hard-hitting Ralph Barnett in the semi-windup.

Bobby McIntire dropped Jack Curley five times before stopping him with a left hook to the body at Hazel Park.

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HERCULES EXERCISES
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The Detroit debut of light-heavyweight champion John Henry Lewis was expected to advance John Henry to a challenging position for heavyweight honors. Practically everyone connected with the fight game predicted an easy victory for Lewis when he climbed into the Olympia ring to battle Isadoro Gastanaga, the clouting Castilian. True, Gastanaga had just flattened Lorenzo Pack, but Lewis was still a top-heavy favorite when the opening bell rang.

Gastanaga went right out, throwing his best punches from the start. He dropped Lewis twice in the first round and again in the third, and it looked like John Henry would be knocked out, but he came back to wage a brilliant though losing battle, and the decision in favor of Gastanaga met with the approval of all concerned.

Marty Simmons, stocky middleweight from Saginaw, punched out a close decision over Honeyboy Jones, classy colored clouter from Pittsburgh, in the semi-final.

Junior Munsell, hard-hitting Indian heavyweight from Oklahoma, stole the show with his jig-time knockout of Ralph Carpenter. Munsell, a protégé of Pepper Martin, St. Louis Cardinal outfielder, is the possessor of a terrific left hook, and he exploded it on the chin of Carpenter numerous times in that first round. Carpenter was out like a light.

Billy Bengal, a natural 140-pounder, foolishly tried to beat nature and failed dismally. Coming in at 133½ to fight the stocky Mexican, Al Manriquez of Sioux City, Ia., Bengal knocked Manriquez down twice in the first round and had him in bad shape, but was unable to follow his advantage, allowing Manriquez to finish the round. From then on, it was all Manriquez, his infighting earning him an easy decision.

Harvey Woods, a nifty battler from St. Paul, dropped Kid Sila twice to win the decision over the hard-hitting Cuban.

Jimmy Adamick, Detroit's heavyweight knockout artist, stepped back into the winning column after that questionable verdict he lost to Maxie Rosenbloom, when he knocked out Lou Thomas, Indiana heavyweight champion, in a bout at South Bend. Adamick is the fastest and hardest punching heavyweight we have seen in many a day.

Cecil McClellan, Detroit welter, went out of his class when he crossed gloves with Johnny Barbara of South Bend, and failed to last the route. Barbara is a swell scrapper.

Alex Yanes, Cuban featherweight champion, seems to have hit his stride. After running second to Bobby McIntire in an Arena Gardens bout, Alex defeated the highly-touted Georgie Vanderhayden at South Bend.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

THE benefit show on behalf of the old-timer, Bob Kendrick, staged at Belle Vue, Manchester, was a huge success, and the packed house saw a very good show.

John Cusick, Manchester's clever featherweight, was paired with Billy Charlton of Sunderland over fifteen rounds for the Northern Area title. Referee Jack Dare raised the hand of Cusick as the winner. This started a loud demonstration against the official's decision, which took some time to quieten down.

Jim Brady of Dundee caused a big surprise by defeating Len Hampston of Batley on points after ten rounds of fast fighting.

Tiny Bostock, the Leek flyweight, punched too hard for Charlie Wilson of Manchester, who was put out in the seventh of a twelve-round bout by a punch to the mark.

Tommy Martin of Deptford forced Jim Hales of Stepney to retire at the end of the fourth round at Deptford Arena.

Game Frank Hough of Battersea came in as a last-minute substitute to meet Eddie Peirce of South Africa in a ten-round contest at the Ring, London, for the opening show. Hough put up a great bout, only to be declared loser at the end of a sterling contest.

Billy "Kid" Brooks of Stratford gained a ten-round decision over Frankie Hill of Barrow after a great bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Billy Armstrong of Blackfriars was unlucky to have to retire at the end of the seventh of a ten-round bout when his eye was badly cut, and his opponent, Jud Hill of Barrow, was awarded the decision.

On the same program, a strongly built amateur middleweight, Billy Hummerston of Camberwell, made his professional debut when he K.O.'ed George Cunningham of St. George's in the first of a four-round bout.

After being behind on points, Jack Lord of Bolton, Northern Area welterweight champ, unleashed a heavy right to the jaw of George Bunters of West Hartlepool that spelled finis to a good contest in the sixth of a ten-round bout at West Hartlepool.

A good crowd witnessed a grand slam between Jack McLeod, Scottish middleweight champ, and Pat Connolly of Ireland at Kirkcaldy. The bout lasted the limit of ten rounds and Connolly received the decision.

Bobby Magee of North Shields and Jake Carr of Low Fell put up a tame show for 12 rounds at Newcastle before the former received the decision.

Tommy Smith of Sunderland gained a smart win over Syd Parker of Bolton in an interesting twelve-round bout at North Shields.

Two Greens, Joe of Middlesborough and Ted of Sheffield, put up a good contest at Stockton for twelve rounds before Joe received the decision.

Con O'Kelly of Hull made a successful comeback to the ring after four years' absence and defeated Bert Ikin of Stoke-on-Trent at White City, Hull, in the third of a twelve-round bout, when the referee intervened when Ikin's eye was badly cut.

In the chief supporter, Jack Garrick, the hard-hitting local lightweight, defeated Con Flynn of Islington in the fourth of a ten-round bout when the latter's seconds skied the towel as a token of defeat.

Billy Smith, ex-Irish lightweight champ, received a lesson in boxing from Alf Summers of Kent in their ten-rounder at Belfast Arena, and lost on points at the end.

Battling every inch of the way in their ten-round bout at Oxford, Bob Firmin of Lowestoft and Jack Robinson of Nottingham put up a great show, and the two knockdowns in Robinson's favor in the last round enabled him to secure a draw.

Mog Mason of Gilfach Loch, who contemplates boxing in the U. S. A. in the same camp as Tommy Farr, proved too strong for Jack Thomas of Swansea in their scheduled ten-round bout at Swansea. The bout lasted only four rounds owing to Thomas retiring with a damaged hand.

Bill Hardy of Leicester gained a good victory over Frank Hough of Battersea in a hard ten-round bout at York.

There was a remarkable scene at the Liverpool Stadium after the K.O. in the seventh round of Kid Silvers, the colored Jamaican welterweight, by the local Ernie Roderick.

Silvers was counted out on his hands and knees and had previously taken some punishment. The chairman of the Northern Council of the B. B. B. C. ordered the purse money of the boxer to be withheld for an inquiry. Later he was paid his money.

The National Sporting Club started its boxing shows with a big bang at the Empress Stadium, Earls Court.

A crowd of 9,000 saw a very good program, in which Dave Crowley of Clerkenwell was declared the winner over Jack Garrick of Hull, the latter being ruled out for an alleged low blow in the fifth round.

Larry Gains, ex-Empire heavyweight champion, scored a K.O. over the French heavyweight champ, Charles Rutz, in the second of a ten-round bout.

Jack Kid Berg and Jake Kilrain, British welterweight champ, started their ten-round bout like a windmill, both flinging punches and neither letting up. For four rounds Berg took considerable body punishment but weathered the storm and cut Kilrain's eye so bad that the referee intervened and declared Berg the winner.

Benny Caplan, featherweight champion of the Southern Area, gained a clever points victory over Joe Brahams of Mile End over fifteen rounds, thus successfully defending his Southern Area title.

Tommy Martin of Deptford received the decision over Jimmy Wilde of Wales in a ten-round bout.

Johnny King, British bantamweight champion, K.O.'ed Johnny Ryan in the sixth of a ten-round bout at Coventry.

Frankie Hill of Barrow defeated Con Flynn of Islington in the sixth of a ten-round bout at Barrow when the referee stopped the bout after Flynn had taken eight counts.

George Reynolds, lightweight champion of Wales, easily defeated Nobby Baker of Trealaw in their twelve-round bout at Mountain Ash before a crowd of 5,000 fans.

Johnny Best of Liverpool Stadium opened new ground at Leicester when he staged a successful show at the Granby Halls.

The chief bout was between Eddie Pierce of Africa and Ernie Simmons of Leicester over ten rounds. Pierce won.

Stan Kirby of Leicester won on points over Alf Robinson of Manchester at the end of ten rounds; Bill Hardy of Barlestone outpointed Jack Stanner, Northern Area cruiserweight champion, in an exciting 10-round bout; and Kid Bonsor of Nottingham gained a narrow ten-round points decision over Joe Curran of Liverpool.

The Stadium Club's heavyweight, Jack Langford, was defeated by a young colored novice, George Drummond of Hackney, on points over six rounds at the Stadium Club.

Two locals, Tut Whalley, the southpaw, and Benny Jones, met in a scheduled ten-round bout at Hanley, but four were enough for Jones, who retired (after taking considerable punishment) at the end of the round.

Jim Edgar staged a successful tournament at the Ulster Hall, Belfast, and the results of the chief bouts were as follows:

Joe Kerr of Glasgow won in the third round against Billy English of Belfast when the referee intervened, and in an eight-round contest, Tiger Defer of France won on points from Sam Thompson of Lisburn.

Sid Worgan of Llanharan created a big surprise at Briton Ferry by outpointing Mog Mason of Gilfach Loch over ten rounds after a good bout.

Len Beynon of Swansea outclassed Joe Green of Middlesborough over twelve rounds at Swansea.

There was a packed hall at the Pier Hastings when the local heavy, Bombardier George Markwick, met Alf Cozens of Hammersmith over six rounds in a star bout.

Cozens stayed the distance by sheer pluck and proved the first to last the distance in Markwick's twelfth professional contest. He proved very game to get up after a count of eight in the fourth, the gong saving him from a K.O.

John Mortimer started his season's boxing with a large crowd at the Connaught Drill Hall, Portsmouth, which included the crew of Endeavor I, who were given a big hand.

Monty Brown of Portsmouth and Fred Clements of Cambridge boxed 10 rounds to a draw; Len Lemaux of Portsmouth defeated Tom Thomas of Wales, the latter retiring at the end of the seventh round; Bill Pleace of Portsmouth outpunched Dixie Kid of Wales so much in two rounds of their eight-round bout that it was no surprise when the referee stopped the contest, when the colored lad tottered to his corner.

It took Chris "Ginger" Foran nine rounds to score a K.O. over Karl Beck, Germany's featherweight champion, at the Stadium, Liverpool. A body punch ended the contest, with Beck hanging over the bottom rope.

When Dan McAllister of Belfast was defeated by Norman Denny of South Shields most fans were surprised as McAllister, former amateur champion, is regarded as one of this year's discoveries. A return was soon fixed up and the Irish lad showed a complete change in this contest and boxed brilliantly to win easily on points over 10 rounds.

A record crowd of 50,000 people saw one of the greatest bouts in any division when Benny Lynch, world's flyingweight champion, met the undefeated Peter Kane of Goldbourne, Lancs.

The large football ground of Shawfield Park, Glasgow, was packed to the doors and the promoter, George Dingley, who paid the two boxers $40,000, declared the gate to be $90,000.

The contest was fought at a very fast pace and the scenes after Lynch retained his title were astonishing.

At the weigh-in Lynch scaled 14 ounces inside the 112-pound limit, but Kane surprised the large gathering by coming in one pound two ounces inside the limit, which is not a good thing for a flyweight who needed every ounce against a fighter of the Benny Lynch standard.

Lynch started off the first round with a crisp right hook to Kane's jaw that put him down with a bang, and after rising Kane took the fight to the champion and held his own for the next five rounds. Both dealt out terrific punches to the body and jaw and it was a question who would be the ultimate winner.

The noise was deafening as the boys came up for each round and about half way Lynch was seen to be coming on top with the finer points of the game. Kane, never perturbed, gave and took plenty and during the eighth Lynch brought the claret from Kane's nose, but this made the Lancashire lad fight all the harder. He found Lynch every inch a champion. (The best since Jimmy Wilde without a doubt.)

Lynch dominated the fight from the 10th round and Kane was the recipient of some devastating punches and during the 11th and 12th Lynch was superb. It looked like the end as Lynch, by this time, was making very few mistakes.

Coming up for the 13th Lynch was fight crazy and tore into the game Goldbourne lad with all he had. He put Kane down with a corking right for seven and on rising another right-hand punch put him down for the full count. He was half hanging over the bottom rope when the referee, Mr. W. H. Barrington Dalby, counted him out, amidst the most astonishing scenes imaginable.

Johnny McGorry, Scotland's British featherweight champion, defeated Spider Kelly of Ireland in a 10-round bout that was full of thrills.

Al Roth, New York lightweight, made a successful debut in Europe when he scored a T.K.O. over Jack Lyden of Liverpool when the latter retired with a damaged hand at the end of the fifth round.

The Empress Hall, Earls Court, was packed and many were turned away. The crowd was treated to a big shock for after a few light leads Lyden shot through a right to Roth's jaw that put him down with a thud for eight.

Roth, built on short stocky lines, looked like a miniature Max Baer and his pleasing style made a distinct hit with the fans. By clever punching and hard hitting he soon had Lyden bleeding from nose and mouth.

Jackie Brown of Manchester boxed brilliantly to defeat Pat Palmer of Battersea in the sixth of a 10-round bout.

Brown showed flashes of his old form and Palmer would not back up against Brown, who dealt out some heavy punishment before the towel came into the ring.

Eddie Pierce of South Africa and Kid Tunero of Cuba put up a poor contest scheduled for 10 rounds, a low blow from Tunero ending the contest in the fourth, when he was disqualified.

Jackie Hurst of St. Georges and Johnny Holt of South Africa put up a stirring battle for five rounds of a scheduled eight-round bout before the referee, Moss Deyong, stopped the bout when Holt sustained a very bad cut lip and eye.

Johnny King, bantamweight champion of Great Britain, made short work of Young Chocolate, (Jamaica) at Colston Hall, Bristol, when he K.O.'d the latter in the fourth of a 10-round bout.

On the same card Dodo Williams of Jamaica lost on points to Douglas Kestrell of Wales over 10 rounds.

Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green was too clever for Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross and ran out a good points winner at the end of the 10 rounds at the Ring, London.

Stafford Barton of Jamaica outpointed Tom Smith of Wales after a spirited contest of 10 rounds.

Dave Kellar, Southern Area flyweight champion, won over a classy opponent in Charlie Wilson because he took everything and came back fighting during their contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. Dave won in the fourth, Wilson retiring with a damaged hand.

Billy Walker of Stratford and Normany Denny of South Shields furnished the fans with a corking contest which ended in a draw after 10 rounds.

Len Hampston of Batley scored a good win over Joe Hardy of Manchester by K.O.'ing him in the third of a hard hitting bout at Morecambe.

A show for the National Union of Journalists Dependents Fund at the Stadium Club had as its chief bout George Reynolds, Welsh lightweight

champion, and Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross over 12 rounds, and after a hectic battle the referee declared a draw.

Bombardier George Markwich, the Army heavyweight champion, scored a convincing win over Johnny Carr of Islington in the third of a six-round bout.

Dave Sonnenberg's Canadian heavyweight, Al Delaney, made his debut in a British ring with a convincing victory over the heavier Harry Staal, heavyweight champion of Holland, in a scheduled 10-round bout at the N.S.C. Show at Earls Court.

Delaney showed class by his orthodox boxing and peppered the Dutchman with all kinds of punches. The referee did the right thing in stopping the contest in the seventh when Staal was in a bad way.

Tiny Bostock of Leek proved himself as the outstanding challenger to Benny Lynch's crown by the manner of his K.O. victory over Petit Biquet, bantamweight champion of Europe, in the sixth round at Johnny Best's show at Granby Halls, Leicester.

How Referee Jack Smith came to the conclusion that Walter Neusel, the "Blond Tiger" from Germany, had deserved the decision over Maurice Strickland is beyond me.

For 12 rounds they battled away at the Empire Pool, Wembley, although the mauling tactics of Neusel had the effect of slowing Strickland down. I am certain that the New Zealander had done enough by his cleverer hitting to have been declared the winner.

When Jack Smith raised the hand of Neusel as the winner pandemonium broke loose. Never have I seen a scene like the one that followed the decision as this, and the names of the participants in the next bout could not be heard by the spectators owing to the catcalls and shouting that was prolonged and carried on throughout the contest between Ernie Roderick of Liverpool and Jimmy Purcell of Australia.

Purcell was gameness personified. He took a terrific lacing and several counts before the referee stopped the one-sided contest in the fifth round.

Dave Crowley, the dark haired Clerkenwell lightweight, won with a bit to spare from George Odwell in their eliminating contest over 10 rounds.

George James outpointed Alf Robinson after a good bout over six rounds. Ted Broadribb's Irish heavyweight, Dom Lydon, won by a K.O. over Tiny Woodhouse in the third round.

Moss DeYong staged a successful charity show at the Stadium Club, Holborn, on behalf of the Lion Aid Society. The results were as follows:—

Billy Murdoch of Whitehaven outpointed Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green over 10 rounds; Battling Hayes of Leeds defeated Pat Palmer of Battersea over 10 rounds; Billy Walker of Stratford K.O.'d Jack Hansborough of Leeds in the seventh of a 10-round bout, and Frankie Hill of Barrow outpointed Phil Bevan of Poplar over 10 rounds.

Alby Day of Old Ford K.O.'d George Bunter of West Hartlepool in the third of a 10-round bout at West Ham Baths.

Tom Reddington of Salford caused a surprise by stopping Jack Stanner of Widnes in the third of a scheduled 10 rounder when the referee stopped the bout at the Stadium, Liverpool.

Nat Joseph and Joe McAllister of Belfast staged a successful show at the King's Hall, Balmoral, Belfast, which drew a crowd of 10,000 fans.

Jim McStravick of Belfast was outpointed by Valentin Angleman of Paris over 10 rounds.

Fortunato Ortega of Spain outpointed Pat McStravick over 10 rounds.

Jimmy Vaughan of Becontree easily outpointed Patsy Quinn of Belfast over eight rounds, and Pat Marrinan of Belfast K.O.'d Bert Ikin of Stoke on Trent in the fourth of a six-round bout.

Dan McAllister, Belfast's crack featherweight, K.O.'d Jim McInally of Scotland in the third.

Many readers have written me stating they have been disappointed by being unable to receive their copy of The Ring Magazine as it was out of stock in their towns.

Readers sending postal order for ¼ (One Shilling and Fourpence) on the 25th of each month to the "Writer," 3 Edward Street, London E.1, England, and The Ring Magazine will be sent by return post. Get into the habit!

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HAVANA promises to be a very busy city this winter in fisticuffs. The racing season, which starts on Christmas Day, should bring thousands of tourists here.

Kid Chocolate, Cuba's greatest ringster, tops the de luxe card presented by Juan Belmonte, local promoter, when he will meet Young Chappie in a ten-round bout. The Kid is in splendid shape, and certainly deserves a better ranking in Eddie Borden's section of The Ring Magazine. Pincho Gutierrez is personally supervising the Kid's training.

Fillo Echeverria, the popular Spanish featherweight, is also scheduled for a ten-rounder on the same card. Manolo Brana, his pilot, is taking pains in preparing his star for a good impression.

Conrado Conde, Cuba's popular featherweight, came along with a hot finish to even the score with Lew Farber in ten rounds at the Cristal Arena. Conde proved quite a strong opponent for the clever Lew, and their work was well applauded.

Kid Manzanillo, Mexican bantam, is quite a crowd pleaser. Manzanillo won in ten rounds over Kid Chichi, and two weeks later drew with Baby Louis in a very hot contest. Zurdo Torres beat Diego Torriente in six rounds, and Domingo Govin scored in four rounds over Arcadio Santamaria.

Tomas Avia, Cuba's new featherweight champion, scored a five-round knockout over Enrique Delgado, and two weeks later won over Kid Rapidez in a twelve-round titular bout. Rapidez gave the champion a hot scrap, scoring a knockdown in the early rounds, but Avia's superior boxing proved that he is a worthy wearer of the crown.

Joe Pedroso, local lightweight, scored over Pedro Ortega of Mexico in ten heats.

Joe Legon, Cuba's former welterweight champion, sailed right into Kid Bradad at the first gong, and with a two-fisted attack to the mid-section, worked his way to a ten-round victory. Legon is as game as they come, and his victory was a well-deserved one.

Baby Oriental, local flashy featherweight, easily defeated Pedro Ortega of Mexico in ten rounds.

Eddy Chapman, Cuban middleweight, scored a five-round technical knockout over Frank Ortiz. Chapman was too clever for the hard-punching Ortiz.

Adolfo Font, one of Cuba's leading newspaper men, returned to Havana after a long stay in New York, where he went to report on the World Series ball games.

Pepe Conte, another popular Cuban sportswriter, who also went to New York to write up on the World Series, just returned to Havana.

Willy Del Pino, one of Cuba's pioneer boxing men, after a few years' abroad, is back in Havana again. Willy will bring some good boxers to Havana, and will then make another trip to South America. Good luck, Willy.

Johnny Cruz, Cuba's clever featherweight, is home again after a successful journey to Miami, where he has a large following.

Kid Rapidez, although losing a twelve-round devision to Avia, the champion, is quite a good performer, and if he tries hard enough he will reach the goal yet—the championship of Cuba "Rapidez" means speed, and he is the personification of speed, all right.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK SAUNDERS

THE long-looked-for Phil Johnson-Herrera bout came off and was a big flop. Luckily for the patrons, the rest of the card was good.

Johnson entered the ring looking like a preacher. He threw three punches in the three rounds that he lasted. He was knocked out in the beginning of the fourth.

Jack Bembrige, a newcomer from St. Thomas, stole the show by winning a six-round decision over the veteran Fred Cooke. Bembrige had Cooke on the deck for a short count in the fourth round, but could not keep him down. With a little polishing up, this boy could go places.

Kid Hartley stopped the winning streak of the busy little Baby Walcott. This is quite a feat, as Walcott is one of the best boys of his weight around this part of the world.

Breezy Boy turned in a good fight earning a draw against the hard-hitting Quintano Shadow.

Black Bill got the duke over Boy Peterson, but the fans did not like it.

It was pleasing news that Lefty Flynn was scheduled to meet Jake Kilrain, the welterweight champion of Great Britain, but it was even more gratifying to learn of the splendid showing he put up in his rival's own territory, which earned the plaudits of the natives.

The decision of a draw was naturally surprising and disappointing, but we regard that decision as a lesson to our lefty to put his foes to sleep so there can be no doubt as to the winner.

Good light-heavyweights who would like to try their skill in Jamaica can be assured of reasonable guaranteed purses. Those interested can get further particulars from Jack Saunders, P. O. Box 251, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

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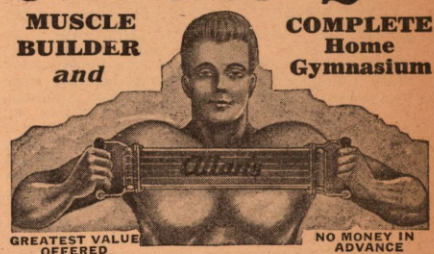

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Important Notice

Boxing Writers, Attention

The Ring Magazine, as in past years, will carry its Annual Rating of World Boxers in the February Issue. Boxing Writers in all parts of the World are invited to contribute their selections.

Please name, where ever possible, at least three boxers in each division—more if you can. Your choice will be used with that of others, in determining the final standing of boxers in our honor list for 1937.

These should be mailed immediately so that they will be in my possession no later than December 5, 1937.

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
By AL LANG

JIMMY MURRAY and his two stars, Pablo Dano and Billy Barnes, are going great guns in local rings. Barnes recently won the welterweight championship of California by knocking out Bert Colima II in nine rounds before a turn away gathering at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. The new champion meets Pete DeRuzza at Hollywood. DeRuzza, who is managed by Maxie Ross, lost an unpopular decision to Leon Zorrita in his only local start. The referee was suspended by the commission for the raw verdict. Dano meets Jimmy Perrin of New Orleans, Friday night, at the cinema capital. The veteran Filipino has won his last two starts at Hollywood, defeating Pancho Leyvas and Unio Gen. Dano has offers to box in London and Australia and may leave on a world tour following his forthcoming bouts in Portland and Seattle.

Melio Bettina made his first appearance in Hollywood and won over Swede Berglund in one of the greatest fights ever seen around here. Referee Jack Kennedy gave the New York boy the duke with many believing that Berglund was entitled to a draw. Charley McDonald wants the match right back in the movie arena.

Joe Waterman has taken over the matchmaking assignment at Long Beach. He is facing a tough task, as Long Beach has never been a great town for boxing, but those who recall his struggle to put the Olympic on its feet when nobody wanted the arena, predict that he will eventually make the "Iowa" capital of California fight-conscious. He plans on using young fighters and developing new talent. Names will not be taken into consideration, but ability will. This is the same policy Waterman invoked when he first opened the Olympic. Long Beach shows every Wednesday night.

Joey Greenberg is saying goodbye to his friends as it appears certain he will depart shortly for New York with his protégé, Glen Lee. Southern California fight fans are unanimous in predicting that Lee will prove a sensation in Eastern rings, winning or losing.

George Parnassus, who was in New York with Ceferino Garcia recently for the Barney Ross fight, is keeping his stable of fighters busy. Tony Chavez is signed to meet Ritchie Fontaine, Bud Taylor's protégé, at Hollywood, while Pancho Leyvas meets Ah Mau Chu, Chinese featherweight, at the Olympic for Suey Welch. Ceferino Garcia is taking a well-deserved rest, but Parnassus has many offers for him and will accept one shortly.

Lew Raymond, well-known Eastern matchmaker, is visiting here and has been looking the situation over with the idea of taking over a club in this vicinity and ducking the cold in the East this winter. Andy Neidereitter will be associated with him if they line up a club.

Harry Sherry, who developed Billy Barnes as an amateur, has a new youngster under his wing who has been a sensation in the amateurs and is planning on turning pro. His name is Frankie Frontino, a lightweight.

Charley McDonald still keeps packing them in at the Hollywood Legion Stadium and it is a novelty when they fail to turn away several hundred fans every fight night.

Joe Louis, heavyweight champion of the world, is now vacationing in California and plans on making a movie. His softball team drew big crowds throughout the state. Managers Julian Black and John Roxborough paid this writer a visit during their short stay here.

Fight fans are all agog over the new Negro heavyweight sensation—Big Boy Bray, who is under the management of Bob Cowan. Willie "Gig" Rooney, the man of a few million words, is tutoring the nineteen-year-old youngster, who is destined to go places. He scored a sensational win over the veteran Bob Roper at the Olympic last month. Bray stands six feet four inches and can box as well as punch. Cowan is now seeking a Rosenbloom match for Bray.

Maxie Rosenbloom, "Old Man River" of fistiana, recently copped the decision over Bob Nestell of the Gus Wilson stable. The veteran showed that he is far from through and can still make the youngsters wonder where the punches come from.

Joe Levy is trying to get Bob Pastor to make a trip to the Coast to fight Rosenbloom in an outdoor show this winter. And the funny part of it is that the veteran Rosenbloom would be the favorite over Pastor, who went the distance with Joe Louis. Charley Martin, who manages Rosenbloom, has consented to the bout. Rosenbloom has just opened a night spot in the heart of Hollywood.

Frank Garbutt, founder of the Los Angeles Athletic Club and owner of the Olympic Auditorium, is taking an active interest in the forthcoming Golden Gloves tournament and is a regular visitor at the New Manhattan Gymnasium.

Joe Levinson is now office manager of the New Manhattan Gymnasium. He is related to the late Sol Levinson, who was famous for his boxing gloves.

Suey Welch is continuing to show weekly at the Olympic and has some high class attractions lined up. The classic of the month figures to be Bob Nestell and Louis Nova, a San Francisco boy under the management of Ray Carlin, who will be making his first local start. Big Boy Bray and Maxie Rosenbloom are also in the making. Welch is also dickering for Harry Jeffra, newly-crowned bantamweight king, to fight Pablo Dano for the Marion Davies fund.

John Connolly and Bill Potts are busy lining up the *Examiner* Golden Gloves tournament, the finals of which will be held in Boston. The local participants loom as the best in years.

Billy Van, popular editor of the Los Angeles *Knockout*, has been confined to his home. The illness is not considered serious. His son Billy, Jr., is running the weekly publication in his absence.

Maxie Ross, popular New York manager, is planning on spending the winter here. Both Al Bernard and Pete DeRuzza scored big hits here and are in demand by all promoters. Mrs. Ross has arrived to spend the winter with her husband.

Johnny Keyes and Babe McCoy have their featherweight, Chalky Wright, going great guns. They also manage many other fighters and keep their stable busy.

Whitey Ekwert, well-known trainer, who has handled many of the outstanding fighters of all time, is keeping busy here conditioning the better fighters. Jimmy Murray gives Ekwert all the credit for Billy Barnes' sensational win. Ekwert is also looking after Carmen Barth in the absence of Eddie Mead, who is in the East with Henry Armstrong.

Bud Taylor, one of the truly great fighters, continues to pack them in at his Ringside Café. He is also a licensed referee in the state and in his spare time looks after Ritchie Fontaine, a good looking featherweight.

The New Manhattan Gymnasium, which is now under the management of this writer, is proving the mecca for out-of-town boxers. This is the gymnasium that was originally opened by Jack Dempsey.

Johnny Samson, who formerly managed Young Nacionalista and Young Tommy, among others, is planning on returning to the boxing game. Samson is now operating a dance hall and cabaret.

Al Jolson, popular movie and radio star, who is interested in Henry Armstrong, featherweight champion of the world, has his heart set on staging a Lou Ambers-Henry Armstrong bout for the lightweight championship of the world in this city. Jolson revealed to this writer, a long-time friend, that if the match is made, he will turn over the proceeds to the Community Chest.

Francis Albertani has deserted the fight game for the movies and is now connected with the publicity department of Warner Brothers. Albertani says New York has seen the last of him and that he is a dyed-in-the-wool native.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
With SPARKY RUDOLPH

CLEVELAND'S new sports palace, "The Arena," opens its doors to the public, staging a gigantic ice carnival. Just one month later will mark its first boxing show, when The Cleveland *News* holds its annual Christmas Toy Fund Charity Show. Although there has been no bouts published as yet, rumor has it that Eddie Mead's mighty mauler, Henry Armstrong, will be in the feature spot with Lew Feldman. Another bout that is expected on the card is a return go between Carmen Barth and Eric Seelig.

Sparky Rudolph, former mentor of this column, joins the rapidly growing group of Clevelanders on the Pacific Coast. He has brought along Mike Mitchell, a very promising light-heavy.

Mike Gamiere, Cleveland's top lightweight, who is headed for the top, was sidetracked temporarily with a nose injury. To have this happen on the eve of his New York fight with Leonard Del Genio was a tough break for Mike. That fight would have probably put Mike in the spotlight with the New York fans.

Walter Red Johnson, sensational New York state amateur champion, is visiting the writer in Cleveland and will see action in the vicinity soon.

Norm Cardaro, formerly of Batavia, was stopped by Charley Baxter in Canton, O. This was his first start under Lou Silverman, Cleveland cafe operator.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

FOLLOWING are results of the more important amateur bouts that took place during the past month:

Johnny Seamans, Erie welterweight, won by a technical knockout over Tilly Bellucci, Rochester, in four rounds.

Al Fields, Rochester heavyweight, won five-round decision over Bruno Michaels, Erie, Pa.

Herbie Phillips, Erie, Pa., won five-round decision over Tony Palozzi, Rochester welterweight.

Joe Mack, Rochester heavyweight, kayoed Ernie Carson, Oswego, in second round.

Steve Sloan, Niagara Falls, won five-round decision over Sargeant Sam Leta, Rochester heavyweight.

Tony Giloth, Rochester, won from Dean Hoffman of Binghamton in five rounds, welterweights.

Eddie Smith, Rochester, won over Tiffy Citar, Johnson City featherweight, in five rounds.

Brady Lewis, New York City, kayoed Archie Spero, Hamilton, in first round, middleweights.

De Witt Jenkins, New York City, won by T.K.O. over Doug Richards, Hamilton, in fourth.

Joe Memoli, Hamilton, won decision over Joe Papali, Hamilton, five rounds, featherweights.

Johnny Walker, Rochester heavyweight, won by T.K.O. from Joe Mack, Rochester, in second round.

Chiselchin Stewart, Rochester, won by technical kayo over Jimmy Lee, Rochester welter, in third.

Bob Humphries will have opened a new amateur club by the time this gets into print. Bob has long been associated with the Simon-pures and has always done well by all. His new club will run every Friday night, presenting nothing but the best. The writer has been asked to help in the arranging of bouts. Good boys wishing to appear on these shows can do well by writing me.

The amateurs are drawing well throughout upper New York State. Rochester, Watertown, Buffalo, Syracuse and a few other neighboring cities are always showing to capacity houses. Abe Raff, local and capable referee, has been drafted to Syracuse to officiate as third man in the ring at their shows.

FISTIC MORSELS—Chubby Cuva, old-time bantamweight, is operating a successful gasoline station . . . . Henry Smith has outgrown the featherweight class . . . . Elliott Cushing's column on Chubby Brown was very good . . . . Frank Silva, local radio sports commentator, always gives the fighters a good spill . . . . His talk on the life history of Hank Armstrong was very good . . . . With Armstrong in one corner and another capable boy in the other corner is just what this town needs to get the professional bouts to make good in this town . . . . Phil Burns has umpired semi-pro baseball games during the past summer . . . . Eddie Thomas' long layoff will do him good . . . . So with Sammy Goritz . . . . Sergeant Sam Leta is the best middleweight in western New York . . . . Tony Pallozzi should do more fighting and less boxing . . . . Ireland's latest contribution to the bone-twisting industry recently showed his wares here and was a big hit . . . . he is none other than Steve "Crusher" Casey . . . . Casey is a good performer with plenty of tricks . . . . We would like to have Jules Bauman, local promoter present such boys as Jumping Joe Savoldi, Jeemy Londos, Dean Detton and Bronko Nagurski . . . . Ex-champ Ali Baba should have been given a role in Eddie Cantor's movie, "Ali Baba Goes to Town."

Nat Fleischer did a corking good job on the article, "Ring Tragedy," which appeared in last month's issue of The Ring. Those of us more closely connected with the game know these facts are true, therefore we are behind him.

MAILBAG—Jackie Quartieri and Sammy Burke, Hepner, Oregon: Dean Detton lost his world's heavyweight championship to Bronko Nagurski. Yes, wrestling is a good game with a chance for you to make good money.

Hugh Whitaker, Mississippi State College: Will do all I can in securing some capable boys to box for you at your college. Have already given you two good prospects and have two more in line.

Mary Santono, Rochester: Yes, the boy you refer to is Jackie Polvino. He had fifteen fights, lost three, won twelve, but was never knocked out or even cut. He may soon go to college.

Johnny Aicher, Pittsburgh, Pa.—I would like to hear from you. I have news for you concerning a college scholarship. Write as soon as possible.

Fighters or managers wishing to find work in these parts can do well by writing to me at 181 North Union Street, Rochester. Those wishing athletic news and data concerning old-time fights, fighters, promoters and such, can write to Jackie Polvino, 81 Hartford Street, Rochester. Jackie also has photos of old fighters and will be glad to give some away upon request. Simply send a self-addressed, stamped envelope at his address.

Al Traino, Rochester's Toy Bulldog, is training hard for his coming bout. Traino is in great shape and ready for the best welterweights in the country.

The Ring is sold on the corner of Clinton Avenue South and Main Streets. Write the writer at his new address, 181 North Union Street, Rochester, New York.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—The stage is all set for the annual amateur boxing classic of 1937, the gigantic tournament of the Middle West, with six or seven states having boxers entered representing their respective states. Les Showers, foremost amateur boxing director of the Middle West, will be in charge of the tournament. This will be the big get-together for leading trainers and boxing coaches also. Some high class amateur fighters will be seen in action in this mammoth event.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger, boxing promoter of this city, has closed down for the winter months and is devoting his time to shaping an amateur fighting team to show at Wichita and in surrounding spots at one-night shows.

Pittsburg, Kans.—W. H. Millington of this city is making preparations for the big three-day Golden Glove fistic amateur tourney to be held here in the month of January. Millington promoted the show last year and it was a real success. Winners in the tournament will be taken to Kansas City in February to compete in the Tournament of Champions.

Gridley, Kans.—Max Decker and Kid Caddell are staging amateur shows every week in this small spot and are showing to good crowds. Several prominent fighters in southeastern Kansas are showing there weekly.

Ft. Leavenworth, Kans.—Amateur boxing results of one-night show: Kid Halloway beat Tiger Brown, Mike Louis knocked out Young Mace in two, Jimmy Smith beat Maurice Brown, Vard Berry knocked out Glen Beck in one, Kid Anderson knocked out Jimmy Webb in two, Jimmy Faris beat Victor Hill, Spec McKenna beat Bat Elliott. The shows are going over in a big way at the Fort and directed by Major Pearson, who is responsible for their success.

Kansas City, Mo.—Steno Gatto will start the amateur fight game in the "Heart of America" city in the very near future preparatory to the Tournament of Champions in Nevada. Gatto is also starting the professional game and intends showing the wares of Henry Armstrong there within the next six weeks.

Any promoter wishing to show a good heavyweight on their fight card get in touch with the writer of this column, L. R. Ford, 3½ South Santa Fe Ave., Chanute, Kans. I am managing Louis Hefley, the best heavy in this section, also several other boxers of various weights, and a strong amateur boxing team.

Good fighters of any weights that are not tied up with contracts, and wishing to make a good connection and fight in Chicago and other big spots, write Bob Capocy, c/o Rainbo Fronton, Clark and Lawrence, Chicago, Ill.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

SOMEONE suggested down here that a rating of Southern boxers be listed, so I am herewith enclosing my list of Southern boxers, from heavyweights down to bantamweights.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—1, Joe Louis, Lexington, Ala.; 2, Eddie Blunt, North Carolina; 3, Marty Gallagher, Washington, D. C. Honorable mention, Clint Moran, Tampa, Fla.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—1, Ben Brown, Atlanta, Ga.; 2, Ray Matulewicz, Durham, N. C.; 3, Carl Knowles, Savannah, Ga. Hon. men., Texas Joe Dundee.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—1, Ken Overlin, Norfolk, Va.; 2, Bob Turner, Richmond, Va.; 3, Willie Burroughs, Mississippi. Hon. men., Hobo Williams.

WELTERWEIGHTS—1, Izzy Jannazzo, Birmingham, Ala.; 2, Jimmy Leto, Tampa, Fla.; 3, Phil Furr, Washington, D. C. Hon. men., Jack Portney.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—1, Tommy Speigal, Miami, Fla.; 2, Norment Quarles, Hendersonville, N. C.; 3, Chino Alvarez, Tampa, Fla. Hon. men., Carl Guggino.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—1, Petey Sarron, Birmingham, Ala.; 2, Lew Gevinson, Washington, D. C.; 3, Carl Sivers, Jacksonville. Hon. men., Geo. Moye.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—1, Harry Jeffra, Baltimore, Md.; 2, Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans, La.; 3, Dewey Cannon, Mobile, Ala.

It appears that Ben Brown, star light-heavyweight of Atlanta, Ga., has the makings of another championship aspirant. Ben has been coming to the front in leaps and bounds and the fans in all parts of the country are reading about him.

Carl Knowles, who, as a kid with golden locks and a thumping punch, brought back the sport to Savannah some four years ago, is to start into a new venture—that of a boxing matchmaker. He will be assisted by Patsy Haley, also of Savannah, who knows the ropes quite well, at one time being a promising leather-pusher.

The writer is interested in hearing from fighters who are unattached. A tour of the country is being contemplated to get material for this magazine, and as a sideline I am desirous of booking boys on the way. In your first letters, please mention everything that will help in getting you on the tour. The fighters that will make good on the trip will be turned over to a New York syndicate for further developing. Please communicate with me at Post Office Box 1396, Savannah, Ga.

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

JOE WAGNER of Belleville scored the biggest surprise of the month in this state when he knocked out the highly favored New York Irishman, Eddie Mader, in the fourth found of a scheduled eight at Laurel Garden in Newark.

Frank Zamaris, 170-pound mighty mite from Orange, scored a one round knockout over Jimmy Mendes of New Bedford at Bridgeport . . . . Zamaris is very short for his weight and possesses a vicious punch in both hands. He is a colorful battler and should be seen more often in North Jersey . . . . Frank also disposed of Billy Ketchell of Millville in Philly . . . . Bobby Jones decisioned Johnny Rossi in a ten at Atlantic City . . . . Paul Cortlyn whipped Six Second Powell in an eight at Plainfield.

The writer is very thankful to many readers who have written in the last two months from all parts of the world during our vacation. It is indeed refreshing to hear from readers in the different states and countries. Other ring followers are requested to address queries and comments to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Our sincerest appreciation goes to Martin Steinberg for so ably filling this column during our absence.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY— Vince Dundee, former middleweight champion of the world, lives in Belleville and has opened an automobile repair shop . . . . Tommy Paul, former N.B.A. featherweight titleholder, is managing boxers and anxious to break in his stable in New Jersey. Friends may write him at 595 Fargo Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. . . . . Tommy writes that his chief interest is in Tony Paul, 140 pounder, "my kid brother, who hasn't lost a fight in the last two years" . . . . Abie Bain, former Newark middleweight, who will be remembered for his marvelous physique, is now an extra in Hollywood and known as Al Bayne . . . . Jack Rapaport, once a leading contender for the welterweight throne, lives in South Orange, and is anxious to find the next heavyweight champion of the world, and who isn't? Letters for him can be addressed to the writer . . . . Al Bryant, one of the best club fighters New Jersey ever had, is teaching young pugilists in the hope of finding a good one . . . . Al is still hoping to recover the sight of one eye.

Bob Scally, Scotland light-heavyweight, who is managed by Ted Broadribb, lost a close 10-round decision to Frank Donofrio in Philadelphia. . . . . Ruby Gross, former Duke University boxer, will soon depart for California to join Harry Rapaport, former fight manager, now hibernating on the west coast. Harry has been spending his winters in Florida for 15 years, but decided to try California sunshine this year.

George Daly, English lightweight who came over with Ted Broadribb, is now making his home in Newark . . . . He decisioned Mike Piskin of Long Branch, knocked out Johnny Toomey of Camden and then lost a close decision to Midget Wolgast, the former flyweight champion, in Philadelphia . . . . Johnny Harris, Newark welterweight, is doing well in New York rings . . . . Tommy Ross has a good prospect in Clarence Elwood, who is winning regularly in the featherweight class . . . . Paul Cortlyn returned to action by decisioning Frankie Williams of Newark in a six before a small crowd at Elizabeth.

Pete Latzo, the former welterweight champion, now 35 years old, is recuperating from a recent operation in Atlantic City where he is a WPA worker. Latzo now lives in Margate. He defeated Mickey Walker for the welter title at Scranton in May, 1926, and lost the crown to Joe Dundee the next year.

Tippy Larkin, sensational Garfield lightweight managed by Angelo Pucci, again showed his superiority over Maxie Fisher by winning a 10-round decision at Laurel Gardens in Newark before a $2600 house . . . . Tippy will be a leading contender for the title in another six months if he continues his present pace . . . . Freddy (Red) Cochrane, battered into a knockout victim at the hands of Pedro Montanez, came back to fight a draw with Tommy Speigal in Richmond. In a return match Red trounced Speigal . . . . Mickey Makar was stopped by Phil Furr of Washington at Holyoke. The Bayonne southpaw went out the second . . . . Butch Lynch, Plainfield veteran, was stopped by Ken Overlin in Albany . . . . Ted Williams is boosting Buck Rogers, his new middleweight . . . . Buster Hardy continued his rise upward by thumping out an eight-round decision over John Duca of Paulsboro at Laurel Gardens, Newark, before an $850 house. On the same card Mickey Duca decisioned George Levy of Trenton and the third Duca brother, Joe, lost a close one to Larry Scalone.

The postman keeps busy:

Bobby Amster, St. Louis—Newark boxing fans remember you well. You were a clever boxer and if you choose to return some day we would welcome you gladly.

Steve Yesko, Honolulu—Your measurements indicate you have a fine build. You would be a success in the professional ranks on the basis of your many victories in the army. The writer will be pleased to guide you when you come home.

Jackie Victilla, Toronto—Regret that your letter was not answered sooner. We were on vacation. You have a great deal of determination and faith in your ability and we shall help you when you come to New Jersey.

John Connelly, Trenton, Texas—Your letter went unanswered for the same reason. Please write again and your questions will be given attention.

Heinz Volkmer, Gruenberg, Germany—Very thankful for your kind letter. Thank you for the compliment. Perhaps we can see you fight in New Jersey next year. Americans really believe that Max Schmeling deserves a chance at the title and he will probably get it soon.

Phil Dyke, New York City—Certainly, we shall be pleased to hear from you again. Good luck to you!

Phil Schapiro, Bronx—You have a busy stable and deserve more action for the boys.

In the November isue of THE RING, John Joe Sheehy of Lyne, Ireland, asks Nat Fleischer a question concerning George Gunther, the Australian Negro heavyweight. For Mr. Sheehy's information Gunther is now a masseur in Newark and can be reached through the writer. Gunther, it pleases us to say, is still a perfect specimen of physical condition.

A Newark reader of THE RING would like to find work on a farm or ranch and is willing to travel south or west. He is ambitious, energetic and is anxious to build up his body. Anyone who can use such a 23 years of age young man is requested to contact this writer.

NEW COMBINATIONS—Roy Lazar, one of the country's best heavyweights, will be out of action for several months recuperating from an operation. Meanwhile he is training Tommy Thompson, a new Newark heavyweight. Butch Bernstein and Norman Fishbein also have an interest in Thompson . . . . Teddy Williams is now managing Leo (Tiger) Brown, former Allentown heavyweight . . . . A gentleman known as "The Champ" is handling Ruby Mansbach, a featherweight, who will soon make his debut in the amateurs at the Newark Athletic Club where Carl G. Anderson runs monthly bouts . . . . The writer is taking an interest in Dan Roberts, former New York amateur star, who is a light-heavyweight.

Morris Parker of Newark, the National A.A.U. 118-pound boxing champion, was beaten for the second time by his local rival, Ralph Spagnola, in a three rounder at the Newark Athletic Club . . . . Freddy Fiducia advanced rapidly during the month by decisioning Abe Feldman of New York and Buddy Ryan of Roselle Park . . . . Larry (Pipes) Corbett is happy because his middleweight protege, Larry Scalone, is flattening almost all of his opponents . . . . Freddy Cochrane, who lost three close decisions to Tippy Larkin of Garfield, was Larkin's sparring partner at Madame Bey's camp in Summit when Tippy prepared for his engagement with Maxie Fisher.

Teddy Williams, popular trainer and second, has severed connections with his favorite boxer, Freddy (Red) Cochrane of Elizabeth but wishes him well . . . . Roscoe Manning, Nutley middleweight who deserves more action, is awaiting word from Jeff Dickson in Paris as to whether or not he will leave for a European boxing tour . . . . Dickson became interested in Manning when the latter trained with Marcel Thil for the Fred Apostoli championship bout . . . . Sam Rose, the rotund Newark manager, would like some action for his heavyweight protege, Joe O'Gatty of Toms River. Joe is still located at Maurice Cruls' Pen-E-Bryn Hotel in Sparta, N. J.

MORE OF OLD-TIMERS—Harry Martone, Jersey City middleweight of other days, is the father of eleven children, ten of them boys, and is a WPA worker in Kearny . . . . The former Garfield welterweight, Joey Harrison, who fought Mushy Callahan for the title at Dreamland Park in Newark, is now a river inspector for the Passaic Valley Sewerage Commission . . . . Willie Cubic, a great flyweight in his day, works in a shoeshop in Newark . . . . Joey Eulo, Lyndhurst battler who met Frankie Genaro and Midget Wolgast, now has a stable of boxers . . . . Gus Troxler, the grand old man of New Jersey boxing, is well again and is athletic instructor at the Essex House, Newark. Troxler invented many boxing devices and also brought out the talent in many great battlers including Benny Leonard.

Lou Salica, former bantamweight champion, tarried in Elizabeth long enough to score a six-round decision over the local featherweight, Jackie Corcoran, who was down for a nine count in the third round. Hymie Caplin, Salica's manager, was displeased with the gate receipts of $350, as was Promoter George Kobb. In the semi-final of six rounds Al (Poker) Penkunis of Elizabeth and Tom Kapsack of New Brunswick fought to a smashing six-round draw. Kobb's club is now closed.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

CANADIAN ring champions in all divisions were officially named by the Canadian Boxing Federation at a meeting held early in November at Montreal. Four of the titlists were confirmed while four vacant crowns were awarded to outstanding nominees. Contenders were also rated, which makes it the first time in the history of Canadian ringdom that an entire, complete slate of Dominion champs has been officially recognized. A good thing, too, as it will do away with phoney "champs" masquerading in foreign rings as well as dissipating all false claims. Here's the list named by the federation, with two contenders in each class.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Champion, Tiger Warrington, Liverpool, N. S.; 1, George Bird (Burke), St. Catherines, Ont.; 2, Charlie Belanger, Winnipeg.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Champion, Tiger Wafrington; 1, Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton; 2, Oliver Shank, Alberta.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Champion, Irving Pease, Toronto; no contenders nominated.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Champion, Frankie Genovese, Toronto; 1, Sonny Jones, Vancouver; 2, Sammy Luftspring, Toronto.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Champion, Maxie Berger, Montreal; 1, Orville Drouillard, Windsor, Ont.; 2, Dave Castilloux, Montreal.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Champion, Frankie Martin, Montreal; 1, Jackie Callura, Hamilton, Ont.; 2, Spider Armstrong, Toronto.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Champion, Baby Yack, Toronto; 1, Harry Gerson, Montreal; 2, Jackie Callura, Hamilton, Ont.

FLYWEIGHTS—Champion, Aurelien Lamothe, Quebec; 1, Katsumi Morioka, Vancouver; 2, Desmond Green, Montreal.

Warrington was named on his record of losing only one of forty-two battles for both the light-heavy and heavyweight crowns. The "Tiger" has done most of his fighting around Boston. Pease was the only middle they could think of nominating, though your writer cannot see why they cannot nominate Mickey McGuire, who battles around Edmonton, for contender. The Quebec boy, Lamothe, was nominated as flyweight king, although Desmond Green has held him to two draws and we cannot figure yet why the fiery little Jap, Katsumi Morioka, was not named champ, as he has fought much better men, including topnotchers in England and the States, and has met several good bantams in order to keep going.

Genovese, Berger, Martin and Yack won their crowns in the ring, Berger and Martin winning theirs in bouts designated by the federation as having the then vacant titles at stake, and Genovese and Yack winning theirs from the men who had won them in elimination tourneys, Gordon Wallace and Frankie Martin, respectively.

It was a fine achievement by the federation and is to be commended. It undoubtedly does a lot of good and will create more interest among the fighters as well as the fans. The fans will be more informed of the calibre of their favorites and particularly if the federation issues a rating of the fighters every three months as per their announcement.

Of course, as is the case with all these commission ratings, there are mistakes and rankings open to dispute. Oliver Shank, who has never battled or scaled at the light-heavy limit since turning pro more than a year ago, is ranked as light-heavy contender instead of heavyweight. Sonny Buxton, Vancouver ace, is omitted from both light-heavy and heavyweight divisions, though his 1936-7 record is much better than a couple of those selected.

Eddie Wenstob, backed by the Western Canada Commission, should be matched with Tiger Warrington in a title bout for either the light-heavy or heavy crown. Wenstob battled the best of Britain's big boys in impressive fashion and whipped Vancouver's Sonny Buxton recently to win western Canada recognition. A Wenstob-Warrington match should be a pippin.

As Orville Drouillard is in line for the next crack at the Canadian lightweight title held by Maxie Berger, due to his great display against Berger in their recent title battle at Montreal, the Windsor walloper was ranked ahead of Dave Castilloux, though the latter's supporters point out that Dave has licked Orville. However, Drouillard put up a better bid against Berger than Castilloux did, making a return match a natural, so he was rated first.

Alderman Frank Hogan, who recently became the first Canadian to be elected president of the N. B. A., was reelected president of the Canadian Federation for his third straight term. Elmer Ferguson, Montreal *Herald* sports editor, was reappointed secretary-treasurer, and we might point out that Fergie is also the secretary for the Montreal Commission.

STRAY SHOTS—That elusive Al McCoy-Andre Lenglet battle may be staged here soon, after all . . . . Lou Dettner, who dropped dough showing Joe Louis on tour here a couple of years ago, has renewed his license and may put the bout on at the Forum . . . . Lou Wyman is in New York with the Marsh brothers and Harry Gerson for a winter campaign . . . . Sammy Luftspring stopped Billy Townsend, Vancouver's one-time welter star, in nine heats, and Eddie Carroll got back into contention by beating the fading former Canadian welter king, Gordon Wallace . . . . on a previous card, Jackie Callura's visions of hitting the big time were jolted when Kayo Morgan, Detroit's bantam star, gave him a workmanlike pasting in ten heats . . . . Kid Lulu (Paul Doucet) outscored Johnny Hinch in a spicy ten-rounder to successfully defend his Maritime lightweight laurels at Bathurst, N. B. . . . . Sam Gibbs has signed up a new fighter, Ronnie Beaudin, a promising rugged 140-pounder . . . . Harold "Babe" McLeod is making good as a pro . . . . the Montreal lightweight, holder of several major amateur titles, stopped Battling Johnson in the fourth of a scheduled eight-round main bout at Chicoutimi . . . . the colored veteran faded fast when McLeod started cutting loose . . . . just received a card from "Handsome Joey" Marciente, veteran 130-pounder, who is down in Havana, Cuba, for a series of fights . . . . Joey is doing all right by himself and got a nice piece of change to tackle the Negro sensation, Henry Armstrong, at Philadelphia . . . . the new world's feather king kayoed him in three—but that's no disgrace . . . . Tiger Warrington stopped Jack Tebo in four.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

OVER two thousand people paid nearly $3,500 to see Eddie Wenstob, the Viking Assassin, win the official and undisputed light-heavyweight championship of Canada in a thrilling twelve-round battle with Sonny Buxton, Victoria's pride, under the promotional banner of Ted (New Deal) Moore. The Vancouver Boxing Commission was the first to recognize the fight as for the title, with the W. C. B. F. following suit, despite claims of Charley Belanger, who was recently beaten by Wenstob.

The fight was the first financial success for Matchmaker Ted Moore in seven starts, although all his cards have been artistic successes. Moore put on a good show to a fight-starved town, and the next time he puts on a card like the last one, he had better move to a bigger arena to accommodate the crowd.

Al Spina, the little bundle of dynamite from Portland, made a successful defense of his Northwest featherweight championship against Eddie Ryan, promising Canadian 126-pounder. These two little fighters gave a thrilling, scientific, good, clean, bout with Spina's added experience giving him the edge. Spina is still one of the best featherweights in the world, and don't overlook Eddie Ryan, who looks like a comer.

Gus Lesnevich, Shang Welch's Russian Lion, journeyed to Seattle to fight Allen Matthews, St. Louis middleweight. These two 160-pounders fought a fast, hard ten-round battle which resulted in a draw. Matthews and Lesnevich are both good fighters and much argument came about when the decision was given.

Indian Joe Smallwood also made the trip to the Puget Sound city to meet Matthews. This one was a dull fight with George Wilsman's middleweight earning the call over Smallwood in a ten-rounder.

Al Hostak, twenty-one-year-old Seattle middleweight, took only three minutes and forty-two seconds to knock out Irish Bob Turner of Richmond, Va. Hostak put Turner on the canvas in the first round with the hard wallop he carries in his right hand. Turner didn't recover sufficiently and the second round was only a matter of seconds before Referee Tommy Clarke counted him out.

Hostak also kayoed Otto Blackwell in Tacoma before the Turner battle. Hostak returned to the ring in this fight for the first time after receiving an injured hand in his battle with Allen Matthews. Eddie Marino's clever 160-pounder stopped Blackwell in the third round.

PRELIMINARY RAMBLINGS—Eddie Norris beat Julius Troll . . . . Chuck Nickason kayoed Tony Accrudia in one round but lost a six-round decision to Jock McComber . . . . Ernie Swartz stopped Jack Curley (3) and drew with Ray Price and Dud Miller . . . . Jimmy Chapman won from Bomber Bailey and drew with Frankie Villa . . . . Jackie Pettipiece kayoed Joe Moody (1) . . . . Johnny Hall stopped Julius Troll (6) . . . . Hall also won on a T.K.O. from Tim Keist in three rounds . . . . Bud Peterson lost a decision to Eddie Norris . . . . Ray Price lost to Ernie Swartz . . . . Morris Schonlik won from Tony Cooper in four . . . . Frankie Lembo defeated Julius Troll.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Dapper Curly Feldtman is seeking work for his heavyweight, Frank Riggi . . . . it seems that the big fellows are ducking Riggi . . . . Feldtman has a good looking prospect in nineteen-year-old Eddie Norris, a lightweight . . . . with good coaching and if brought along carefully, Eddie Wenstob will make championship material . . . . tab Ted Moore to give Vancouver some real fight cards after his latest success this month in producing the Wenstob-Buxton shindig . . . . congratulations to Colonel W. W. Foster, Jack Henderson and Lloyd Craig for their wonderful work as members of the Vancouver Boxing Commission . . . . these gentlemen are a real credit to the fight game . . . . orchids to Austin Delaney for his swell fight write-ups of late in *The Province* . . . . Jack Patterson and Hymie Koshevoy are also doing fine work for boxing.

THE RING IN MEXICO
By CARLOS V. FULTON

UNDER the skillful guidance of Promoter Jimmie Fitten, the boxing game in Mexico City is flourishing. During the last month, many a sizzling match was witnessed and every show was well attended.

Wrestling is also doing very well. Two shows a week are staged, on Thursday and Sunday afternoon.

In one of the best bouts ever witnessed here, Joe Conde, lightweight kingpin of Mexico, defeated Carlos Miranda, Los Angeles, over the ten-round route. It was a sensational fracas from start to finish. In their first match Conde was given a very unpopular verdict.

Rodolfo (Baby) Casanova returned to the wars after a three months' rest to pound out a close win over Ray Campo, Los Angeles. Campo gave Casanova plenty of trouble and the Baby just nosed him out. It was a hotly contested battle all the way and the sellout house was in a constant uproar of delight. A great battle.

In Monterey, Indian Quintana and Pancho Villa tangled the full ten rounds in an interesting bout. The official verdict was a draw, but Quintana really deserved the honors, and with plenty to spare.

The outstanding Mexican gladiators for the past month are:

WELTERWEIGHTS—Kid Azteca, champion; Manuel Villa, Eddie Cerda, Ventura Arana and Federico Flores.

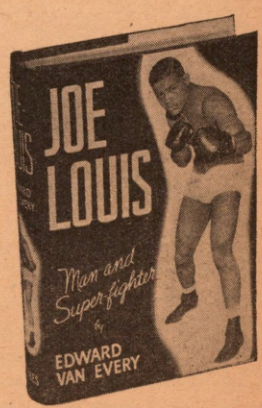
LIGHTWEIGHTS—Joe Conde, champion; Rodolfo Casanova, Juan Zurita, Mario Ramon and Hernan Palomo.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Title vacant; Baby Casanova, Juan Zurita, Joe Conde, Enrique Rodea, Quintin Rangel and Paco Villa.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Tobe de la Rosa, champion; Pachuca Kid Joe, Kid Torero, Ricardo Manzanillo and Fernandez Valdez.

FLYWEIGHTS—None of note.

Boxers and wrestlers under no obligation to a manager wanting to show in this city can get in touch with the writer at Calle Iturbide 16, Mexico City, Mexico.



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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

HOUSTON, Texas, the leading fight center of the South, is looking forward to the greatest indoor season the sport has ever known here. The boxing game under the able guidance of Promoter Hugh Benbow has kept pace with the fastest growing city in the country and with the population of this fair city nearing the half million mark, the outlook for the future is very bright indeed. Houston is really on a boom and a very good place to call your home if you are interested in making money and enjoying one of the most pleasant winter climates in America.

CLASS, is a one word description for manager Mike Burke and his two fighters, Andrea Jessurun and Victor Vallee, who paid Houston a visit during the month. Jessurun was pitted against Kenny LaSalle, Los Angeles welter, and was the victim of what we believe to be one of the worst verdicts ever handed down in a local ring, when LaSalle was awarded the decision. Referee Pepper Smith scored the fight exactly as did this writer, giving seven rounds to Jessurun, three to Kenny. The judges, however, saw LaSalle the winner.

Vallee stamped himself as one of the classiest battlers ever to appear here in winning via foul from Jo Jo Passante. Passante was completely and hopelessly outclassed from start to finsh and was on the verge of a knockout when he apparently decided to take an easy way out, and began a series of punches far below the foul line—the only blows he actually landed during the entire setto.

Mike and his boys made a host of friends here and will be welcomed back any time they care to make the trip.

Tony Bruno, hard punching middleweight, is one fighter who doesn't care about who officiates. He never gets robbed, because he knocks 'em all out! Tony added Jimmy LaMarr and Bill Raggio to his list of kayo victims, making it six knockouts in six starts, locally, none going over six rounds. A fair batting average in any man's league. Efforts to match Bruno and Joey Parks seem to be of no avail as Parks apparently wants no part of the new K.O. artist.

Billy Deeg, San Antonio's welter belter, is probably the most improved fighter in the state. After gaining an unpopular verdict over Gallito Ramirez he gave Gallito a return engagement, proving to the satisfaction of all that he really was the better of the two.

Spotting Pete Girolamo 10 pounds and hammering out a decisive victory was also a feather in Deeg's cap. He had Pete on the deck several times and just missed scoring a knockout. This was one of the best fights ever staged here, however, as Girolamo also had his moments, having Billy in trouble on various occasions. A seven-round K.O. over Battling Johnson and a 10-round decision over Battling Chino rounded out a nice month's performance.

Boxers who are not under contract and who wish to show in Texas will do well to contact Ralph Sikes, 214½ Main Street, Houston.

Pat McDuff, Houston heavyweight, made a miserable showing in his most recent test. Sandy McDonald and McDuff hugged and tugged through 10 slow rounds to the tune of boos and hoots, with McDonald getting the nod.

Gallito Ramirez, flashy 140 pounder, returned from his unsuccessful Chicago bout with Holman Williams to put up a couple of pleasing performances. He punched out a seven-round knockout over Chuck Vickers and a five-round kayo over Mickey Powers. Galito is back in top shape and is capable of holding his own with the best. Incidentally he is rated as Mexico's No. 2 battler, being outranked only by Kid Azteca.

The writer has had several requests as to the whereabouts and activities of some of the ex-fighters of this section. Here are some of them: Tommy White is working for an oil company at Texas City . . . . Kid Pancho at the docks at Galveston . . . . Sam Desmond at a refinery in Port Arthur and managing Pete Girolamo . . . . Duke Tramel is selling cars in Ft. Worth . . . . Dick Griffin is promoting boxing in Dallas . . . . Art Dula is working in a night club in Ft. Worth . . . . Ralph Sikes is with the Houston Press and managing a string of fighters . . . . Sully Montgomery has a business in Ft. Worth and also handles boxers . . . Mike Delaney is an engineer in Corpus Christi . . . . Joe Rice is a Ft. Worth bus driver.

Fight results over the state:

Barney Brock beat Jack Cutler; Cowboy Owens K.O.'d Joe Emory; Emory trimmed Jimmy McLaughlin; Owens was beaten by Honeyboy Lyman and drew with Jack Rodriguez; Frankie Rao beat Paul Landry and Coldon Aubert; Launcelot Johnson and Henry Marshall drew; Pork Chops Alexander lost to Bob Henry; Myrko Balaban kayoed Ike Tucker and drew with Erwin Cude; Frankie Rao won over Ted Tellos; Ralph Vitela drew with Emory Latiolas; Pete Girolamo stopped Mickey Powers; Powers was also beaten by Don Usher; Charlie Jerome beat K. O. Baer; Baby Jack Thomas K.O.'d Memphis Red; Billy Pereira K.O.'d Eddie Flores, beat Clyde Morris and drew with Andy Boring . . . . The writer's address is: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas . . . . all correspondence promptly answered.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

LOU GEVINSON of Washington had an easy time with Danny London of New York in a ten-rounder at Washington, D. C., before a crowd of ten thousand fans, who turned out in the rain to see the boys mill and at the same time help the Lunch Fund for the Nation's Capital.

Cowboy Howard Scott and Irish Johnny Dean put on a terrific ten-round semi-final, with the Cowboy pulling up a winner. Dean made Scott hustle at all times and lost little prestige in losing to Scott. Ray Ingram of Washington and Al Reid also put on a fast bout in the feature preliminary, with honors even. Baby Manuel of Tampa, Fla., lost to Armanda Sicilia of Chicago in a close six-rounder and George Abrams was too good for Joey Spangler in one of the four-rounders.

Irish Eddie Dunne of New York took a ten-round duke over Sailor Born of Atlanta, Ga., in the opening indoor show at Turner's Arena at Washington. Dunne was too clever for the willing sailor, although he had to crawl off the floor in round one after taking a terrific left hook on the chin. Serge Prevost of Camp Meade upset the dope by taking the nod over Hobo Williams in the six-round semi-final. Williams got off to a slow start but was coming fast in the final two rounds, but the soldier had piled up a sufficient lead to deserve the decision. Billy Bullock won over Willie Davis of New York in a six-rounder, and Steve Mamakos, Greek boxer of Washington, flattened Alf Baker of Baltimore in one heat.

Red Cochrane of Newark, N. J., won in ten rounds over Tommy Speigel of Uniontown, Pa., at Richmond, Va. Speigel, who is making Richmond his headquarters, was a top-heavy favorite to lick the Newark boy, but Red, who is improving with every start, demonstrated he is just about tops among the lightweights battling in the South these days. Joey Green of Washington knocked out Tommy Loomis of Richmond in the third round of the semi-final scheduled for eight rounds.

Ray Ingram and Al Reid renewed hostilities at the Turner Arena at Washington in a feature eight-round bout with Reid the winner on his harder punching, especially in the early rounds. Reid had by far the better of the first four rounds and held his own in the next two heats. Ray came with a bang in the final two rounds and finished far the stronger, but nevertheless, the loser on points. Murray Kanner boxed even with Jo Sofia of Philadelphia in six rounds, Pete Galiano of Baltimore won over Jack Giacalone and Vic Finazzo licked Stanford Carrier in other six-round bouts.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THROUGH his easy victory over Gene Buffalo of Philadelphia, Holman Williams, star Negro welterweight of Milwaukee, proved he is one of the best in the 147-pound class by his ability to master any special style of offense. In Buffalo, Williams went in against a razzle-dazzle attack which had brought many victories over good opponents for the Philadelphian. Over 10 rounds in New Orleans the speedy Williams took practically every round without much trouble. The bout drew approximately two thousand dollars.

In a colorless encounter, made so by the lack of fighting merit as put on by Danny London, Brooklyn, N. Y., featherweight, Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans' only fistic luminary, coasted to an easy win, taking every stanza of the 10-round bout in New Orleans. The fight drew approximately nine hundred dollars.

Other bouts resulted as follows: Al Hart stopped Recse Thompson; Frank Clay kayoed Oliver Wilkerson, all heavyweights. Jimmy Hall knocked out Bud Cason; Sammy Edwards stopped Horace Glaude, all middleweights. Jerome Comforto beat Frank Misita; Augie Camaratta chilled Joe Muscarello; Joe Farraro kayoed Herbert Williams, all lightweights. Tommy Pauley knocked out Dewey Cannon; Charlie Harris and Wilfred Duque drew, all featherweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Marty Burke, erstwhile boxing promoter, has turned to wrestling, using the lighter fellows . . . . The grunt business has been dormant in New Orleans for many months . . . . Jimmy Yeates evidently has his heavyweight, Oscar Matthews, going good in the East, reports indicate . . . . The simon-pures will swing into tournament action soon.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Colorado Springs, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, ebony-hued Walsenburg middleweight, scored a three-round kayo over Bobby Cortez, Cincinnati, in the feature attraction of a card that also saw Lee Tanner, Denver lightweight, belt out a ten-round decision over rugged little Celly Roybal, rugged Del Norte "ironman."

Cortez was pinch-hitting for Tommy Jordan, Denver middleweight, who came down with the flu on the eve of the fight.

Gene Vinassa, RING correspondent from southern California, spent a couple of days in Denver and gave us quite a bit of "lowdown" on the mitt sport out on the West Coast. Gene, in my opinion, rates 'way up close to the top of the publicity end of the fight world.

At Canon City, Colo.—John Petry, heavyweight pride of the southern Colorado coalfields, scored a three-round kayo over Frankie Stone, Denver 180-pounder, in the first fight card to be offered in Canon City in over two years.

Billy Pryor, Pueblo middleweight, stopped Mickey Morris, a fellow Pueblan, in the fourth heat of the semi-windup.

Well, it's wintertime in the Rockies once more, and the "beeg strong fellers" of the rasslin' brigade are showing their assorted wares over the local circuit. What's more, they're drawing the cash customers through the turnstiles. Which is more than the various box-fighters that showed out here the past summer can say.

Albuquerque, N. M., is getting back on the fistic map after several years of relative inactivity. With Tom Wilson at the helm, the Veterans of Foreign Wars are planning monthly cards featuring the cream of the Southwest.

Any boys with good records wishing to show in this section are requested to contact Wilson, c/o Kiva Dispensary, Albuquerque, N. M.

This New Mexico metropolis is a city of 40,000 and will no doubt attract good gates since it is a better than average "fight town."

At Salt Lake City, Utah—Jackie Burke, Ogden welterweight, flattened Luke Wallace, St. Paul, Minn., in the third round of a scheduled ten-round affair.

Scoring an amazing upset, Ge Ge Gravante, Los Angeles, knocked out Young Joe Louis, sensational Walsenburg Negro, in the fourth round of a scheduled eight-round semi-windup. The latter pair are middleweights.

At Ogden, Utah—Jackie Burke, local welterweight, blasted Dick Newton out of the picture in the opening round of his scheduled six-rounder with the Hollywood scrapper.

In the other half of the twin main event, Kid Cannon, Fort Douglas, Utah, and Roy Patrick, Santa Monica, Calif., boxed a furious six-round draw. The latter pair are welterweights also.

This is a bit out of the line pugilistically speaking, but it's too good to keep. A few weeks ago seven unshaven and roughly clad strangers stopped at a Scottsbluff, Neb., hotel and applied for accommodations. The clerk gave them a thorough once-over and politely but firmly informed them that that particular hostelry didn't cater to bums, therefore, they'd have to look elsewhere for lodging.

Shortly afterwards they secured accommodations at Gehring, a neighboring city. An hour or so later the men tendered a $10 bill to a bellboy with orders to inform the Scottsbluff hotel management of the identity of the travelers. The list:

Charles (Gabby) Hartnett, catcher of the Chicago Cubs; Tuck Stainback, outfielder of the same club; Billy Herman, a fellow teammate; J. McGinnis, Chicago police captain; Henry Zain, Chicago hotel proprietor; Carl Zepp and Buddy Siebert, Chicago business men.

They were on their way to the big game hunting regions of Wyoming. And is a certain Scottsbluff hotel management red behind the ears!

At Denver, Colo.—The "beeg strong fellers" horned in on the sport picture again with the aging Gus Sonnenberg tossing one Benny Ginsberg with a vicious right uppercut to the tummy, in something like thirty-five minutes.

On the same card, "Blimp" Levy, a huge human box car, made his Colorado debut against one of the numerous Hindu champions, Arrah Singh. Levy, weighing some 645 pounds, couldn't get out of his own way, and finally stepped on one of his own feet and fell in a neat bundle of helpless manhood. Singh "pinned" him by the gentle act of jumping up and down on the "Blimp's" balloonlike tummy.

Remember, I have a complete list of boxing promoters out in this neck of the woods, that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also be glad to answer any and all questions relative to the mitt industry out here. But please be sure to inclose postage if you expect an answer. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

J. G. M., Ventura, Calif.: Willie Ritchie won the lightweight title from Ad Wolgast on a foul in the sixteenth round of their battle at San Francisco, Calif., on Nov. 28, 1912.

P. M., Shreveport, La.: I don't know whatever became of Battling Minor, the old Memphis, Tenn., lightweight. Perhaps some of THE RING readers can enlighten you.

A. L. G., Denver, Colo.: Yes, Battling Nelson was married to Fay King, the one-time Denver *Post* cartoonist. I don't think the couple ever lived together. At least, it was for only a short time.

THE COMMISSIONER DENIES IT

IN the November issue there was a note under the head of Rocky Mountain News, which accused Secretary W. L. Morrissey of the Colorado State Commission of interfering with the fight between Lara and Martin.

Secretary Morrissey, in a letter to THE RING Editor, takes keen exception to this statement. His message follows:

"I attended the bout at Alamosa as stated, sat at the ringside during the entire show and never once moved from my seat, consequently I could not have climbed into the ring. Neither did I berate the officials or criticize anyone. I am in possession of statements from the promoter of the show, the officials and a sports writer from the Alamosa *Courier*, all of which deny in toto the charges made by your correspondent.

"I have been secretary of the Colorado State Boxing Commission for ten years and never once have I been accused of any such actions as are contained in the article by Mr. McNiel, or of any other irregularity. If necessary, will be glad to furnish you with a copy of the statements by the parties above referred to. In all fairness, do you not think that THE RING should make a retraction?"

"The Ring" Editor is glad to print this letter for Mr. Morrissey.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

FOR several months we have had a number of calls for information pertaining to the boxing game in the state of Minnesota, hence, at this writing we are pleased to announce that we will carry news in this column from that state. For this service we can thank Billy Colbert, well-known St. Paul boxing man, who will assist us in gathering news from that section.

Everette "Young" Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, won a ten-round decision over Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh at St. Louis. Wilson, who claims a share of the featherweight title, was in trouble a number of times from stinging punches to the head, but never went down, according to press reports. Both men scaled over the featherweight limit of 126 pounds. The Sioux Cityan weighed 128¾, and Wilson 128.

In the only fistic card of the month staged in Sioux City, Gorilla Jones, former middleweight champion, won an eight-round decision over Andy "Kid" Miller, light-heavyweight champion of Iowa. Miller was on the deck for a count of nine and staggered several times in the closing heats. In the other bouts, Verne Patterson, clever Chicago Negro welterweight, walked off with eight straight rounds to win the duke over Beeman Howard of Sioux City. Henry Schaft, Minneapolis welter, stopped "Wild Bill" Hawks of Oskaloosa in two heats. Jimmy Legrone, rugged Des Moines lightweight, won over Raymond Lee of Chicago in the opening eight-rounder. The card was promoted by the police department, with the veteran Frankie Pasha doing the matching. Two well-known Iowa referees, and both coppers, Harry Gibbons and Ted Zanfes, were third men.

Des Moines, Ia.—Al Manfredo, Fresno, Cal., welter, won over Henry Schaft of Minneapolis in ten rounds. Manfredo refused to lead very often, being content to answer Schaft's body attack with counter punches and stiff uppercuts, along with tieing the Minneapolis comer up in the clinches. In the other bouts, Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, won over Buddy McCrea of St. Louis in ten rounds; Chet Jones, Melcher, Ia., lightweight, defeated Jimmy Belasco of Des Moines; Chuck Barnate, Des Moines bantamweight, defeated Dan Weaver of Lamoni, Ia.

Hibbing, Minn.—In a billed ten-round main event, Young Jack Gibbons, St. Paul, Minn., light-heavyweight, knocked out Johnny Morris of Seattle, Wash., in seven rounds. Morris was completely puzzled by the sharpshooting Gibbons, who kept up a rapid-fire attack.

St. Paul, Minn.—Young Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight, won by a T.K.O. over Johnny Sykes of Seattle, Wash., in five rounds. Gibbons, weighing 170½, had his foe, weighing 172, out on his feet as the result of a crashing right cross to the jaw. Referee Bobby Ward stopped the fray at this point. Prett Farrer, Des Moines, Ia., light-heavy, knocked out Wild Bill Hasselstrom of Bismarck, N. D., in two rounds.

Mason City, Ia.—Although he spotted his opponent close to fifteen pounds, Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, scored a decisive victory over Henry Jones of Fort Dodge, Ia., in eight rounds. In the six-round semi-windup, Bob Jackson, Milford middleweight, won from Benny Salvatore of Fort Dodge.

Des Moines, Ia.—Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg, Can., middleweight, scored a T.K.O. over Mickey Misko of Detroit in two rounds. Russ Wasser, Minneapolis, Minn., heavyweight, won by a T.K.O. over Spike Franks of Detroit in two rounds. Jimmy Legrone of Des Moines won a decision over Cappy Wooten of Council Bluffs in ten rounds. Chet Jones won over Arley Reed of Oklahoma City, while Jimmy Belasco won by a T.K.O. over Joey Snow.

Notice: Jack Laken, manager of Jackie Wilson, is urged to get in touch with the camera man of the Sioux City *Tribune* at once. It is important.

The Minnesota State Boxing Commission, after two weeks of conferences, awarded the professional promotion rights of Minneapolis to Tommy O'Loughlin, well-known Middle Western boxing man. O'Loughlin has been connected with the boxing game for several years and knows the game from A to Z. The new matchmaker stated he intends to stage regular shows in Minneapolis. Managers and boxers would do well to contact him.

News for this column should be mailed to the writer, c/o the Sioux City *Tribune*, Sports Department, or our home address, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia.

St. Paul, Minn.—Marvin Wason of St. Paul defeated Johnny Dobbins of Minneapolis; Billy Smith scored over Johnny Baker of Grand Forks; Young Johnny Baker, Minneapolis heavyweight, lost to Jack Jersey; Don Swenson won a decision over Howard Barron.

Hibbin, Minn.—Myles Martinez, St. Paul featherweight, beat Jimmy Salvatore of Fort Dodge, Ia., in eight rounds; Jimmy Collins of Minneapolis beat Johnny Dobbins; Billy Smith won a decision over Pug Barron; Billy McKeon of Hibbing beat Red Grant.

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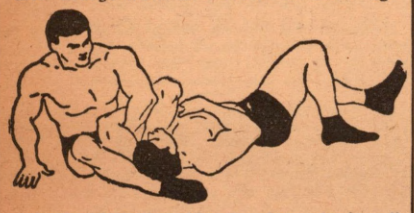

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

J. R. BASCO, fight mentor, the first American fight manager to send fighters to Johannesburg, South Africa, over twelve years ago, namely, Frankie Wine and Benny Burns, has now a serious offer for his featherweight flash, Lloyd Pine of Coventry, to battle Freddie Miller down yonder. Pine recently handed Roger Bernard a good going over and tought Danny London a great scrap at Youngstown. Including Pine and Basco on the proposed South African jaunt will be Charlie Baxter, Bobby Roberts, lighties, and Jack Patton, a good-looking heavyweight.

"Walloping Wendall" Bubp, the Portland, Ind., Pulverizer, added Sammy Slaughter to his long string of victims before a packed house of 1,600 people at Richmond, Indiana. Bubp's right hand reached the Negro's jaw in the eighth round and Slaughter crashed to the canvas. Slaughter was down again in the ninth and a third time in the tenth and final session. Bubp got the decision.

Richmond promoters have cinched Bubp, middleweight champion of Indiana, and Alabama Kid, Ohio's 160-pound king, for a November meeting. This writer, together with the various promoters in this territory, will recognize this match as for "the middleweight championship of the mid-western states."

Canton, Ohio—Correction of Associated Press: Lloyd Pine defeated Frankie Flynn in the ten-round feature here. Pine knocked out Flynn in the third round. The A.P. dispatches carried the results that Flynn kayoed Pine. It was the opposite, Pine winning by a kayo, which was his 30th start of 1937. On this same program, Charlie Baxter knocked out Norman Cordaro in three; Jimmy Brown kayoed Stanley Goral in four heats, and Tiger Jackson placed the sleeper on Young Ernest in a trio of stanzas. Mike McKinney was the promoter.

Herman Katz, Cincinnati promoter, is out on the Coast with heavyweight Don Koons, and unless some wire steps into the photo, this town won't have any boxing to speak of before the next issue goes to press. Dame Rumor has it that the entire Katz family is moving westward, in which case, the correspondent tables them "best wishes and lots of luck."

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Joe Basco's four aces, Pine, Jackson, Brown and Baxter, set a new record for one stable on one card at Canton, Ohio, all of Joe's boys winning by a knockout . . . . 'tis said George Wilsman of St. Louis wants to get Bob Bonner's okay to take Johnny Stevens to the Coast . . . . Lloyd Pine stepped out in his thirty-first start of the year at Toronto, Ontario, winning from Barney Ruffner . . . . Morrie Watnick bulletins he'd like to show Negro heavyweight, Leo Williams, around here . . . . Fred Batsche has a corking good Negro lightweight, Kid Gates . . . . the kid handed Georgie Hahn a swell stand-up lacing on the Republican Club program staged by Eddie Gerhardt . . . . incidentally, this card was the only fight bill scheduled in Cincinnati in some moons . . . . Buck Mathias bulletins he's starting to promote in Fort Wayne, Indiana, again at the beautiful and spacious Shrine Theater . . . . Leo Donoghue, former welterweight wrestler, is now a promoter in Flint, Mich. . . . . to Leo went the honor of staging the first paying show in some time in rock city, shooting with Roger Bernard-Lloyd Pine . . . . information in these parts will be gladly furnished by Jimmy Amann, the scribbler . . . . merely drop me a self-stamped envelope to 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . would like to hear from every manager and independent boxer in the United States and Canada . . . . I think I have something! . . . . Rudy Marshall, Dewey Fragetta's Negro middleweight, is hitting the high spots.

Warren Magee of St. Augustine writes me that he's still plugging for a Bobby Britton match in Miami for his Joey Estrada . . . . Magee has matches pending for Estrada and Texas Joe Dundee in Milwaukee and New York City . . . . the old feud between Al George and Johnny Stevens continues to rage . . . . wish they'd meet and bring a finale and battle away and find a real topper for Ohio lightweight honors . . . . but then, what about Mike Gamiere, Charlie Baxter and Jimmy Vaughn? . . . . a clipping from a Tennesee paper was to the effect that Pennah Randozella, the Mexican middle, was "hooked" out of a decision against Sammy Slaughter at Jenkins, Ky. . . . . Eddie Johnson has replaced Earl Casto as Fred Batsche's right-hand man in Cincinnati . . . . they are still trying to get Norment Quarles for Stevens in St. Louis, according to pilot Bonner . . . . Joe Altman's crack Jewish welterweight, Simon Nebolsky, isn't getting much work since his Louisville decision over Bubp . . . . a nice looking feather in Altman's stable is George Schever, the crack West Ender . . . . Carmen Cook, Bridgeport, Conn., manager, is anxious to hear from fighters of all weights . . . . Pop McNichol, Merchantville, N. J., writes me that his star middleweight, Freddie Lewis, was killed recently in an auto-train crash . . . . the game will miss this likeable little Jersey chap, who was tops, through and true . . . . Pop's kid, feather Danny McNichol, is training hard for a series of indoor scraps around the East . . . . and with a final word for Eddie Stanton, Los Angeles manager, Eddie has a couple of great prospects in Don Anderson, 170-pounder, and Carl Ackers, a welter, for whom he is acting as western representative.

Columbus, O.—Flooring the hitherto sensational Negro lightweight, Charlie Bell, five times, Herb Oldaker, Kokomo, Ind., star, under the management of Les Huffman, knocked out Bell in the fifth round. Huffman has added two new stars to his stable of scrappers. They are Hank Speedweel of Newark, O., and Babe Brown, western 163-pounder.

A badly cut eye forced Pennah Randozella, Mexican welterweight, to concede the decision to Holman Williams at Milwaukee. According to dispatches received by the writer, the fight was pretty close up to the technical halting of the match.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Hazleton—In Mike Latzo's first boxing show at Feeley Hall, Pete Susky, middleweight champion of the coal regions, defeated Steve Kahley of Hazleton in the featured bout of 10 rounds. With attractions of this kind, Latzo is bound to put the sport over.

In the semifinal Wally Sears, Minersville heavyweight, gained a verdict over Jack Downey of Scranton. In the six rounders Johnny Van Durek, scranton welterweight, won the decision from Chester Martin of Kulpmont . . . . In another six-round bout Johnny Tillman, Hazleton middleweight, staged a sensational scrap with Billy Lindes of Pottsville. This bout was declared even. In the opening bout Patsy Gall, Italian lightweight from Freeland, defeated Vic Ford, Kulpmont.

At Allentown—In Pep Barones' boxing program at the Lyric Theatre, Jack Dempsey was "guest" referee. The former ruler of the heavyweight division was third man in both of the eight rounders. In the final bout Wickey Harkins, rugged middleweight from Philadelphia, punched out a decision over Steve Kahley of Hazleton. In the other eight-round affair Johnny Sayers, Penn State College student, lost a split decision to Tiger Reed, colored gladiator from Philadelphia. In the six rounder, Nick Rabin, Allentown heavyweight, punched out a victory over Huel Goodwin of Atlantic City. Promoter Barone will do well with Rabin on top as the latter made a tremendous hit and has the following that should get him star bouts. Al Horseface of Philadelphia kayoed Galloway Clay of Germantown in four rounds . . . . Georgie Brown of Bethlehem decisioned Patsy Mandell of Philadelphia, while Speedy Evans of Allentown kayoed Frankie Marsh of Ashland in two rounds.

In an amateur boxing tournament held at Town Hall, Scranton, for the benefit of the Mid-Valley Hospital which drew capacity attendance on all three nights, Hank Stezar, Scranton promoter, handled the arrangements.

In the best bouts in the final round Joe Downey of Scranton (brother of Jack) won the heavyweight championship by defeating Earl Heartstone of Dickson City. In a bantamweight scrap that was full of action, Andy Simko of Taylor won from Barney Murphy of Scranton.

Just Rambling—Mike Latzo's first show at Hazleton went over with a "bang" . . . . Pete Susky seems to be fighting better with every bout. The Scrantonian, who is only 26 years old, has been throwing leather the past nine years, and hasn't the marks to show for his gruelling bouts with leading fighters . . . . Promoters looking for a middleweight that always pleases would do well showing the Coal Region champ . . . . Eddie McGeever of Scranton defeated Len Del Genio at the Bronx Coliseum. This victory was the most important in his career and should place him among the rulers of his division . . . . Jimmy Wilson, cagy Philadelphia fight mentor, handled the matchmaking for Pep Barones' show at Allentown . . . . Fighters and managers seeking work in the Coal Fields should contact Mike Latzo . . . . Promoters wanting to use Coal Region fighters can do so by contacting the writer . . . . Be sure to read the February issue of THE RING and see how your present day fighters are rated. Ratings will be in every division from all parts of the world . . . . When in Scranton you can purchase THE RING at Spec's Bookshop, corner Linden and Wyoming Avenues.

Pete Latzo, former welterweight champion of the world, is a very sick man. He just underwent an operation for "gallstones" at the Atlantic City Hospital. His courage which won him fame in the roped square carried him through. All of the fistic fraternity of the Coal Fields are wishing him a speedy recovery. His relatives were summoned to his bedside immediately after the operation. Pete is a brother to Mike Latzo, who at present is promoting at Hazleton.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE boxing game is rapidly regaining its position as the top indoor sport in this city. The crowds that turn out to programs that feature fighters who would be boxing four-round openers a few years back is really amazing. Without competition, the Queensberry Club is able to pick local boys to top its cards and draw gates of $3,000 to $4,500.

In those halcyon days of the late '20s and early '30s, champions and near-champions were brought to town each and every week. All the world's best fighters performed here and the fans showed their appreciation by pouring money into the box-office. The top gate was around $67,000 for the Jimmy Slattery-Lou Scozza go.

The Buffalo Sporting Club continues to feature wrestling and there seems little likelihood of this organization doing any fight promoting. Jack Herman, major domo of the B. S. C., is an old-time wrestling adherent and sticks to the sport he knows best.

Herman, by the way, is doing a great job with the matmen. Jack has good connections in the wrestling world and is able to bring such stars as Danno O'Mahony, Ali Baba, Yvon Robert, Jim Londos, Don George and many others.

George Burke (Bird), former St. Catherines, Ont., amateur heavyweight, is improving in leaps and bounds since turning pro. The husky youngster showed to good advantage in knocking out Charlie Douglas, giant Negro heavyweight, in less than a round. Burke followed this up by outpointing Johnny Freeman of Salamanca, well-known globe-trotter, in six stanzas. Billy Mitchie is managing Burke's affairs.

Schoolboy Andrews, a southpaw, is another big fellow who may have a future. He, too, knocked out Douglas and is now being primed for more worthy opponents.

Lou Presto, a promising Bison City light-heavyweight, was outpointed by Ralph De John of Syracuse, but not until he put De John on the floor for a count. Presto looks like a real comer, if he does not permit himself to be over-matched.

SOME SHORT STUFF—The fans are glad to see the veteran Frank (Ike) Klipfel back on the job as timer . . . . Ike has just recovered from an appendectomy . . . . George (Pop) Needham is one of the best fight judges in the game . . . . Pop is an old-time ball player . . . . Used to play with Montreal and Buffalo . . . . Irving Pease, Toronto's ex-Simon-pure, is a crowd pleaser, win or lose . . . . The way he whipped Jimmy Clark was quite a surprise . . . . A new wooden floor in the Broadway Auditorium makes this building one of the best for sports of all sorts . . . . It also spells the end of hopes for a hockey rink there . . . . After all, private capital should be provided for a rink—not taxpayers' money.

Bert Finch, veteran manager of many years in the fight game, is rounding up a new stable and will soon be as active as ever. Finch is now acting as chief second for Jimmy Clark, and the Jamestown Negro is showing improved form in recent bouts.

Clark knocked out Tommy Bland of Toronto in one round at Buffalo and lost a close decision to Eddie Carroll at Toronto.

George Nichols should hang up the gloves. The game southpaw was one of the best middleweights in the game for a period and later as a light-heavyweight he won the N. B. A. championship in the hectic tournament at the Chicago Stadium. George never ducked meeting a tough opponent. He fought them all—sometimes for very little money.

Nichols was knocked out in one round by Ralph De John, a comparatively light hitter. "Old Nick," as George is known to local fans, went down and very much out. A few years ago Nichols would have annihilated De John, and this is not written in disparagement of the Syracuse fighter, who is the best around here. But it emphasizes the fact that Nichols was one of the world's best in his heyday. His peculiar southpaw style was puzzling and he could hit like the kick of a mule.

Art Johnson, amateur impresario, hopes to pair up Hiram Jackson, Lackawanna Negro featherweight, with Jackie Donovan, best of the locals. This would be a "natural" and with both Donovan and Jackson showing to good advantage in the Orioles' opening show, Mr. Johnson will pack them in if he is able to consummate the match.

Results on Jack Herman's wrestling card for October 22 were as follows:

Ali Baba, 202, Kurdistan, threw Jerry Monahan, 242, Los Angeles, two falls; 20:51 with back drop; 2:47 with roll and body press.

Marve Westenberg, 228, Tacoma, Wash., drew with Jack League, 220, Dallas, Tex., 30:00; decision fair.

Bob Wagner, 226, Minneapolis, defeated Ernie Powers, 232, Vancouver, B. C., 15:16; Powers fell from ring and was counted out.

Henry Graber, 228, Milwaukee, won decision over Joe Marsh, 224, Chicago, 20:00; decision fair.

Officials, all Buffalonians, were: Willie (K. O.) Brennan, referee; Dan Russo, John Krysinski, judges; Frank Klipfel, timer; Manny Weitz, announcer.

Out of town boxers who have no managerial tie-ups or contracts will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. This city offers a great opportunity for fighters of all weights who have had the needed experience to compete with first rate opposition.

The new Crescent A. A., Inc., will soon be operating here, offering some of the outstanding boxers as headline attractions. The C. A. A. will be well financed by a group of Buffalo businessmen.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—One of these days there'll be a new gym in town with Bert Finch at its helm . . . . The veteran manager expects to get going soon . . . . Finch is now working in Jimmy Clark's corner and also has a piece of Charlie Douglas, giant Negro heavyweight . . . . Jack Singer's big emporium is the only downtown gym, but Sam Mineo has fine, clean training quarters at East Eagle and Jefferson Streets . . . . Many local ex-boxers have found employment at the Ford plant here . . . . Joe Doctor, Mickey Leone and Tommy Paul are among those on the Ford payroll . . . . Tony Paul has a devastating punch but is not a consistent winner . . . . He may improve this winter, however.

Wonder why Willie (K. O.) Brennan isn't getting a break as a fight referee? . . . . Brennan has a big East Side following who see him repeatedly assigned to wrestling shows . . . . His old friends in the boxing game would like to have Willie in there with boxers—not wrestlers . . . . The amateurs in western New York are getting into top form and weekly shows will be staged soon . . . . The Orioles, Eagles, Elks and several American Legion posts plan much activity . . . . Charlie Bailey of the *Times* and Frank Wakefield of the *News* are doing a lot to pep up the fight game . . . . This gifted pair are keeping the fans informed of ring doings in this and other cities . . . . Rochester got off to a bad start with a pro club but the town's all right with an experienced promoter . . . . Fly-by-night promoters are a knock to any game . . . . Tommy Moore would like to get things stirred up in Jamestown . . . . Stuart Maguire has the amateurs stepping along but the pros have been very much out of the picture for several years . . . . Toronto is one of the best boxing centers in North Brown and Jack Corcoran, are both doing well.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

RALPH DE JOHN, Syracuse's latest contribution to the ranks of middleweight contenders, elevated himself another notch higher in his bid for fame and fortune in the prize ring when he knocked out George Nichols, former N.B.A. champion, in the first round of a scheduled eight-round bout before 4,000 fans at Buffalo. De John dazzled the fans by the speed and dispatch in which he executed the once famous southpaw. A wicked left hook to the solar plexus bent Nichols over double, and Ralph fired a perfectly timed right which connected flush on George's jaw, the force of the blow stiffening Nichols, and sending him crashing to the ring floor for the full count. Nichols never landed a blow, and the ending was so sensational and dramatic the fans gasped at what they saw, hardly believing their eyes.

The victory had no more than made the wires when Joe Netro, De John's manager, received a flood of telegrams and phone calls from promoters all over the country, anxious to book De John. However, Netro does not intend to rush his boy, preferring to keep him fighting around Buffalo awhile longer before launching a campaign that may eventually lead to a title bout with Freddie Steele.

By the time this reaches the presses, Syracuse will again have pro boxing. Efforts are being made to book several standout matches. The Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., license has been renewed, and it is planned to discard the old non-profitable 50 cent and a $1.10 shows, in favor of top-notch cards at $1, $2 and $3.

Upstate amateur boxing championships conducted at the Arena here by the Syracuse *Journal-American* resulted in some fast action battles, and saw the crowning of titleholders in eight weight classes. The champs, who will compete in the Eastern title bouts at Boston Dec. 6, are: Jimmy Brown, Syracuse, 112; Billy Pinti, Rome, 118; Bob Hartwell, Sherrill, 126; Herbie Foutts, Rome, 135; Cozy Storace, Rome, 147; Ralph Di Castro, Rome, 160; Phil Vinci, Rome, 175; and Bert Courage, Hobart College, Geneva, heavyweight.

While on the subject of amateurs, Bert Courage, the collegiate phenom, now has a record of 39 knockouts in 47 bouts. One of his latest victims was Johnny Bang, the New York Metropolitan heavyweight champ, who succumbed to the lethal qualities of Courage's galvanic left hook in one round.

We have received many letters requesting autographed photos of Babe Risko, who recently announced he had packed his gloves in his battered Navy duffelbag and was through with the ring for good. The Babe has been very gracious to yours truly and signed his moniker to the pictures willingly, but we have run out of them and urge those who want the photographs to write to Gabe Genovese, 133 Cresline Drive, Syracuse, N. Y., as Gabe has a large number of them, and is glad to forward them to those who send him the mailing cost, 25 cents, in stamps.

LEFT HOOKS—Bradley Lewis, the international amateur middleweight champ, has kayoed most of the Simon-pures his weight in this section . . . . One of his last victims here was George Delmar, a promising kid who could box and punch . . . . Up until he was hit on the noggin and flattened, Delmar was away ahead on points . . . . Your correspondent has staged several bangup wrestling cards at the Arena which drew some nice crowds . . . . Danno O'Mahony tossed Tor Johnson on one of them, Ali Baba threw Billy Bartush on another, while Steve (Crusher) Casey pinned Charley Strack on one of the latest . . . . We are trying now to bring Ed Don George and Yvonne Robert together . . . . We are also working hard to bring Eddie Meade's Dark Angel, Henry Armstrong, the new featherweight boss, here for a bout with Joey Brown or some other good boy, and we are angling for a big time show for Rochester this winter . . . . Although Ralph De John draws capacity crowds at Buffalo, he has not shown here as a pro main bouter . . . . THE RING gets better and better and our hat's off to you, Nat Fleischer and Eddie Borden . . . . More men like these two and boxing would never see anything but the Golden Era . . . . THE RING Magazine is without a rival because no one could possibly put out a better or more interesting book on boxing . . . . It is surely Boxing's bible, and one that everybody in the boxing game can be proud of . . . . YOU CAN CUT THAT OUT OR LEAVE IT IN, BOYS, I MEAN EVERY WORD OF IT.

An amateur bout Rochester promoters have been trying to make for months because it would actually draw ten grand through the turnstiles, is a fight between Bert Courage and Sad Sam Leta . . . . Irving Robbins, Syracuse's leading amateur impresario, can be reached at the Seymour Hotel if any of you real good simon-pures would like to scrap up this way.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of The Ring, published monthly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1936.

County of New York } ss.
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Ring Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Ring, Inc., 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Ring, Inc., 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; A. D. Phillips, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Harold S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the dates shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1937.

FLORENCE BRISCOE,
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RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

By BERT COHEN

SOUTH AFRICA'S boxing boom reached a pinnacle when the first world title fight ever in this country was staged at the Wanderers' Stadium, Johannesburg. In a grim twelve-round battle, Petey Sarron successfully resisted the challenge of Freddie Miller. Sarron won the fight by a narrow but decisive points margin.

All previous South African attendance records were shattered on the night of the fight, when a vast crowd, estimated at well over 20,000, paid approximately $40,000—the biggest world featherweight championship gate since Battling Battalino dethroned Andre Routis in 1929. There was a complete sellout of reserved accommodations, advance bookings realizing nearly $28,000.

The contest resolved itself into a battle of completely contrasted styles. Miller, as usual, was fast, cool and clever, essentially a boxer, but in addition, a heavy counter-hitter; the unorthodox Sarron employed entirely different methods. He bounced about the ring tirelessly, and paid little, if any, attention to defense beyond the bobbing, weaving and ducking that forms part of his swinging attack.

The decision in favor of Sarron met with a very mixed reception, due doubtlessly to the fact that Miller is a great favorite locally. There can be no doubt that Sarron won the fight, and though the margin in his favor was not large, it was certainly clear-cut. Miller did not quibble with the verdict in any way and had no excuses or alibis to offer—facts that served to increase his immense popularity. He left the arena amid an incessant storm of applause.

Weights: Sarron, 125¼ pounds; Miller, 123¾ pounds.

The important nature of the contest aroused nation-wide interest for weeks prior to the fight and this was increased by the fact that a gold belt was awarded by a local newspaper, the *Sunday Express*, as a floating trophy to represent world featherweight supremacy. The belt was designed and supplied by Ike Schwartz, one of Johannesburg's leading jewellers, himself a former boxer of note in the amateur ranks. The conditions attaching to the *Sunday Express* Gold Belt for the world featherweight championship are as follows:

1. The Belt shall remain in the possession of the champion only during the time that he holds the title, but shall become the property of any title-holder who successfully defends his title three times (including the contest in which he won it the first time).

2. The Belt shall be at stake each time the title is defended, unless and until it is won outright as provided in Clause 1.

3. In the event of a champion vacating his title without having won the Belt outright, the Belt shall automatically pass to the successful contender recognized by proper authority.

4. The winner of the world's featherweight title contest between Petey Sarron and Freddie Miller at the Transvaal National Sporting Club tournament of the 4th September, 1937, at Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, shall be the first holder of the Belt.

5. In the event of the holder of the title for the time being engaged in a contest for the title and the contest being declared a draw, then such contest shall be deemed to be a successful defense of his title.

A further contest of note was another good win for Laurie Stevens, South African and Empire lightweight champ, that was by far the most convincing of his comeback career to date. Stevens met Bob Bradley, a hard-hitting young welter, and punched him from pillar to post for two and a half rounds with snappy and precise marksmanship. Bradley, with courage born of desperation, thrilled the crowd by his pluck in endeavoring to fight Stevens at his own game. However, after being floored several times he was finally kayoed midway through the third round.

Robey Leibbrandt, South African heavyweight champ, conclusively proved his superiority over Jim Pentz in the last fight before his English invasion. A gruelling bout, scheduled to go ten rounds, ended in the sixth when Pentz was kayoed by a right to the jaw. Prior to this, Leibbrandt had knocked his opponent clean through the ropes, but Pentz rose and fought back viciously. However, despite his gameness, he could not withstand the champ's heavy artillery. Leibbrandt is the possessor of a K.O. punch and has repeatedly proved that he can absorb heavy punishment. At present he is still somewhat crude, but nevertheless has big possibilities.

Charlie Catterall added two more victories to his imposing sequence of wins in the featherweight division. He decisively outpointed Babe Smith, national featherweight champion, at Johannesburg, and followed this up with a ten-round points decision over Dave Burger at Capetown. Babe Smith has announced his retirement following a leg injury. A bout between Catterall and undefeated Alec Hannan, who has left the bantam ranks, will probably decide the next champion. Hannan has made great strides of late and is perhaps the only man in South Africa at present capable of beating Catterall.

In his last contest prior to his departure for U. S. A., Sarron encountered the welter champion, Teddy Braun, at Capetown. Though conceding ten pounds to Braun, Sarron again emerged the victor, gaining a ten-round points decision after dropping Braun for a long count in the seventh.

This bout concluded Sarron's second South African tour, like his first, a highly lucrative and successful venture.

AUSTRALIAN NEWS

By STANLEY R. PRING

MICKEY MILLER, Australian bantam and featherweight champion, is a very busy little man these days, defending his titles, and travelling for other contests between Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne. At Sydney Stadium, he T.K.O.'ed Joe Gill of Newcastle, third round; at Brisbane Stadium, he K.O.'ed Harry Summers (8.8), third round; at Fitzroy Stadium (Victoria), Miller lost to Joe Hall on a foul blow, ninth round, but it was a disappointing ending for, had the fight gone the distance, Miller would have won by a mile of points. His manager, Freddie Burr of Australian theatrical fame, is certainly proud of him.

A tragedy occurred in the ring at Wellington, New Zealand, early in October during a bout between Jack Sharpe of Australia and Stan Smith, 26, of Wellington. The bout was very cleanly fought and Smith was knocked out one minute after the start of the third round. He was taken to hospital, but did not regain consciousness and died early the next morning. Smith came to New Zealand seven years ago from England. Two years ago he turned professional, fighting first in Australia and then in the Dominion.

Ron Richards, Australian middle and heavyweight champion, did not please the boxing fans at Leichhardt Stadium. He fought Max Raynor and after fifteen rounds, most of them very dreary, gained a points decision. Richards had six pounds weight advantage, and despite his superior ability and rating, fought round after round of slow and too cautious maneuvering.

George Simpson (12.7¾) fought Ron Richards at Leichhardt Stadium. Richards won by a K.O. in the second round. The first round was even, but Richards exhibited much seriousness. Simpson allowed his guard to drop for a moment in the second round and Richards snapped home a right cross. Simpson rose on the count of five, but Richards saw his chance and battered Simpson, flooring him finally with a heavy punch under the heart. The match was billed for the Australian light-heavyweight title, for Simpson was eligible to challenge. Jim Donald of *The Referee*, Sydney, has advised Simpson to follow a future occupation of gymnasium instructor. He says "there is a distinct opening for a boxing tutor of Simpson's appearance and address in Sydney."

B. de Guzman (9.9) outpointed Al Kimber (9.9) at Leichhardt Stadium in middle September, over fifteen rounds.

At Sydney Stadium, Harry Summers (8.12) of Victoria outpointed Frank Farrington (9.0) over eight rounds. They supported the wrestling bout between "Strangler" Lewis (18.6) and Jack Forsgren (16.12). Lewis won by one fall to nil.

"Young" Campbell (12.12) of Newcastle K.O.'ed Cec Wandi (12.8), eighth round at Newcastle Stadium late in September.

Max Richards (8.12) lost a contest to Harry Summers (8.12) on a foul in the eighth round at Brisbane Stadium.

Tom Lurich, Australian heavyweight wrestling champion, has been wrestling at Carlton Stadium this last few months.

Tod Morgan (10.1) was engaged by Leichhardt Stadium to oppose Jimmy Dundee (9.9¾). Morgan again proved he was too wily and experienced for the younger boxers with less experience. Morgan won by K.O. in the fourth round.

Hughie Mehegan (9.9) returned to the ring at Newcastle Stadium to gain a points decision over Joe Johnson (10.0) of Newcastle, ten rounds.

A promising Sydney featherweight is George Elliott of Sydney who, at Leichhardt Stadium late in September, received a draw decision with Young Gildo. Elliott was 9.2 and Gildo, 9.3. Elliott is an improving boy and has issued a challenge to Mickey Miller. Elliott once defeated Miller, but on that occasion had a very large weight advantage. Leichhardt Stadium may promote the contest again, this time for the title.

Joe Hall became very ill and was taken to hospital. He underwent an operation for appendicitis and is now making very good progress.

At Newtown Stadium, Fred Henneberry (11.5) went forth to battle against Jack Vaughan (11.9), Queensland middleweight champion. Over fifteen two-minute rounds, Henneberry gained a points decision. It was a good fight, with Henneberry very fast on his feet and punching cleaner.

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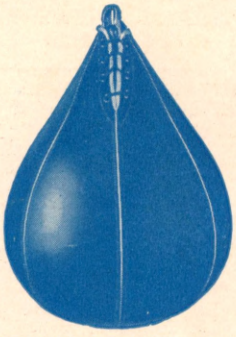

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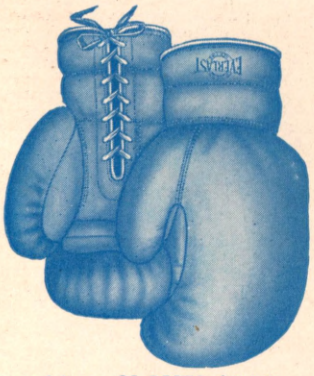

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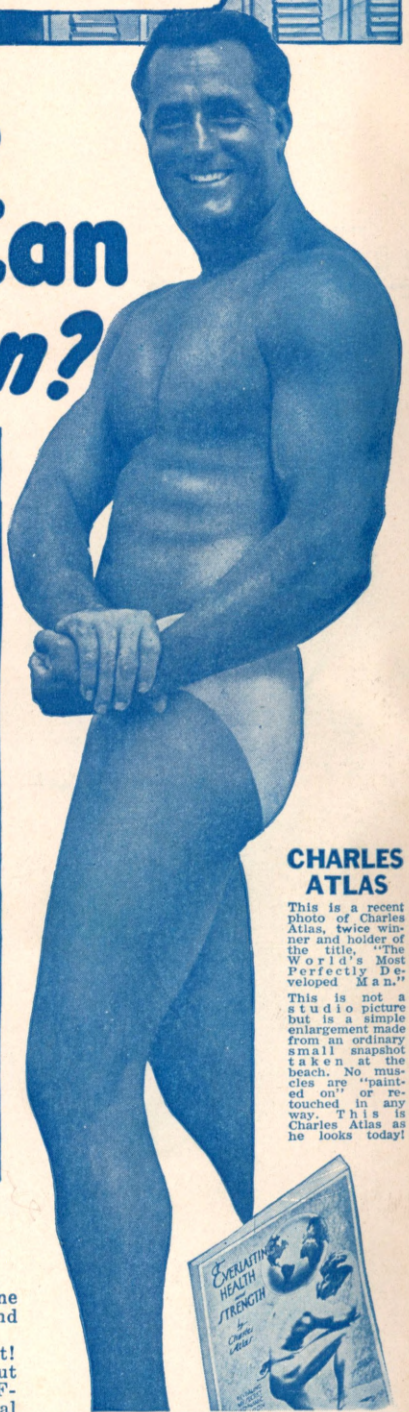

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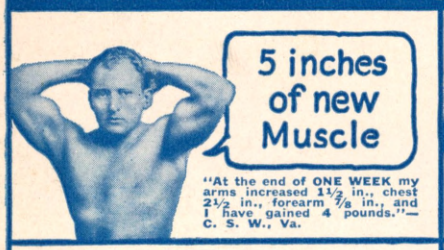

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